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Double . . . or Twin Beds?

AS you softly swish the pages, you hear him twisting and writhing.

☆ ☆ ☆

Amusing Sidelight on a National Problem

DO you prefer twin beds or are you old fashioned? Here is a national problem which will make you take up your bed and talk.

Australian bedstead manufacturers say the double beds are most favored.

For every set of twin beds sold, married couples buy four double beds.

There are arguments for and against in the twin beds versus double bed controversy.

Hear what Bell Wiley, well-known writer, has to say about it.

The article below is from her book, "So You're Getting Married!"

By BELL WILEY

NOW here is a real problem, one weighty and tedious of solution, demanding your keenest powers of decision.

You will get no help from anyone.

Those who sleep together in one bed will raise horrified shoulders at the thought of twin beds; those who ply their lonely slumbers regard sleeping together as . . . . well, print can't convey their verdict.

There is no meeting ground between the two camps.

Once a double-bedder, you may have your regrets but you cannot change. Not only have you bought the bed, which is important, but to resign it to the guest-room or to one of the children is to admit your own faulty judgment.

You work up a pride and partiality for that bed and find reason after reason for preferring it.

Formal parties have been known to divide themselves into two groups: those who sleep singly and those who sleep doubly.

If you, a famous adherent of the double bed, were to desert your side after twenty years, the outlanders will welcome you as though you had at last joined the true faith. Those whom you have betrayed will boo.

Now I am a double-bedder, so you must know I speak with prejudice, but I will try to outline the virtues and vices of my sect.

In the first place, rationalise about it as you will, you will never sleep quite as well in a double bed. You train yourselves for years, he to sleep on his right, you on your left. It works up till about 4 a.m., when you both become restless at the same time.

Then you turn quickly and silently on your right side; but not quickly enough, for there, looking a little guilty, even in the dark, is your husband.

He, too, has grown uncomfortable. With a magnificent, disdainful gesture you turn back, but this is not an occasion when a dignified, unspoken rebuke has any effect.

Your husband continues to lie on the wrong side and enjoy it. An hour later you dig him in the stomach and say, "Turn over!"

There is the blanket problem, familiar to all double-bedders; is he taking more than his share, or is he not? Will he never learn to keep the sheet smoothed back over the covers or do you have to sit up and return it, night after night?

Or reading in bed. This is the nubbin, the crux of the double bed tangle.

You like to read in bed.

For years you have read for ten or fifteen minutes; the length of time does not matter.

The Advantages

WHAT matters is that it is your idea of the triumph of living to lie there with your book. Husbands try to be nice about it. They rarely have a similar desire themselves, but they try to put up with it.

"Will my light bother you, dear?" you ask sweetly. "Oh, no. Nothing can keep me awake." But, as you softly swish the pages, you hear him twisting and writhing.

None knows better than you how important his sleep is to him. In a minute, unable to bear his unspoken protests longer, you turn off the light. Or, should you persist, you will have occasion to hear him say to his friends: "I can't get to sleep now unless I have a 100-watt bulb shining in my face. I'm conditioned."

But now to the credit side, to the things which keep the double-bedders unconverted, advantages which combine the spiritual and physical.

In the first place you are together as you couldn't be in twin beds.

Only stretch out your hand and he is there to take it.

Deception is very hard to perpetrate in a double bed.

The very fact that you must climb into this bed together and that, night after night, you have adjusted yourselves to sleeping positions on your allotted sides prevents it.

The physical benefits of the double beds I have saved to the last. They are slight, but infinite within your scope.

When you go shivering to your bed, the right kind of husband will rouse himself from his sleep and turn to warm you.

Sometimes he will even warm your feet!

Double Bed Best!

TWENTY-FIVE per cent. of all beds purchased in Australia are twin beds, says a well-known bedstead manufacturer.

America has evolved a bed raised in the centre, which is really a twin bed in double form. This is to eliminate the annoyance of turning in bed.

Tests show that the average person turns from 25 to 40 times each night.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People

Runs Health Clinic

MRS. A. D. McCUTCHEON, wife of the superintendent of the Port Adelaide Central Methodist Mission, has inaugurated a health clinic in connection with the mission. A nursing sister in the war, she is much interested in the treatment of rheumatoid arthritis, and in diet. The health clinic has been fitted up with modern electrical appliances, as at similar clinics in London.

Philosopher—Author

ABOVE is a picture of the famous philosopher-author, Dr. Will Durant. It was taken at Honolulu especially for The Australian Women's Weekly—hence the lei. Among Dr. Durant's most famous works are the monumental "Story of Philosophy" and "Mentions of Philosophy."

He assured The Australian Women's Weekly that his chief source of inspiration is his wife. They have been married 25 years, but he always refers to her as "My Bride." "If Democracy is to survive," says Dr. Durant, "we must make democracy work as efficiently as a dictatorship with the additional stimulus of personal liberty."

Lecture Tour of U.S.A.

MISS MARGARET BONDFIELD, the only woman to become a British Cabinet Minister, has undertaken a lecture tour of America this year. After 42 years as a Union organiser, Miss Bondfield has retired from her post in the National Union of General and Municipal Workers. She intends to devote more time to politics. She has been out of Parliament since 1931.

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A Family Fashion That Is Now Out of Date

BIG FAMILIES are not fashionable nowadays, but take a look at this photo of America's biggest family, who visited the U.S. Capitol building recently. Picture shows Mr. and Mrs. William Andrew White and their seventeen children, ranging in age from three weeks to twenty years. Latest arrival to the proud parents was 3-weeks-old Claire Cecile, shown in Mrs. White's arms.

The roll call (reading from left): Mr. White, William Michael, Theodore Francis, Ellen Rita, Robert Bellarmine, Dorothy Julia, Mary Catherine, John Joseph, Paul Andrew, James Patrick, Margaret, Francis Sylvester, Bernard Aloysius, Katherine Ann, Teresa Helen, Thomas Xavier, Marie Rosaire, and Mrs. White, who is holding the most recently born, Claire Cecile.

THE STORY of *a* DYING MOTHER

Wounded Gunman Would Get Better Attention

It was announced at the week-end that the B.M.A. has recommended plans for reducing maternal mortality in this State. The Australian Women's Weekly is convinced that the Government should treat these plans as urgent.

The terrible inadequacy of motherhood welfare organisation in this State becomes apparent when expectant mothers urgently require medical and hospital attention.

The following article is by a newspaper reporter whose work as night police roundsman has brought him in touch with poignant human tragedies at hours when the rest of the world is asleep.

By A POLICE ROUNDSMAN

DURING many years of night work on Police Rounds (reporting crime, etc.), my biggest discovery is that in too many cases a desperate gunman is treated more kindly than an expectant mother, desperate in a totally different sense.

In a very few minutes after a gunman has been shot, an ambulance siren wails. Soon he is at a hospital.

The very best surgeons, if necessary, are called in, and all work frantically to extract the lead from the wound and save his life.

There is never any question of admission. Never any doubt about finding a bed.

But what of the woman stricken in the course of her "national duty" of providing another of "Australia's best immigrants"? (Yes, I've read plenty of the speeches).

Not many nights ago I was in a city police station when a man, obviously distressed, came in and asked that an ambulance be called for his wife.

She had been an expectant mother, but there would be no baby, now; **instead, she was bleeding to death, he said.**

He was told that an ambulance could not be called unless his wife had been attended by a doctor. "How could I get a doctor?" asked the man. "I haven't got a penny to my name."

No money . . .

He admitted it, and the police accepted it, in a tone of despairing finality. No money, no doctor. And it was after midnight now.

The police then phoned the Hospital Admission Department, an institution which does wonderful work. But the officer said he could not call an ambulance unless a bed was available in a hospital. He knew of none.

At that moment there were requests for beds for four other women, all similar cases, he said.

The desperate husband appealed to me. His wife could not be left unattended in a residential room. Would I help him take her to the nearest hospital on the chance of getting a bed?

A Cold Official

SO we went to the residential, found the woman was too exhausted to protest about the intrusion of non-medical strangers, wrapped her in blankets, and took her to hospital in my car.

The reception was chilling. A man who spoke with authority but was later found to have none, and seemed not only disinterested but almost resentful, said: "You can bring her in, but she won't be able to stay. Take her in there, put her head up this way."

We went outside. "Well, she's there," said the husband, "and we just won't take her away." That was agreed on.

And while we waited he told me another instance of how the expectant mother was "assisted."

"We came to the city only a few weeks ago," he said. "Had to come; my wife, who was expecting a baby, became so ill during a heatwave that it was dangerous to stay at the farm on which we were working as a couple," he said.

"When she became ill at the farm a doctor was called. After his visit he named his fee—fifteen guineas. Fifteen guineas! I told him I had only £12 saved; I could give him that and no more."

"'Isn't your wife worth fifteen guineas to you?' the doctor asked.

"I didn't knock him down. I've been sorry about that ever since," said the husband.

JUST then the attendant came out. "That woman will be admitted," he said. Which proved two things: that there could have been no doubt about the woman's danger, and that there had been a bed. How fortunate that we had taken a chance!

Now, the cold, official attitude provokes some questions.

Why could the ambulance not take the woman unless a doctor had attended her?

The ambulance attitude, with which there can be no argument logically, is that it is futile to take a patient to hospital unless accommodation has been arranged.

In many cases to do so would mean merely that the patient after being driven from one hospital to another would have to be taken home again, which would do more harm than good.

This, in fact, has happened in Sydney on a number of occasions.

IS it difficult for a person without money to get a doctor at night? Ask any police sergeant experienced in city station duty at night.

In another case some time ago, police having tried for medical aid and failed, I drove a relative of a person who was dying to a doctor's residence. We awakened the doctor.

It was early morning. A window opened, a doctor popped his head out. But he popped it in again when he was told that the family had no money at the moment, but would have in a few days' time.

"I'm no fee chaser," said the friend of the sick and the lame. And the window clattered shut again.

The patient was dead when police eventually got a doctor.

Commenting on a recent case where a doctor had not felt disposed to treat a woman—she bore twins in a taxi—a semi-official statement pointed out that doctors were not obliged to attend a case.

Which, legally, is true.

Why Not This?

CRITICISM concerning any moral or humane obligation may be considered merely destructive, even nasty, according to the point of view—so let's be constructive.

Why not a Government bill to provide that in every district a doctor shall be available at all hours, local doctors to do the work according to a roster and to be paid for their services by the Government when the patient cannot afford to do so?

Such a scheme should not be difficult to evolve, or too costly—considering the demand for improvement in the birthrate, reduction of infantile and maternal mortality.

Naturally a hospital would have to be established to accommodate such cases.

It need not be large, as it would have to deal only with genuinely urgent cases, mostly arising at night.

There is to be a maternity wing at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital. Why not attach to that institution an obstetric "casualty" ward?

Then the best of attention would be available at all hours for the maternity "accidents," many of which, after all, are much more dangerous than many of the fracture cases which go straight into beds after car accidents.

At present—

If you want a policeman in a hurry, "Ring B030," and instantly wireless patrols are on the job—

If you want a wounded gunman, a brawler whose skull has been cracked by a bottle, or a drunken motorist whose car has crashed into a pole, admitted to a hospital, Ring M6131, and Central Ambulance will take them there—

Should you see a penniless woman suffering the penalties of maternity, or prostrate with the agonies, disappointment, and danger of frustrated mothehood, Ring — —

Can anyone give me the phone number?

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MOVING DAY for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. Their belongings are being taken into the chateau which is now their home.

WINDSORS DELIGHT to ENTERTAIN

Duke and Duchess Enjoy Housekeeping

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in Europe

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor, after a year's honeymooning round Europe, may make their permanent home in a £2000 a year villa at Antibes on the French Riviera.

In the Chateau de la Maye at Versailles, which the couple are about to leave, they live like any young newly-weds, making a snug home and entertaining their suburban neighbors.

LATEST PICTURE of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor in France. A year ago they were preparing for their marriage—to-day they are preparing to move into what may be their permanent home.

EVERY day a wide variety of visitors are trooping to the ever-green-shrouded chateau to take tea with the busy pair and sign the bulging Golden Book in the ground floor hall of the chateau.

Sir Eric Phipps, the British Ambassador, has his name inscribed in the book, but one of the most frequent callers on the former King of England and his Baltimore-born bride is William C. Bullitt, the American Ambassador.

Representatives of the Versailles Municipal Council trooped through the ornate grille gateway and presented their wishes to the new residents for "a happy stay in the City of Kings."

All visits, however, must be sandwiched in between the constant comings and goings of the regal pair.

THE DUCHESS, with the aid of 20 servants, spends much of her time planning menus, buying curtains, for which she has a fetish, and moving pieces of furniture from this corner to that one.

After playing golf every afternoon, the Duke is called into a rearranged room by the Duchess for his opinion on the change. Invariably, he agrees it was far the better.

Extreme activity around the chateau, the extensive gardening work and the care with which furnishings were being purchased indicated that the Duke and Duchess might stay in Versailles much longer than the announced four months. The Riviera plan upsets this idea.

Although the furniture does not belong to them, it has all been replaced and some discarded in accordance with the wishes of the Duchess.

Recent shipments of the Windsors' personal effects, silver table services, and specially-prized pieces of furniture necessitated many changes.

The Duchess, between going to Paris daily to dressmakers and coiffeurs, finds time to take a keen interest in the job of running a household.

She plans all the meals, members of the entourage said, scans and checks every bill and studies the kitchen book every morning.

THE Windsors eat lightly, but their dinner parties for as many as 10 guests are said to be in the nature of miniature banquets.

Larger receptions must await the arrival of resplendent livery for the servants.

The couple often go to Paris by motor in the evening for the cinema, theatre or dinner parties, and as often as not succeed in passing pretty much unnoticed by the crowds.

The household workings operate smoothly under the deft direction of the famous French butler, Etienne, who has been with a number of outstanding hostesses, including Comtesse de Castellane and the Baronne de Rothschild.

But Etienne's real work is expected to start when the Duke and Duchess begin entertaining on a grand scale.

Do you wake tired and feel nervy and run-down?

Take Horlicks, a cupful regularly at bedtime. Soon your tiredness and "nerves" disappear. You'll feel full of vitality. You'll look bright and young again. Horlicks prices from 1/6, economy size 2/9.

HORLICKS

guards against Night Starvation

Wonderful Issue Next Week

NEVER before has color been used so lavishly and with such magnificent effect as in the winter issue of The Australian Women's Weekly, on sale next Tuesday.

You will be surprised and delighted with our enlarged homemaker section, which includes 100 specially-selected winter recipes.

There are hot savories, body-building dishes, puddings, and all the zestful winter dishes that make the season a busy one for the housewife.

New and attractive knitting designs . . . special winter hints on beauty . . . winter fashions . . . patterns, needlework, gardening . . . in each section there is a surprise.

Artist Virgil has excelled his brilliant best with his painting of Queen Mary. It is a lovely picture you will want to frame.

Romantic Free Novel

STORIES by such great writers as Dorothy Sayers, Elizabeth Powell, Frank Condon, and Ellery Queen are included.

The free novel, "South Sea Sweetheart," by Beatrice Grimshaw, has all the glamor of the tropics for background of a delightful and swift-moving romance.

Color riots through the film magazine, making the section a most arresting feature of the paper.

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LAST COMMAND

Bill Rudden, a sailor, and his actress-wife find happiness on the high seas.

A Complete Short Story

By

GRANT MILTON SASSAMAN

It was not until he was almost upon them that he recognised the third figure as that of his wife.

SHE was moored fore and aft to the wharf, her slim masts gleaming palely in the moonlight. Her sails that day had been bent to the yards and the last of her provisions stowed below. She would sail with the morning tide.

That was well. She did not belong here among this motley assemblage of harbor craft. Amid these noisy tugs and odorous fishermen she was as incongruous as an eagle among crows. She was a deep-waterman, the barque Lady Mary, and the fact that she was sailing from Boston to the West Coast to be featured in a film drama did not lessen her dignity or her beauty.

Upon her poop deck stood two men. One was a stooped old captain with grey hair and wrinkled face. The other was tall and young. His eyes were a warm blue, his hair dark and curly, and his jaw was strong, square, with the merest suggestion of a cleft.

Old Captain Winters was saying regretfully, disappointedly: "I was hopin' to the last that ye'd go along as mate, Will. Mr. Perry ain't had no experience in square sail. Men like that are hard to get nowadays." He sighed. "Ye've spent two years in the Australian grain trade, Will. Ye c'd take a lot o' responsibility off my shoulders if ye'd come."

William Rudden's big hand gripped the old man's arm. "I'm sorry, Captain, but I can't accept. I gave up the sea when I married Deena. I made a promise, and I want to keep it. Perry is a good seaman. He'll stand by you."

He turned and looked forward to where the white deck narrowed into the bows, its dull sheen broken by the lift of the fo'c'sle. Beyond that extended the sturdy bowsprit and the tapering jib boom. The slender spars aloft swayed gently to the impulse of the restless keel.

Rudden breathed deeply. Stronger than the foul odor of the harbor came the smell of hemp and wood and paint. There came, too, the memory of silent watches, tempests, trade winds spiced with the scent of exotic islands. Something akin to nostalgia assailed Rudden. That was where he belonged. On the deck of an outbound ship. Not tied to a polished desk in a landlubber's office.

He thought of Deena then, and his hand slid down until it gripped the thin old fingers. "Good-bye, Captain," he said gently, firmly. "I won't be seeing you again before you sail. Good luck!" He strode to the rail, leaped over it to the dock and made his way quickly to the place where he had parked his automobile.

AS he drove homeward Rudden decided not to say anything more to Deena about old Winters' plea. She had always changed the subject whenever he had mentioned it. She wouldn't want to be left alone during all those months, and to Rudden himself the thought of separation was just as intolerable.

No, he had given up the sea for good—deserted it for a soft, sensible job ashore. Not that he loved the sea less, but that he loved Deena more. Deena had been a musical comedy star, and she had given up the stage to become his wife. He had given up his berth on the Kenilworth to be her husband. That was fair. Fair all round. The only fly in the ointment of their happiness was Wentworth Lang. The fellow was always hanging around Deena, trying to persuade her to go back to the stage.

Deena ought to send him packing instead of tolerating him just because she once had been engaged to him, and because they had starred together. The man had charm, Rudden grudgingly admitted, but he was utterly ruthless where other men's wives were concerned.

"I wouldn't trust that chap farther than I can swing a dipsy lead," he once had told Deena.

Deena had laughed and rumpled his hair. "You're jealous, Bill!" she had exclaimed teasingly. Her brown eyes were full of golden lights. "I wouldn't know you still loved me if I didn't make you jealous once in a while. You're so quiet."

No, he wasn't a talker. Rudden knew that. You don't become a conversationalist on a ship, with a limitless track of ocean spreading away on every side and the grandeur of sea and sky stretching from horizon to horizon. People ashore talked too much. They reared a dyke of words between themselves and reality.

IT was almost eleven when Rudden reached home. He let himself into the apartment with his latchkey and saw a light burning in the music-room. At the same moment his nostrils detected the tang of cigarette smoke. Deena never smoked and he himself used only cigars or a pipe. Who——?

The murmur of voices reached Rudden from the balcony beyond the music-room. Lang, probably. Rudden dropped his hat upon a chair and started across the intervening rooms towards the French doors, the thick rugs muffling his footsteps.

He was on the point of calling a greeting when the forms of Deena and Lang came into focus against the balustrade. Rudden stopped short abruptly, staring in unbelief at the tableau. Deena was in Lang's arms!

In the half light her coppery hair glowed dully against the dark of Lang's serge suit. Lang was saying impetuously, urgently: "He has no right to you, Deena. Divorce him and marry me. You made a mistake, but you're too stubborn to admit it! Please, Deena——!"

Rudden saw his wife pull away. "No! No, Went!" she cried. "You mustn't do these things—nor talk like that! It's just that Bill and I are going through a period of adjustment which is part of every marriage."

To Rudden her voice lacked conviction. Slowly he turned and unseen went back across the room. There was no anger in him; he felt only the shock of a mortal hurt. He left the apartment. When he returned two hours later, Lang had left and Deena was propped up in bed, waiting. There was a hesitant, tentative smile of greeting on her red lips.

She was in her pyjamas, and her coppery hair lay in long strands down over her beautiful shoulders. It was like static fire against the flawless skin, against the sheer blue of the pyjama blouse.

Her eyes said: "What's wrong? Where have you been?" But her lips said: "Did you know Wentworth is going to play the lead in Ferguson's new musical comedy, Bill? They're going to open abroad—in London—month after next. Ferguson wants me to take the part of Clarissa, opposite Went."

Rudden sat down on the edge of the bed. It was Deena's bed. Her money had paid for it. When they married Deena had had thirty thousand dollars against his bare two. She could earn more in a month than he could earn in a year; and his present salary as glorified clerk was little more than his pay as second officer had been.

Living as a seaman, his money had been more than adequate. He had been self-reliant, sufficient unto himself, defiantly independent. Now he was trying to play Deena's game and he'd become a pariah among his own kind and an intruder in the circles where Deena moved.

He was like a dismasted ship with dragging anchor, he told himself. Sweeping inexorably to complete destruction upon a lee shore. He had lost himself, his own identity, long ago; now he was losing Deena. His eyes devoured her with a passionate, sullen hunger. A gust of emotion, so fierce that he felt its impact against his muscles, urged him to grasp her in his arms and crush her to his breast.

Instead, he tore his eyes from her face and looked down at his hands. With a quiet, controlled voice he said: "I suppose you will want to accept."

"It is a temptation, Bill, but——" Deena broke off and looked up at her husband. A teasing, half-expectant smile wreathed her pretty lips, but deep in her eyes was a strange yearning that would have told Rudden something had he noticed it.

"You feel you've made a mistake," he said, looking at her.

DEENA started, and a low gasp escaped her. But Rudden's unhurried voice came again.

"Happiness comes, I suppose, from living fully and completely, Deena. When you feel you're letting something go by—something you want very much—then sadness and discontent take hold."

For some moments neither spoke. The silence that closed down upon them was like a yawning chasm. From the waterfront miles away came the hoarse voice of a ship's siren. A locomotive screamed among the hills so far away that the thunder of its iron wheels was but a hushed tremolo. The watch on Rudden's wrist pulsed out the implacable seconds, each tick a distinct and deliberate entity.

Please turn to Page 20

Absorbing Sea Story

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Continuing HALF-WAY HOUSE

By... ELLERY QUEEN

AN ABSORBING MYSTERY SERIAL

The net is drawn closer around Lucy Wilson, on trial for the murder of her husband.

Illustrated by FISCHER

MEETING unexpectedly after a lapse of years, Ellery Queen, famous detective, and Bill Angell, a young attorney, are thrown almost immediately into the midst of tragedy.

Angell keeps a mysterious appointment with his brother-in-law, Joseph Wilson, at a wayside shack and finds him dying, undoubtedly the victim of a crime. Ellery Queen is called to the scene, and begins investigations, before the police arrive. Subsequent revelations prove that Wilson has a dual identity. Two women, Lucy Wilson, sister of Bill Angell, and Jessica Gimball, rich New York society woman, both claim to be the wife of the murdered man.

Numerous motives suggest themselves for the crime, the most important resolving round the change of beneficiary in Gimball's insurance policy for one million dollars.

Evidence involves many people, but points finally to Lucy Wilson, who is committed for trial, and her brother, Bill Angell, conducts her defence.

Characters You Will Meet in the Story are:—

ELLERY QUEEN, famous detective.
BILL ANGELL, young attorney.
JOSEPH WILSON, traveller in cheap jewellery.
DE JONG, police chief.
ELLA AMITY, newspaper woman.
LUCY WILSON, wife of the murdered man.
JESSICA GIMBALL, society woman, and her daughter, **ANDREA**, who identify the body as that of
JOSEPH KENT GIMBALL, broker, of New York.
GROSVENOR FINCH, Executive Vice-President of the National Insurance Company.
PAUL POLLINGER, prosecutor.
JASPER BORDEN, father of Jessica Gimball.
BURKE JONES, fiance of Andrea Gimball.

Now read on.

IN the jammed courtroom Paul Pollinger launched the State's case with a fanged rapidity as cold and sure as if the trial were an inconsequential formality to the foreordained conviction. Even though the tall windows and skylights were open and the electric fans going, the room was suffocating with the heat of packed bodies. Pollinger's collar was a rag, and Bill's face steamed. Only Lucy Wilson, at the defence table, flanked by two hard-eyed State troopers, seemed impervious to the heat. Her skin was dry and pallid, as if already the vital processes of perspiration had ceased. She sat stiffly, her hands in her lap, staring at the seamed face of Judge Menander and avoiding the embarrassed glances of the mixed jury.

"By the end of the first day," typed the cross-eyed reporter from the "Philadelphia Ledger," "Prosecutor Pollinger demonstrated once more in a murder trial his genius for lightning construction of vital elements.

"Mr. Pollinger built his case rapidly. During the day he put on the witness-stand Coroner Hiram O'Dell, Defence Counsel William Angell, Chief of Police De Jong, Grosvenor Finch of New York, John Bellers, Arthur Pinetti, Sergeant Hannigan, and Lieutenant Donald Fairchild of the New York Police Department. Through the testimony of these witnesses he succeeded in establishing an insurance motive against the defendant, primary facts concerning the discovery of the body, and a number of important exhibits, including the broken halves of the radiator-cap alleged to come from the defendant's Ford coupe."

"NO fireworks yet," said Bill Angell to Ellery on the evening of the third day. They were in Bill's room at the Stacy-Trent. Bill was in his undershirt, bathing his cheeks in cold water. "Whew! Have a drink, Ellery. Soda's on the dresser. Ginger ale, if you like."

Ellery sat down with a groan; his linen suit was crumpled and his face was caked with dust. "No, thanks. I just had a couple of lime concoctions downstairs. What's happened?"

Bill picked up a towel. "The usual. To tell the truth, I'm getting a little worried myself. Pollinger can't conceivably hope to get a conviction on the case he's presenting. He hasn't connected Lucy at all. Where've you been all day?"

"Gadding about."

Bill flung the towel away and pulled on a fresh shirt. "Oh," he said; he seemed vaguely disappointed. "Decent of you to come back at all. I know this mess must be cutting into your own plans."

"You don't understand," sighed Ellery. "I went to New York on a little inquiry for you."

"Eh! What?"

Ellery reached over and picked up a thick sheaf of mimeographed papers. They constituted the official transcript of the day's testimony.

"Chiefly nothing. I had an idea, but it didn't pan out. Mind if I go through this transcript? I want to know what's happened in my absence."

Bill nodded gloomily, finished dressing, and left. Ellery was already intent on the transcript.

Bill took the elevator up to the seventh floor and knocked on the door numbered 745. It was opened by Andrea Gimball.

They were both embarrassed, and for a moment Bill's complexion matched the pallor of the girl's skin.

"Bill Angell," she said, with a catch in her throat. "This is a—a surprise. Won't you come in?"

"Come in, Bill, come in," yelled Ella Amity's voice from within. "Make this a real party!"

Bill frowned, but he stepped into the room. It was a sitting-room filled with fresh flowers, and Ella Amity sprawled in the most capacious chair with a glass at her elbow and a cigarette between her fingers. Tall Burke Jones glowered at him from a window-ledge, his trussed arm jutting forward like a danger-signal.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Bill, stopping short. "I'll come around some other time, Miss Gimball."

Andrea glanced at her hands. "I wonder . . . Burke, do you mind?"

"Mind? Mind? Why should I mind?" He strode to an inner door, jerked it open, and slammed it behind him.

"Naughty, naughty," murmured Ella. "Boy-friend has a temper. That lad will need a heap of training." She rose lazily, drained her glass, gave them both a bewitching smile, and drifted out.

Bill and Andrea sat in silence for a moment. The silence became oppressive. They did not look at each other. Then Bill cleared his throat and said: "Don't mind Ella, Miss Gimball. She means well. You know how these newspaper people are. . . ."

"I don't mind, really," Andrea kept studying her hands. "You wanted——?"

Bill rose and stood behind Andrea's chair so that she could not see his face. "I know this is rotten for both of us," he said, scowling. "Jones is right. We are on opposite sides of the fence. I shouldn't be here at all."

"Why not?" murmured Andrea.

"Well. . . . It's not proper. I shouldn't permit——"

"Yes?" She looked at him then, squarely.

Bill kicked a chair. "All right, I'll say it. Personal considerations. Can't be locked up for telling the truth. I suppose I like you . . . I didn't mean that. I mean that my sister is fighting for her life. I've got to use any weapon that comes to hand. As a matter of fact, that's just what I'll probably be forced to do."

She went a little pale, and moistened her lips before she spoke. "Please tell me. There's something on your mind. It isn't——"

Bill sat down again and boldly took one of her hands. "Listen to me, Andrea. I came here to-night against all my instincts and training because I—well, I didn't want you to be angry, with me. After." He drew a long breath. "Andrea, I may have to put you on the stand."

She snatched her hand away as if it burned. "Bill! You wouldn't!"

He passed his hand over his eyes. "The situation may demand it. Please try to understand my position. It's Lucy's attorney speaking now, not plain Bill Angell. Pollinger's not far from through. On the basis of what he's already shown, he hasn't a case. But before he rests, he may have pulled something which will completely change the complexion of things. In that event, I'll be forced to go through with the defence."

She rose; and Bill, looking at her, knew that she meant to be haughty, imperious, outraged. But she was not. She bit her lip and felt for the chair. "Bill. . . . Please don't. Please. I—I'm not used to begging. But I must beg now. I don't want to go on the stand. I can't go on the stand. I mustn't!" Her voice rose to a wail.

FOR the first time a cold shower drenched Bill's brain, leaving it crisp and clean and shining. He got to his feet, and they stood face to face. "Andrea," he said, in a low voice, "why mustn't you?"

"Oh, I can't explain! I—" She bit her lip again.

"You mean you're afraid of the notoriety?"

"Oh, no, no, Bill! Not that. Do you think I care——"

"Andrea." His voice hardened. "You're in possession of some fact of importance!"

"No, no, I'm not. I'm not."

"You must be. I see it all now. You've been playing on my sympathies." In his anger he glared at her, and seized her shoulders; she shrank back and buried her face in her hands. "All that good-wishes bunk! This will teach me a lesson. Stay in your own back-alley. You thought you'd put one over on me, get me off guard, get me to keep quiet—while my own sister is on trial for her life! Well, you're mistaken. I won't be fooled again. My dear Miss Gimball, you're going on that stand, and Heaven help you if there's something you know that you're withholding which would free my sister!"

She was sobbing now, and he took his hands from her shoulders as if contact with her was unbearable. "You don't understand," she said in a muffled voice. "Oh, Bill, how can you say such things? I—I wasn't acting. I can't . . . free your sister. What I know——"

"Then you do know something!" he cried.

The brimming horror in her eyes caught him up. He had never seen such a look on a human face. He drew back, his anger beginning to drain away.

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Bill rose and stood behind Andrea's chair so that she could not see his face.

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The LADY Is POISON

Complete Short Story

But in spite of insinuations one man was willing to risk his life for her....

IT was midnight when Crack Thomas swung his cab into the back line on Forty-fourth street at Broadway. He eased out from behind the wheel, looked mournfully at a crumpled front fender, and said, "Damnation."

"My idea exactly," agreed the girl with dark eyes. "Are you busy?"

Crack pointed to the fender. "Look," he said. "Is it enough to break your heart? Eight dollars to fix that piece of tin yesterday, and before the paint dries it's old and wrinkled again."

"I'm practically in tears. Are you busy?"

Crack opened the door. "Step in and say where."

She got into the cab. "The Crystal Club. Know where it is? Fiftieth Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues."

Her ankles were nice and the seams in her stockings were straight, not twisted like so many he had seen. Funny, thought Crack, that he should be noticing thin ankles and straight seams when his front right fender had an eight-dollar permanent wave. But that was hacking—and the finance company was ready to take the cab back. What a life!

He climbed in behind the wheel, started the motor, and moved into the stream of eastbound traffic. In the mirror above his head he caught another glimpse of those dark eyes. Nice—nicer than any eyes he had seen in weeks. Crack Thomas liked dark eyes.

"You said the Crystal Club?" he asked.

"The Crystal Club!"

"Oh, the Crystal Club."

Not much conversation in this cab. The girl was curled up in a corner. Crack twisted in his seat to lower the angle of reflection in the mirror.

THE light at Sixth Avenue was red, but Crack didn't notice it until he had bumped into another cab waiting to cross. He stepped down hard on the brake. The girl almost slid on to the floor.

"Watch the road, Oscar," she said. "That mirror might put us both in the hospital."

Crack turned north on Sixth, followed the traffic to Fiftieth and stopped at the club. Marty Flanagan was on the door — six feet of Irishman that should have been wearing a cop's uniform rather than a starter's. Not a bad guy, Marty. He tossed Crack a grin and a wink, flung open the door, and helped the dark-eyed girl to the sidewalk.

She fumbled through a silly little purse, handed Crack the expected half-dollar, and hurried to the club entrance. He watched the slim ankles until they stopped at the iron grilled door. Then he dropped the coin into his coat pocket and turned to Marty.

"Would you happen to know a guy that needs an expert driver to handle one of his trucks?" he asked.

Marty's grin was broad, understanding and patient. "So Crack-'em-up Thomas is losing another cab. And how many is this you've tossed back to the finance companies?"

"Why go into that?" said Crack. "Know where I can get a job?"

Flanagan grinned. "I couldn't recommend you to a soul," he said. "You've a fondness for cracking up cars that is positively indecent."

Crack fumbled for a cigarette, lit it, and tossed the match at Flanagan. He was thinking of just the right answer to set the big harp back on his heels when he saw the girl again. She came skittering across the sidewalk toward the cab, and Crack decided she was mad—not a nice, easy mad, but a stamping, cussing, lip-biting mad. She pushed Flanagan aside and stared in at Crack, who leaned easily against the wheel.

"You'll do," she said. "Climb out of that crate."

"She's skippy as a frog," said Crack to Flanagan. He looked at her thoughtfully.

"Will you get out of that cab?" she snapped.

Crack sighed resignedly and stepped to the sidewalk. "What next, lady?"

She backed away two steps and tilted her head to one side. For a moment she looked him over. "Not bad," she said. "Come on—I'll buy a drink."

"'Tis your blue eyes and silly smile that get 'em," said Flanagan.

"Nothing of the kind," said the girl. "Bert Swartz, that dumb boss of yours, won't let me in without an escort. I'm supposed to meet Ivan here and take him back to work."

"But Ivan isn't here," said Flanagan.

"That's what Bert said, but I think he's lying."

Crack put one hand on her elbow and gently but firmly pushed her aside. He tapped an insistent forefinger on Flanagan's gold-braided chest. "Not meaning to interrupt," he said. "But what's it all about?"

"This young lady is looking for her partner," said Flanagan. "He's not here."

"So you said before," reminded Crack. "But who is the young lady—who is her partner—and, now that we've started all this, who am I?"

"You're my escort," said the girl. "I need one to get into this place. Start the meter on your cab, stop asking questions, and come inside."

"This is so sudden," said Crack, and dropped the meter flag. "Honestly, Marty, did you ever expect to see me practically kidnapped on Fiftieth Street?"

"Oh, shut up!" said the girl.

She caught Crack's arm and led him to the door of the club. Two quick jabs at the bell button brought a large, ugly face to the iron grilled door. Crack recognised Bat Murphy, an ex-fighter who earned a living bouncing undesirable patrons from the Crystal Club. Bat looked at the girl and started to wag his head. She stamped a foot.

"Open up," she said. "I've got an escort now, and I'm coming in! And you can tell Bert Swartz I think he's nothing but a ——"

"Sorry, Miss Rochminoff," interrupted Bat. "Ivan isn't here—I told you before."

"Open that door!"

Crack decided it might be just as well to go back to the cab and forget all about this affair. He didn't like the way Bat was staring at the girl. His eyes had an intangible look that usually means trouble in large helpings.

Crack had gathered enough trouble, what with finance companies, broken cabs, and all the other little headaches of midnight Manhattan. He started to back away.

"No, you don't!" said the girl. She caught his sleeve and tucked an arm through his.

Bat Murphy reluctantly opened the door and they went inside. It was Crack's first visit to the Crystal Club, but the place was just about what he expected—plenty of noise and bad music, waiters who stepped on your toes.

There was a small table near the bar and she dropped into one of the chairs. Crack took the other, rested his elbows on the table, and decided his partner was the neatest number in the place. If Ivan was hard to find, so much the better. It promised to be a very pleasant evening—if only Bat hadn't had that sour look when he opened the door.

A waiter bumped against the table and Crack caught his elbow. "How about some service?"

"What'll it be?"

"Rye for me."

"A Manhattan," said Miss Rochminoff.

The waiter looked long at her before he shouldered a way to the bar. He stopped another waiter. Whispered to him. The second waiter looked at Miss Rochminoff. Crack looked, too, and found her glancing about the club.

"Now what?" he asked.

"I'm looking for Ivan."

"Oh, yes—Ivan. Where is he?"

"He should be here. He was here less than an hour ago."

"Stupid Ivan," said Crack. "If my name was Ivan you'd never have to look for me. You'd always be tripping over me."

"Change the subject."

"It's a nice subject," said Crack. "What's your name?"

"Miss Rochminoff."

"So I heard. What does Ivan call you?"

"Don't get wise."

"Lady—you asked me in. Be tolerant or I'll go out and sit in my hack. Then they'll toss you out and you won't find Ivan."

The waiter put the drinks on the table, and she fumbled through that silly purse again until she found a five-dollar bill. She dropped it on the cardboard check. "Change, please," she said.

"Are we going so soon?" asked Crack.

"As soon as we find Ivan."

"Good old Ivan."

She tilted the Manhattan to her lips, looked slowly about the place, and finally turned a pair of quizzical eyes to Crack. "Is everyone staring at us?" she asked.

Crack looked about. "Nearly everyone," he said. "Why?"

"How should I know? Maybe it's you."

She inspected him with a level eye. Crack's suit may have been a little shiny, but it had been pressed recently; his collar was clean and his shirt didn't show any missing buttons. He was a trim hackman. "All right?" he asked.

"Not bad."

"Maybe it's me."

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He stopped a waiter. "What's the idea?" he asked. "This is our table."

Illustrated By . . . WYNNE W. DAVIES

By BORDEN CHASE

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MONA

By . . .

Gordon Balmer

A Complete Short Story
Illustrated by John Wood

Mona, youthful and gay, accepted a husband's love as a matter of course and did not appreciate it until it was past recall.

Alan was content to sit quietly by, while Mona practised new dance steps to Jim's accompaniment.

I FIRST met the doctor during a visit to Papua. He was on the sunny side of fifty, a tall, thickset Australian, and very communicative. We had a few drinks at an hotel, and he invited me to his bungalow, a few miles outside Port Moresby. He was unmarried and had two native boys keeping the house in order. When we were seated on the verandah, with glasses and bottle and a syphon on a table nearby, we began to talk. Finally, our discussion wandered to life in the tropics, and, I discovered, much to my interest, that I had touched on his favorite subject.

"Do you know," he said, pouring me out a drink, "that life is seen in its naked state in the tropics? There is something about the climate which gets through the camouflage to the very roots of the soul."

"Really?" I said, taking the drink he passed over, "and I suppose you could tell quite a few tales and interesting stories about such cases."

The doctor nodded his head.

"If you won't be bored," he said, "I'll tell you of a case where fate takes a hand at the climax."

"Go ahead," I said eagerly, "I'm interested."

We downed our drinks, sat back in our chairs, and the doctor began his story.

"For months," he said, "Mona Mortone and Jim Lincoln had loved each other, and the only reason for them not marrying was Mona's husband, Alan. How she ever came to marry Alan Mortone, in the first place, is unknown, for they seemed two totally different personalities. Mona was happy-go-lucky, and Alan unusually quiet.

"When the three of them were together Alan was content to sit quietly by, while Mona practised new dance steps to Jim's accompaniment.

"Nevertheless, the fact that she was married to him did not hinder her loving Jim.

"Alan, apparently, knew nothing of this; and if he did he certainly kept quiet about it. Moreover, he treated Jim like a brother, inviting him over to dinner a couple of times every week, and often let him take Mona to various festivals when work prevented him from attending them.

"Moretone owned several other plantations in the Central Division, spread over a considerable area, and visited them every couple of months or so. These journeys necessitated him being absent for generally a week. Once, during Alan's absence, Jim took Mona to a party given by the neighboring Davesons in honor of the twenty-second birthday of their only and attractive daughter, Phyllis. The Davesons expressed their regret that Alan should have been away at the time of the function, as they liked that rather quiet and unobtrusive man.

"As the affair of Mona and Jim had been going on for so long a time without apparently arousing suspicions either from Alan or their neighbors, it came as a terrific shock, one night at tea, when Alan, who had just returned from a trip, said to Mona:

"'Are you very happy here, Mona?'

"The food in her mouth almost choked her, as a lump rose in her throat. She went cold all over, as she beheld his searching eyes looking at her. Fear, almost uncontrollable, rose in her breast, and it was only after an effort that she calmed herself.

"Did he know about her and Alan, or was he only torturing her? She was terribly afraid, but somehow managed to keep a grip on herself.

"For a moment or so, words were impossible. She gulped down her coffee, but it relieved her little; and when she replied she was amazed at the calmness of her voice.

"'Why, of course I am, Alan; what makes you think I'm not?' He stirred his coffee aimlessly.

"'Oh, I was just wondering,' he replied. 'You know this tropical climate works remarkable changes with people, both physically and mentally.'

"Somehow, Mona managed to smile sweetly.

"'Why you poor dear,' she exclaimed, feigning a little hurt, 'how silly of you to think such a thing.'

"Alan mumbled something of an apology, and she was glad that he did not pursue the subject. She was still suspicious, for she wondered what had prompted him to ask such a question. She knew that the neighbors were unsuspicious, yet they might have seen her and Jim together, and told Alan. But, with a slight smile she decided to dismiss it from her mind, for she had always acted faultlessly in her husband's presence. Then she flushed, as she thought that Alan might have returned early from his regular inland journeys and had seen her and Jim together, but she dismissed that idea, too, for she knew that had that been the case her husband would have demanded a 'showdown.'

"After tea, Alan had to go over to the Davesons' plantation on business. Mona said that she was going for a walk, and, once screened by the bushes, hurried off in the direction of Jim Lincoln's bungalow.

"She knocked at the door, and Jim Lincoln opened it. He was very surprised to see her.

"'Why, Mona,' he exclaimed, stepping aside and letting her enter, 'what brings you here at this hour? Isn't Alan home?'

"She did not speak until he had closed the door, and had ushered she turned and faced him.
her into the lounge-room. Then

"'I think Alan knows about us,' she said quietly, and he gasped in amazement.

"'How do you know?' he asked, and his voice was a trifle hoarse. 'Mona explained everything, and at the finish Jim bit his lip in perplexity. Mona could see that he was a trifle scared, and put her arm about his shoulders.

"'What will we do, Jim?' she asked, and he picked up a telegram from the table.

"'If you love me like you say you do,' he said slowly, 'leave with me on Thursday—I'm going back to Sydney—for good.'

"MONA was overjoyed. They would leave Papua with its hot days, and mosquitoes, and once more live among civilised people. Alan would be forgotten. There would only be she and Jim. It gave Mona great heart, and later, when she went back to the bungalow, she felt happier than she had been for quite a while.

"On the Tuesday before her departure with Jim, she was sitting on the verandah with her husband, when he suddenly turned to her.

"'I've sold my inland plantations to John Daveson,' he said. 'We completed negotiations this morning. How would you like to go to Sydney?'

"Mona looked up from her knitting.

"'Jim Lincoln is going Thursday,' she said, and her husband nodded.

"'Yes,' he said slowly, 'and he's not coming back. Besides, you haven't answered my question whether you would like to go.'

"'That depends on you,' she replied, and Alan did not bother to pursue the question any further. Mona was worried at this. She thought that if he did know he would say so; but, on the other hand, he might have some other plan in view to catch them red-handed.

"She was troubled that she could detect nothing from his demeanor.

"With the advent of her going with Jim, she lost most of her fear of Alan, but nevertheless she was not going to walk into the lion's den, so to speak, by declaring her love for Jim. If they could get away without her husband knowing, well and good. On the other hand, if he did show that he knew everything, and declare a showdown, she was quite prepared. That is what she told herself, but if the truth was really known she became more and more nervous as Thursday approached. She had made up her mind only to take the bare necessities, as she had quite an amount of money of her own, and could purchase what she needed when she reached Sydney.

"One obstacle worried her—how was she going to leave without Alan knowing? He would do all in his power to stop her, and she dreaded the notoriety she would get if it were found out. That difficulty was overcome, however, when on the Thursday morning at breakfast Alan said that he was going away for a day or so.

"'I'm taking Mr. Daveson over the plantations, so that I can explain everything to him,' he said. 'It will only take a day or so. I hope you won't mind my leaving you.'

"Mona smiled across the table at him, and said it would be all right. He was making her escape easier; how Jim and she would laugh over it on the boat.

"She helped Alan to pack his bag, and made a good job of it, too.

"At last he was ready, and after kissing her good-bye, and putting on his sun helmet, he grabbed his bags and said: 'Tell Jim I'm sorry I couldn't see him off, and I wish him the best of luck.'

Romance of the Tropics

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FASHION PORTFOLIO

CASUAL CHARM in FORMAL FROCKING

DINING . . . and dancing after? And you seek the recipe for the perfect evening? First, you must give all the time in the world to your frocking beforehand. Then — forget it entirely.

Nothing is so devastating as the entirely unselfconscious frock which is, at the same time, quite killingly smart . . . too, too divine, my dear.

Well, here you are . . .

● EVENING DRESS of floral satin, with pink as the predominating tone. Slimly cut, it has a suggestion of fullness in the arrangement of the fabric at the hip and bust lines.

● EVENING DRESS and coat in matching shades of blue. The frock features the tube silhouette, and the coat, which achieves a picturesque peplum effect, is finished at the neck with a huge bow. Tiny buttons on both sides of the coat.

● GRACEFUL FROCK of brown velvet and brown sheer—the sheer used on the back and sleeves. The latter are finished with little buttons. This model is a Patou inspiration.

● GLAMOROUS EVENING GOWN of silver lame with an unusual arrangement of cartridge pleats emphasising the hipline.

● ELABORATE PICTURE FROCK of prune matt crepe. It has sleeves composed entirely of petals cut from the same fabric. The skirt is trimmed with graded rows of tiny frills. The decolletage shows the calyx lines.

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AUTUMN HAT LINES

By PETROV

1.—Deep violet velvet ribbon lined with shrimp-pink satin provides a quartet of loops for this cocktail cap.

2.—Extraordinary lines in a large tan felt, square crowned and hung with a tiny awning in vari-colored ribbons.

3.—Black felt tucked and folded and draped with red velvet.

4.—The Eastern slant on turbans. Beige jersey is draped around the base of tapering square tower of felt in alternate sides of green and tan.

5.—Stiff little topper of shiny satin swathed with coarse veiling.

6.—Scalloped felt supporting a graduated edge of feathers — two shades of green.

7.—Twin cones of felt united with a swathing of jersey — brown felt, draped with orange and deep rose.

8.—Coq feathers in natural red colorings on a heavy tan felt of dashing line.

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WELCOME TO WINTER

● TINLING designed the attractive suit which has such unusual trimming of bands of yellow swansdown. It is in pastel-blue British cloth. Appliqued on the back is the amusing outline of a swan — "the parent" bird which so kindly provided the swansdown trimming. Aagethaarup made the hat, which has a blue crown with a yellow underbrim.

● VERY attractive is the Descat model at the left. Of smooth pennytan antelope it is swathed with a deeper shade of brown slipper satin.

● LELONG designed the gorgeous fur-trimmed coat above. Wrapped in so luxurious and smart a garment, who would worry about winter?

● AT THE LEFT is a Robert Piquet model in deep brown cloth trimmed with lambskin. The smart hat of burnt-orange felt provides a pretty color note.

PARIS Snapshots

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, By Air Mail.

CARNATIONS knitted in silk are the only artificial flowers you see nowadays on fur coats. In every boulevard, at all smart parties, bunches of them nestle against backgrounds of American broadtail, ermine, squirrel, or moleskin.

To be really smart they must be in "dead" colors—a wishy-washy faded green, an anaemic pink, and a sort of rain-washed blue.

★ ★ ★

ONE shop in the Champs-Elysees has a row of tiny pigs in the window to encourage its clientele to purchase the dyed pigskin odds and ends so fashionable just now.

The smartest luggage and writing-table accessories are being made in deep wine shades. Pyramid-shaped natural pigskin handbags are a new idea. The flat base of the pyramid houses a vanity-case which draws out slickly when you want it.

★ ★ ★

MULES in gaily-printed flower silks top the popularity ranking of boudoir bootwear. The designs are mostly printed on a white background, as this shows up brilliant coloring better than the usual pinks and blues.

★ ★ ★

PARISIAN demoiselles have a fancy for scarves so short that they are more like bows. Flower-pot designs ornament the ends.

When sunny mornings coax, pretty girls promenade in the Bois, a goodly number of them wearing hats shaped like the crowns we used to cut out of gold paper when as children we "dressed up."

These "crown" hats fit closely to the head. They are made up in light weight felt or stiffened taffeta, and the favorite colors are wine-red, royal-blue, pumpkin-yellow, and magenta.

DON'T BLAME YOUR SHOES

IF FEET ACHE

Put Them Right With

Zam-Buk

FASHIONABLE shoes greatly improve your appearance, but how many women can wear them in comfort? High heels put extra weight on the toes, often causing corns, aching insteps and ankles.

But you can wear the smartest shoes in perfect comfort, even in hot weather, if you adopt this easy treatment. Every night bathe the feet in warm water and, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk Ointment into the ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation

are allayed, and feet, toes, ankles, and joints are greatly strengthened by Zam-Buk. Should you have troublesome corns or hard growths, Zam-Buk will soften them and bring wonderful relief.

Start with Zam-Buk to-night, use it regularly during Summer and make sure of having happy feet.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. Of all chemists & stores

"Uncomfortable shoes chafed my toes and made my feet so sore I could hardly walk. But using Zam-Buk gave me healthy feet and enabled me to get about with perfect ease."—Mr. I.M.

"I suffered intensely with inflammation and a thick callous until Zam-Buk brought wonderful relief and removed the callous. For the first time for years I have comfortable feet."—Mrs. N.X.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night!

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An Editorial

MAY 7, 1938

THE MOTHERS OF THE NATION

MOTHERHOOD is an art — a great, creative art. The moulding of each new human character is almost entirely in the control of the mother. She it is who can ensure health of body and mind, vigor, courage, judgment, and all the moral qualities.

The basis of character exists in every new-born child, but wise maternal guidance can develop an ordinary child into a successful man or woman.

On the other hand, maternal neglect, or "spoiling," can turn a brilliant child into a social outlaw.

It's a big responsibility, an almost superhuman task, but it offers a woman superhuman opportunities.

The mother of the past could do little more than see that her child was well fed, well clad, affectionately cared for, and taught the rudiments of behaviour.

The mother of to-day can call science to her aid in both the physical and mental development. And she has even got the sound advice of psychologists to prevent her overdoing the watchful care.

But what about the mother of to-morrow? Her task is greater than that of any earlier generation. Not only has she the personal care of her child; she has opportunities as a citizen to help decide what sort of world her child shall live in.

The will of women sways the world.

The sort of system our children live under is largely ours to choose, democracy or something else, but finally it rests with the mothers of to-day to say whether our children shall go to war or live in peace.

What a responsibility! And what a debt all of us owe to the mothers of the nation—a debt which in some small measure we endeavor to recognise each year by our celebration of Mother's Day.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Cinderella Story

MARY McKINVEN finished serving a customer as the clock touched 5.30, when her tea-hour began.

But Mary wasn't concerned with tea this evening. Instead of a cafe she went to a concert hall, and instead of eating she sang.

Her song won her third place in the Sydney Eisteddfod oratorio contest.

Then she rushed back to serve more customers.

"Miss McKinven's voice," said the adjudicator, "is one of the most promising I have heard."

But what about Miss McKinven's strength of character?

Sometimes artistic quality is wasted for lack of opportunity. But the quality that enables a girl to succeed in a song contest in between shop-assisting is the quality that means success.

Let the Weed Rot

THE revelation that marihuana, the narcotic hemp plant, grows wild in several Australian States has somewhat perturbed the authorities.

The drug is commonly used in Asia, and in America various States have suppressed it after a series of crimes and orgies by addicts.

But the weed is probably far less of a menace here than water hyacinth or Bathurst burr.

Australians don't take drugs. The proportion of white addicts here is lower than in almost any other country.

Healthy sport supplies quite enough excitement for our people, and democratic freedom leaves very few with the inferiority complex that demands the false stimulation of vicious poisons.

"FOSTER-MOTHER'S" DAY at the Dionne nursery will be celebrated this week. Here are the "Quins" with Dr. Dafoe, writing a note — perhaps to their real mother, who lives down the street.

Equality For All

MEN are unlikely to raise any objection against the plan to form a Women's Air Force for use in Australia's defence.

Men's only objection to the intrusion of women is their contention that it throws men out of jobs.

And the one job no one is ever in danger of losing is the job of an active combatant in wartime.

LYRIC OF LIFE

PAIN!

If you have been close to pain,
Racked with its awful urge, and cast
To wells where fear and death have lain,
To touch the depths and strangely rise again
With life before and all the horror past.

If you have known the white, still flame
Of pain's last consciousness, and rise
To things that are no more the same,
Another soul, bearing your own old name,
Then life seems strange and idle to your eyes.

You are apart, for having suffered so
The ties are cut from all you used to know.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

The Right Spirit

LEE NAI BUN, a little Chinese boy, has been deported back to his homeland because he played truant from his Australian school. Unfair!

An immigrant is supposed to have the rights of a citizen, isn't he? And who ever imagined a young Australian wouldn't play "the wag"?

No, no. Bring little Bun back, let him suffer the inevitable "sixer," and stay. Obviously, he's an ideal Australian of the future.

Art in Exile

DOCTOR BRUNO WALTER, conductor of Vienna State Orchestra until Hitler's putsch drove him into exile, plans a music fest in which many exiled artists will take part.

It is to be, according to Walter, "a demonstration of pure art against barbarism."

But there is really no need for such a demonstration. No artist is ever an exile. His homeland is in the hearts of appreciative people everywhere.

"No Kid"

JACKIE COOGAN'S claim that his mother and stepfather deprived him of £1,000,000 of his earnings has an ironic side to it.

Every penny of that money was contributed to "The Kid" by sentimental folk all over the world who loved seeing pictures glorifying childish innocence and family affection.

And its final destination must be settled by a sordid battle between mother and son, trimmed with garish publicity and mutual recriminations. Still, it's all nice, clean fun.

Art of Living With Relatives —Successfully

In the drama of matrimony, relatives are perhaps the greatest of the pitfalls for young players.

If the drama is not to be turned into a screaming farce or into one of those domestic tragedies film producers manage so capably, a little thought on the subject of relatives is really a great help.

FOR all practical purposes, relatives may be divided into two classes—those who live in your home, and those who do not.

If you are a single person, living with your parents, the problem of relatives in the house is not a very perplexing one.

Somehow or other, it is usually possible to make an escape from them at such a time as you feel they are unwelcome to you. At other times, you may be exceedingly glad of their company.

It is for those who are married that the problem can become a very real, almost overwhelming one.

If those who live in your home consist of your husband, self and children, the position is comparatively easy—though this, too, has its pitfalls in a different sort of way.

It is when a relative of either party must be accommodated in the house as well that one should learn to be so tactful that tact becomes second nature—for nothing can be more irritating to the relative concerned than seeing a transparent motive of diplomacy in your every word or action.

Perhaps, then, kindness shown in a practical way is the very best form of tact.

If your mother—or your mother-in-law—must live in your household, it is as well to treat her as a co-housekeeper with yourself.

The relationship between you would become strained if you gave her too many of the less pleasant jobs about the house—and it might become just as strained if you treated her as a perennial guest.

Need for Tact

THERE is something about relatives. One feels for them a certain kindred which one never applies to outside friends. Yet the bond of kinship should not give one liberty to treat a relative without every respect.

The old, old adage that one can choose one's friends but not one's relatives is only true up to a certain point, for one can pick the relatives with whom one wishes to be friendly.

It is highly important to remember that, in marrying, the man marries the woman, the woman the man. Neither party marries the other's entire family.

Therefore, neither should blame the other for any annoyances caused by the family of the other, whether it be caused by criticism, a desire to run your domestic affairs, or to expect help when you are just beginning to think the financial affairs of your own household are beginning to run smoothly.

Getting closer to home . . . to one's own home. What woman can ever hope wholly to understand a man, or a man a woman? A slight success at the office, or the failure of the jam to set nicely, can make or mar a whole day in the opinion of the husband or the wife.

If both occur on the same day, you can't expect your husband to be too sympathetic about that jam when he is bubbling over with his success. It is just another case for tact.

A Grand Feeling

RELATIVES that one must seek out when one wants them—or who will seek you out occasionally for some special purpose—those are the perfect "outside" relatives.

It is grand to feel one has them. There is something about them that makes you feel they really mean more than your best friends.

As for the "inside" relatives—they should have enough outside interests (just as you should) so that conversation and the mere fact of living with them do not become dull.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . *By WEP*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622776

HOW TO BE A *Painless* DETECTIVE

Detective L. W. LOWER on the job.

Sherlock Holmes Out-Sherlocked by L. W. Lower

By
L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

When I read the back pages of some of these American magazines I always get mad ideas.

So far as I can make out, I owe it to myself to become a Diesel engineer. I should also have a powerful, accurate, economical, practical air-pistol and fight germs. But, most of all, I must be a detective.

ALREADY we have one detective in our family, but I'm used to all her methods. So much so that I can scarcely get a kick out of any of my domestic crimes now.

There's none of that feeling of suspense when you begin to feel that she mightn't find out about whatever it is you've done.

It's so long since I did any active detecting that I feel that I will have to brush up my knowledge.

Nowadays, all the smartest detectives carry two or three sets of finger-prints with them when they're on a job, thus making certain that if the worst comes to the worst they can fasten the crime on somebody. I'm not like that.

Supposing somebody's been murdered. Gruesomely murdered and dismembered, and there is no sign of the weapon, no motive, no fingerprints, and the victim was a wealthy, friendless, paralysed orphan.

You send for me when everybody else is baffled. I arrive with my grim, inscrutable smile and a small, shabby leather bag.

The local constable says, "You will notice, Mr. Lower, that the legs and arms are missing from the deceased."

"I noticed it," I reply, glinting at him. "Tell me—was he a recluse?"

"No, sir! He was a staunch teetotaller."

"Hmm."

"We found his left leg under a culvert on the main road, sir."

"Yes. Of course. Where else would you expect to find it? Leave me. I want to think."

I then pace up and down. Something catches my eye. Merely a speck of dust. I pick it up and place it in an envelope, and smirk. I have the aged housekeeper sent for.

"You have been employed here for sixty-eight years?" I say to her, brusquely.

"Yes, sir. Sixty-eight years come Michaelmas—though how you know, sir, being a stranger to these parts . ."

"Enough! When you last saw the deceased Mr. Bancroft—did he have all his legs and arms on?"

"Oh, yes, sir! He was very tidy that way, he was. Everything had to be in its place. He was very good to me, sir . . ."

"Arr, shut up!"

"The cat has been gone ever since . . ."

"What's that! The CAT! Out with it, woman! The whole thing hinges on the cat. I see it all."

"This cat, sir, hasn't got hinges."

Solving the Mystery

I HAVE another smirk and, sitting down at a desk in the fine old library, I spread out a clean sheet of paper and place on it the envelope with the speck of dust in it, three cigarette butts, two hairs, and a footprint. I ring for the butler.

"Welks," I say to him, "was your master ever in Burma?"

"Not to my knowledge, sir."

"Did your master suffer from St. Vitus's dance to any extent?"

"Strange that you should mention that, sir. He was a martyr to it."

"Nothing is strange where I am concerned, Welks."

"I can quite believe that, sir."

"Did he shave himself or go to the barber?"

"Shaved himself, sir. Very finicky, he was, sir."

"That will be all, Welks."

"Thank you, sir."

I jot down a few notes, close my leather bag and send for the constable who has been on guard in the pantry all this time.

"You've solved it, sir," he says in his ingenuous way.

"Yes, my lad. Suicide. Or perhaps **it might be kinder to call it an accident. He was shaving. Suffering from St. Vitus's dance as he did, he inadvertantly sliced one of his arms off."**

"Lawks-a-mercy!"

"Then, having to use his left hand to continue shaving, he clumsily cut one of his legs off at the hip."

"Well I never!"

"The housekeeper will tell you that he was a very tidy man. What more natural than to carve off the other arm and leg in order to preserve a certain amount of symmetry?"

"Fancy me not thinking of that, sir!"

"Child's play. You can fix up the details. Don't mention my name in your report."

It's all so simple. Or at least it seems simple.

Just at the moment I have lost my matches. Do you think I can find my matches? No. I can't find my matches.

Even the greatest of us slip sometimes.

Anyhow, I'm not sure whether I had any matches in the first place. Turn to the next page while I concentrate.

How can you get a GIRLISH FIGURE

WOMEN in their thirties who have put on weight can regain a slim, girlish figure with the aid of Bile Beans.

Bile Beans are the safe, healthy way to slimness. Just a couple nightly and that surplus fat gradually melts away, leaving slender, fashionable curves.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable — they eliminate fat-forming residue daily, and by toning up the system and purifying the blood give you radiant health and a lovely clear complexion.

Don't envy others — start now to achieve healthy, fashionable slimness for yourself.

"Excess fat made my figure ungainly and it was a trouble for me to get about and keep up with my work. Dieting had no effect, but I soon lost weight when I started with Bile Beans. By taking them regularly each night I have reduced two stones and regained my fitness and energy." — Miss E. Morris.

* *

"Nightly Bile Beans have certainly saved me hours of weary exercising. They have reduced my weight by thirteen pounds and I never felt so well as I do to-day. Now that I've found the secret of keeping slim, never again will I be without Bile Beans." Mrs. R. Fairley.

By Nightly Taking
BILE BEANS

The Household Rule of Health

BY far the best way to ensure the health, fitness, and cheerfulness of every member of your family, is to make delicious "Ovaltine" their regular daily beverage. Let this be your household rule of health from to-day.

Prepared by exclusive processes from the highest qualities of malt, milk, and eggs, "Ovaltine" stands in a class by itself for quality and health-giving value.

Remember, too, that "Ovaltine"—even when you make it entirely with milk—is the most economical food beverage. This is due to the exceptionally high qualities of the ingredients, and the small quantity you need to use. Reject substitutes.

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample of "Ovaltine", sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps, to cover cost of packing and postage. See address below.

Drink delicious
'OVALTINE'
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Asthma Germs Killed in 3 Minutes

If you suffer from choking, wheezing, coughing, Asthma and Bronchitis—if you gasp for breath, can't sleep nights, and feel your heart pounding against your ribs, and suffer from Indigestion, Nervousness, Headaches and Loss of Vitality and Energy, there is new hope, health and happiness for you in the discovery of an American physician.

A specialist with 30 years' experience discovered that the true cause of most Asthma is from Germs and Acids in the Blood. By refreshing the blood, killing the Germs and removing the Acids, the cause is removed and thus Asthma can be truly ended. The discovery, which is called Mendaco, is a pure, safe and harmless prescription in pleasant, easy-to-take tablet form. It works so fast that it starts circulating through the blood in 3 minutes, killing the Germs and removing the Acids which cause those terrible choking, gasping, strangling spells. Within 24 to 48 hours you will notice a vast difference, and at the end of the 5-day treatment you, as thousands of others, will feel completely free from Asthma, because Mendaco represents a discovery that removes the underlying cause of the disease. No matter how long you have suffered or how many things you have tried, you owe it to yourself to try this new discovery.

Ends Asthma After 25 Years

Thousands of former sufferers from Asthma, Bronchitis and Hay Fever are daily telling how well they feel since they ended their trouble with Mendaco. For instance, Mr. Albert Radford McGee, Saskatchewan, Canada, recently wrote: "I have had Asthma for the past 25 years, and tried everything without success until I tried your prescription. It did stop my Asthma. I have not had Asthma for the past two months nor any sign of it coming back. I feel far better and have gained five pounds in weight. I can go out and do any work without any fear of an attack of choking. I can also sleep all night in peace and comfort." Mrs. Martha Beresford, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, recently said: "I felt better the first day I started taking Mendaco. I could breathe easier. I slept the night through. The choking, coughing, gasping disappeared. Since starting the use of Mendaco I have not lost one single night of rest. Choking, Coughing and Strangling have disappeared. I used to need injections of Adrenalin, but I haven't needed a single one since I used your treatment of Mendaco. I have gained several pounds in weight, and my Asthma truly has been stopped."

£2000 Guarantee

Mendaco has been so unusually successful in stopping Asthma by removing the true cause, that it is offered under a written guarantee to end your Asthma to your complete satisfaction or cost you nothing. Get an 8-day supply of Mendaco from your chemist and see for yourself how quickly it frees you from the choking, gasping, strangling spells of Asthma—see for yourself how quickly you gain in energy and vitality and in general health—see for yourself how much younger and stronger you feel. It must do the work entirely to your satisfaction in your particular case, or you merely return the empty package and the small cost is refunded in full. This money-back guarantee is backed by a fund of £2,000 deposited with the leading banks of the world, such as Bank of New South Wales, Barclays Bank, Johannesburg, Westminster Bank of London and Bank of America, Los Angeles, U.S.A. Don't suffer another day without learning for yourself the blessings in this new discovery of Mendaco. Don't take chances with cheap, inferior drastic drugs. Get guaranteed Mendaco from your chemist immediately and take the right way to get rid of Asthma by removing the cause. The guarantee protects you.

2282B

THE LADY *Is* POISON

Continued from Page 7

HE looked at her jet hair curving to points low on each cheek; her eyes brown and large beneath thin, curved brows; her mouth.

"Lady—you're perfect. Maybe that's why the boys are gaping."

Crack glanced up and caught the bartender watching while he carried on a side-mouthed conversation with a group of men. There were direct stares that turned vacant when the group saw Crack watching them. He turned away and looked into another set of widened eyes at a nearby table. He drained his glass and tried a smile. It was weak. "We're the cynosure of all eyes," he said wisely.

"Where'd you learn that word?"

"In college."

"You never went to college."

"And you never came from Russia, so that makes us even. Do you dance?"

"Is that a gag?"

"No. I don't mind waiting for Ivan, but there's no use sitting here. Come on; let's dance—maybe we'll find Ivan under the piano when we sweep past."

"Do you sweep?" she asked.

Crack stepped around the table and drew back her chair. She smiled as though hardly expecting courtesy from her escort, and the smile grew when he followed her to the floor and bowed slightly before putting an arm around her waist. They moved slowly into the swarm of bumping dancers.

"Nice feet, mister," she said. "Where'd you learn to dance?"

"It's a gift. I inherit it from my great-grandfather. He was a mountain goat."

"Be serious. You've a wonderful pair of feet, and you know it."

"Yours aren't bad," said Crack. His arm tightened about her waist.

The music hadn't stopped but she walked off the floor. Crack decided a direct attack wouldn't get him to first base this evening. He followed her to the table but found their places had been taken by another couple. He stopped a waiter. "What's the idea?" he asked. "This is our table."

"Don't ask me," said the waiter. "Fight it out with the boss."

Crack crossed to a tall head waiter who affected a bored attitude. "Hey, mister," said Crack. "That's our table."

"Sorry—that table was reserved. You were put there by accident. I'm afraid there's no room for you tonight."

Crack's hand was doubled and on its way to the head waiter's jaw when the girl grabbed his elbow. "Don't be a chump," she said. "If we're not wanted, let's go." She turned to the head waiter. "And you can tell your boss that Olga Rochminoff always thought the Crystal Club was a stable—now she's sure of it."

"Olga," said Crack thoughtfully. "I should have guessed it. Only an Olga would keep me from smacking that chap. And now what?"

"We're going to the Jade Room," she said. "That's another of Ivan's favorite stops. We might find him there."

Crack escorted her to the street. Taxis were lined at either kerb near the entrance of a score of similar clubs and restaurants that made Fiftieth Street the late spot in New York. Midtown Manhattan during the first hour of the morning was wide awake and doing business.

Olga had stepped into the cab and Crack was about to climb into the driver's seat when Flanagan touched his arm. The big doorman was worried—anxious to speak to Crack but apparently fearful lest he be noticed. "Leave that girl," he whispered.

"Huh? Do what?"

But Flanagan was gone. A cab had stopped before the marquee of the Crystal Club and he was bowing the customers across the walk. Crack started towards him, but Olga's knuckles beat an impatient tune on the door glass.

He nodded, moving in behind the wheel.

The Jade Room was on the next street north. At the door, Crack turned to face Olga. "Do I wait?"

"You do not," she said. "You're coming in. If Ivan's here I'll need help. He's usually troublesome when he gets as far as the Jade Room."

Crack didn't argue. He parked his cab and followed her into the bar. Something was wrong with this setup—decidedly wrong. He realised the sensible course would be to ask for his money and let Olga find Ivan without his help. Flanagan was wise in the ways of New York. When he passed out a tip it was good policy to accept it. But this Olga Rochminoff was too nice to go chasing alone from one bar to another.

Olga had already ordered drinks. She was asking for Ivan and getting dumb stares and mumbled answers. Crack felt eyes watching him. He turned quickly and looked into the faces of a crowd at a corner table—a typical Broadway crowd. There were two bookies, a band leader, a gambler, a music publisher. They glanced at him and as quickly glanced away. Smart men that knew their way around in this town.

The bar had been crowded when she gave the order, but now there was a wide space on either side of them. Olga had noticed it and there was bewilderment in her eyes. "What's wrong?" she asked. "Have we got the measles?"

"Maybe," said Crack. "You wait here. Jeff Banner is at the other end of the bar. He's a pal of mine—a newspaperman. I'll get the low-down on this stuff."

He eased over to Banner and nodded hello. Banner motioned him closer.

"Scram, Crack," he said quietly. "You're playing with poison."

"How come?"

"You didn't hear about Joe Marini?"

"What about him?"

"He's dead—two of Augie Kline's boys killed him in his apartment. He took them along with him, though."

"But where does Olga fit in that deal?" asked Crack.

"RIGHT in the middle. Joe and Tony Marini own the Silver Swan. She works there, and she was Joe's girl."

"It still doesn't make sense."

"No?" said Banner. "Well—twenty minutes before Joe died he left the Silver Swan with Olga. The word is out that Tony Marini is looking for Olga. And when he finds her——"

"You think she is responsible?"

"I don't get paid to think. Neither do you, so be smart and go back to your back."

"Thanks, Jeff," said Crack, and his stomach felt as though it had been on ice for a week.

He walked slowly past the empty bar to where Olga stood. His hand trembled a little when he lifted the glass.

Olga rested her shoulder against his. "What's it all about?" she asked quietly.

"Oh—just—just nothing."

How was a fellow going to tell a dark-eyed, cute-faced girl that she was going to die? Olga was on the spot—no doubt about that. Tony Marini was a killer—had been one long before Repeal forced him into an honest business. There were whispered stories that said he had been the man behind the gun in three of New York's killings. And now his brother had been killed and he was gunning for Olga.

Please turn to Page 16

Dear Place

You're going down to that dear
place I love so well!
To all the things I know. The
salt sea smell,
The whitened woods, the still,
black-mirror lake
Where little glassy ripples turn
and break.

You'll tread with black-soled
boots across the grass,
With solid feet you'll crush the
things you pass,
You'll talk small silly words
about the view
In studied, heavy tones, the way
you do.

I think that I could almost kill
you, here,
Than you profane these things
I hold so dear!

—Yvonne Webb.

Day-long Freshness

HOW lovely and fresh you feel after a bath with Wright's Coal Tar Soap! Its more costly materials and rich antiseptic lather cleanse pores thoroughly, removing every trace of dirt and danger. Wright's leaves your skin *really* clean; gives you day-long freshness.

Wright's is the *only* toilet soap that's gained the Blue Seal of Merit, highest award of the Institute of Hygiene. It is the toilet soap that doctors themselves use more than any other.

WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar Soap

IN TOWN TO-NIGHT

I know a man who regularly every winter dons a "pullover" as an extra garment to protect him from catching colds.

Does he escape the common cold? No, he says that but for the "pullover" he might have caught even more!

Now I've nothing to say against adequate clothing. But I've found the best protection of all is "Vitamin Vitality"—a form of extra protection against colds and 'flu, made, not of wool, but of Vitamins.

I get this Vitamin Vitality in the simplest possible way. Every morning I take Bemax with my breakfast. One spoonful of this natural Vitamin food gives me no less than 200 units of Vitamin B—just the extra amount that doctors say is essential to protection against infection.

Does Bemax do the trick? Well, all I say is, who catches the cold—my "pullover" friend or myself? Not I.

If you want to pursue the subject further send a card to B. Max (Dept. F.7.), P.O. Box 3679 S.S., Sydney, for a most interesting little book quite free, called "Vitamins and Health."

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Is Your Man Well Dressed? Judge From These

THESE PICTURES from New York show the latest in fashions for men. What do you think of them? Most important, what does your man think of them? Above is a robe of camel's hair worn over lounging pyjamas with an Ascot scarf.

THERE is a Clark Gableish look about the one above that girls will admire. Recommended for golf, races and spectator sports.

GREY FLANNEL SUIT. The velvet waistcoat has brass buttons. And note the reverse semi-Tyrolean hat. Imagine your boy friend in this outfit.

WHAT the well-dressed squatter should wear when riding round the run or hiking through the hills, according to the New York designers.

SINGLE-BREASTED checked Saxony, incorporating the British Blade, which does away with wrinkles at the chest by providing extra fullness at shoulder-blades and back.

BLACK-AND-WHITE plaid suit worn with tweed effect silk tie, bowler hat, blucher shoes, oatmeal-colored gloves, and racing umbrella

SUMMER EVENING WEAR—a tuxedo of pearl-grey unfinished worsted, with maroon silk bow tie and matching silk cummerbund. Have you ever caught your man wearing anything like this?

SPORTS COAT of tan Shetland, tailored without collar or lapels, worn with soft collared shirt.

"HELLO, Hello — taxi, please. I'm off to a morning-dress party" — and he's correctly tailored for it, too.

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THE LADY *Is* POISON

CRACK wondered if she had framed Joe Marini. He put down his glass and studied he- looked into her eyes. It didn't seem possible. She smiled—a twisted little smile that made her look like a youngster.

"Scared of something?" she asked.

"Darned scared."

"Someone after you with a summons?"

Was she trying to kid him? Didn't this girl realise what Tony Marini would do when he caught up to her? There was something all wrong with the whole deal, but Crack knew Jeff Banner wasn't the kind to exaggerate. "You know Joe Marini?" he asked.

"Of course I do. Is Joe mad at you?" she asked. Then she smiled and patted his arm. "Don't worry—I'll square things for you later. Finish your drink."

"I don't want it," said Crack.

"All right—leave it. We've got to try another place. If I don't get Ivan back for the last show Joe'll have a mad on at me, too. He's my boss, you know."

"Is he?" said Crack dully.

The short walk from the Jade Room to the cab stretched out into eternity. Crack looked in both directions, grabbed Olga's elbow, and sprinted. He twisted the handle, pushed her into the seat, and slammed the door behind her. She was talking—asking questions—calling him a fool. But Crack said nothing until the cab was deep in the traffic of Times Square. Lost in a crowd of taxis, he felt safe enough to attempt putting his thoughts together.

Somewhere in the bright avenues or darker side streets of this town Tony Marini was asking questions, catching up with Olga Rochminoff. It might be hours, minutes, days—but sooner or later he'd find her. You couldn't get away from a guy like Tony. And when he found her he'd start shooting. Maybe the girl knew what it was all about, but Crack didn't think so. She didn't seem to. Even now she was hammering on his shoulder and telling him to take her to Halliday's Restaurant—a late spot in Forty-sixth Street.

"You're sure you want to go to Halliday's?" asked Crack.

MYRNA LOY, M.-G.-M. star, chooses a heavy white crepe gown, fashioned on Grecian lines, for formal occasions. The twisted shoulder treatment is of interest. The self girdle is outlined in black velvet.

"Am I sure?" she yelled. "Do you think I'm talking to myself?"

"Suppose we meet Tony Marini there?"

"What of it?"

She didn't know, and he couldn't tell her. He drove to Halliday's. Maybe one of her friends would tell her the bad news and let Crack out of a nasty job.

"HAVE you seen Ivan, Bill?" she asked the bartender.

The man backed away, moving his head slowly from side to side. He was staring at Olga as though she were already dead — frightened, anxious to put space between himself and the girl. Others at the bar put down their drinks and started towards the door. Halliday was called from his office. He looked at Olga and pointed towards the street. And then a woman screamed. She was drunk—staring—white-faced. "Go 'way!" she yelled. "Go 'way! Do you want us all killed?"

Olga caught Crack's arm. She forced her face close to his. "Tell me!" she said. "Tell me—what is it?"

His arm was around her waist and he was running towards the door. She ran with him and repeated, "Tell me—tell me!"

Once again in the crowded safety of Times Square Crack motioned her to the drop seat. She moved forward and leaned close to his shoulder. To the tune of blaring horns and grinding brakes Crack told her. She took it like a major. No screams, no tears, and at times a pitiful shake of her head that said it wasn't true.

"You know I didn't do it," she whispered.

"Funny — but I don't think you did."

"I left the club with Joe—rode with him in his car."

Continued from Page 14

She paused; then, "He offered to help me find Ivan," she said. "We started for the Crystal Club and Joe wanted to stop at his apartment. We argued and I left him."

"What'd he do?"

"Went upstairs, I think."

"And you?"

"Hired your cab and went looking for Ivan."

"I'm the only one in New York who'd believe that."

"But you do believe it?"

"Yeah—I'm funny that way."

He went with the traffic down the west side of Times Square past Forty-second Street to Thirty-eighth. Here he swung east and again cut into the north-bound stream of Broadway. It was as though he followed the outer rim of a huge hour-glass. Cabs hemmed him in tightly on all sides, rubbed fenders, and jostled against the rear bumper. Crack had never before been so anxious for the company of humming motors as he was this night.

"What shall we do?" asked Olga.

"Your guess is as good as mine."

"The police?"

"They'd hold you for Joe's killing—then turn you loose. When you walked out of the station-house Tony would be waiting."

"Can I hide somewhere?"

"How long?" asked Crack. "He'll wait."

She was quiet for a moment. He heard her sob. "I don't want to die," she said.

"None of us do."

THEY were driving south on Broadway. The flashing lights of an electric sign made patterns of color on the hood. Crack swung close to a cab, grazed the running board. The driver cursed. Crack didn't answer. He was watching the side streets.

"What's your right name?" he asked.

"Mary—Mary Logan."

"That's a nice name. Why'd you change it?"

"I had to. They needed Russian dancers."

"Is Ivan a Russian?"

"Yes."

"Do you like him?"

"Not much. He drinks too much—and eats garlic."

"Do you like me?" said Crack.

"You're nice."

"That all?"

"No—you're better than nice, taking care of me, and everything."

"Taking care of you?" said Crack. "Say—I can't even take care of myself. I'm losing this cab in the morning."

"Why?"

"I'm back on payments."

"Oh! That's too bad."

At Thirty-eighth Street a blue sedan turned north when Crack turned. He watched it in the mirror. There were two men—one driving and another in the back. The windows were down. Crack thought it was Tony Marini. He thought he saw a machine-gun. He wasn't sure.

"Where did you learn to dance?" asked Olga.

"I don't know—just picked it up."

"So did I. Then I went to school."

"I never went to dancing school."

"What of it? You're a natural."

"How do you know?" asked Crack.

"I can tell."

"Think I'd make a good partner?"

"Very good. Better than Ivan."

Crack took one hand from the wheel and reached back toward her. She caught his hand and held it, tightly. Like a kid, he thought. He looked into the mirror again. The blue sedan turned west into Broadway when he turned. It was Tony.

"We can't keep going around Times Square all night," she said.

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know. We just can't."

"That's what you think because you're not a hackman."

"What do we do later?"

"Let's wait until later comes."

"Aren't you afraid?"

"Sure I am," said Crack.

A light breeze came from the river and touched his face. He took off his cap.

"Your hair is nice," she said.

"So's yours."

There was a trace of perfume in the air. He'd noticed it earlier when he danced with Olga. Light stuff—he couldn't think of a name for it.

"What time is it?" she asked.

Please turn to Page 18

FALSE TEETH GOT BLACKER AND BLACKER

Then he tried 'STERADENT' and ALL STAINS DISAPPEARED

"I am now 48 years of age, and since I had my first few teeth extracted when 21 years old, I have searched most assiduously for something to counteract carbonisation on my dental plate. I have tried powders, liquids, and creams, all without effect; the plates continued to blacken. I purchased (without undue optimism) a tin of your 'Steradent' and much to my joy and astonishment found that it really did all you claim. It was interesting to observe the carbon disappear and in three nights the dental plates were pink again for the first time since they were new."—A.L.

Simply put a little 'Steradent' powder in a glass of warm water. Stir well. Leave your dentures in it while you dress, or overnight. Stains disappear like magic—even **the blackest tobacco stains** of years standing vanish completely after a few treatments. Discoloured parts are made a natural-looking flesh pink. Teeth regain the clean, attractive lustre of 'live' teeth. All mucin film is removed by a powerful sterilising agent which also purifies your plates and gives them a cool, refreshing taste. No brushing. No nasty taste. **Guaranteed harmless.** At all chemists.

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Collect Coupons also from:—
"Fountain" Self-Raising Flour
"Fountain" Tomato Sauce
Basket Mixed Fruit, etc.

MOTHERS!

TRY THIS NEW SCONE RECIPE!

1 lb. "Fountain" Self-Raising Flour
[illegible] ozs. "Breakfast D-Light" (uncooked)
½ teaspoon salt
2 dessertspoons butter
Milk and water to mix

Sift the flour and salt, rub in the butter, add the Breakfast D-Light, mixing in well, and mix this a soft dough with the milk and water. Turn out on to a floured board and knead slightly. Roll out and cut into squares or oblongs with a sharp floured knife. Place on the prepared tin and bake in a quick oven 12 to 15 minutes, according to the size of the scones. Turn on to a cake cooler—use either hot or cold buttered.

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Do YOU get Painful Wind?

AN accumulation of wind caused me to roll in agony for 30 hours," writes R. H. W. "I was so ill that my doctor had to be sent for. The pain eased a little, but then came on again more violently. Well, I managed to get some 'Bisurated' Magnesia and got wonderful relief. I've had no trouble since." Thousands of former sufferers have shared this experience. *One dose* of 'Bisurated' Magnesia will always relieve the agony of wind and gastric disorder. The moment it reaches the stomach, 'Bisurated' Magnesia neutralises all burning, ulcerating, gas-forming acid. Pain stops like magic; inflammation is healed, wind dispelled, and healthy digestion soon restored. Doctors everywhere use and prescribe 'Bisurated' Magnesia for the stomach. Get a bottle to-day.

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LIFE STORY *of* DUCHESS *of* KENT

Told for the first time, and presented with the approval of Her Royal Highness

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly
Commenced March 19

By

Baroness Helena Von-Der Hoven

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT. The story of their romance will be told in next week's instalment of the life story of the Duchess.

PRINCESS MARINA'S life has been one of cloud and sunshine.

Her happy childhood in Greece was upset by the turmoil of the war years, the subsequent revolutions that exiled her family, restored it to the Greek throne, then exiled it again.

Royal wanderers without a country . . rich sometimes, at other times lacking money, with purses strained to help poverty-stricken fellow countrymen . . . this was the poignant background in which Princess Marina and her sisters, Princess Olga and Princess Elisabeth, lived and grew up . . . their natural charm unspoiled, developing their talents for dress, beauty and the arts.

The romance of Princess Olga was told last week. Marina's schooldays are described in this instalment:

CHAPTER VII (Continued)

Sister's Romance

WHEN one sees public characters in glittering uniforms or stiff shirts and tailcoats, in diamond necklaces and tiaras, one often wonders what they are like "off the stage" so to speak, and what their real idea of enjoyment is.

So I will try to give you a picture of Princess Marina's life at Bohinj.

A lovely summer morning. The air is pure and exhilarating. A smell of warm pine trees comes from the woods.

In the distance the lake glistens like a crystal mirror reflecting the dark mountains and the blue skies.

The Grand Duchess Helen is sitting in the garden. She is "resting," as she calls it, from her Paris activities, but in reality she is working again, this time to relieve the poor Russians in Yugoslavia.

Prince Paul, Marina's brother-in-law, is probably consulting the chef, or the housekeeper, or perhaps talking to the gardener.

Prince Nicholas and Prince Paul are sure to be fishing. Two little boys in charge of a nurse play in the shade near the house.

The Grand Duchess often interrupts her writing to look at her two little grandsons.

The sound of merry voices, girlish laughter—Princess Elisabeth and Princess Marina approach the house. They probably wear no stockings and certainly no hats. The sun is reflecting its golden lights on the fair and dark heads, whilst the summer breeze blows about the stray loose locks.

Their bare arms and necks are sunburnt and their complexions remind one of ripe peaches which have been kissed by the southern sun.

They carry flowers, or a book or perhaps just come romping with the dogs as they go.

They see the children and Princess Marina makes one dash to them whilst Princess Elisabeth perhaps is talking to her mother.

Princes Marina is on her knees bending over a favorite toy whilst the two little fellows pull her about, run round and try to make her fall.

There she goes! She has lost her balance.

She is on the ground now, the little boys laughing their delight and trying to climb on top of her, and Princess Marina laughs the merrier and does not care that her hair is tumbling over her face, or that the dogs have now joined in the merry game.

But lunch hour is approaching and everyone goes to tidy up.

After lunch one is due to go bathing with Queen Marie of Yugoslavia and her three little boys.

It is a merry party which gathers at Bled some twenty miles away. Queen Marie probably arrives driving her own car with the children at the back.

Bathing suits, picnic baskets and even a gramophone all go into the Royal enclosure.

There is a lot of splashing and some good sport and a hearty tea before the homeward drive.

Queen Marie, or "Mignon" as she is called in the family for her sweet cheerful disposition and generous heart, is a fine sportswoman.

The second daughter of Queen Marie of Rumania, she is a cousin of Princes Marina and a personal friend of Princess Paul, while Prince Paul was a close and trusted friend of the late King Alexander who was later so tragically murdered in France.

Fond of Children

Those were happy days in Yugoslavia and such were the princesses' amusements, but there was also work.

Princess Marina took a personal interest in the villagers and especially in the children, of whom she is passionately fond.

She also held very definite ideas on the subject of families. "I believe in the family coming at once and close together," she told me once, "so that the parents and children can all be friends and enjoy the same things."

Certainly, little Prince Edward and baby Princess Alexandra show that she still keeps to these views.

Princess Marina and Princess Elisabeth often argued over Princess Paul's first baby, Prince Alexander, as to which of them should cuddle him.

It was lucky that little Prince Nicholas arrived four years later and thus gave both sisters opportunity to distribute their favors.

Also at Bohinj, as I have just said, were the King's three little sons, and they, too, provided a source of joy to Princess Marina.

The eldest, Peter, who was torn from the happy life of an English school to become so tragically King of Yugoslavia, loved England and his school life.

On becoming King he had to follow the laws of his country and remain in Yugoslavia, though he continues his education with an English tutor.

PRINCE PAUL, who knows almost all the masterpieces in Europe, often motored about to places of interest picking up treasures for King Alexander, who, though also a lover of art treasures, had not the time at his disposal to do so himself.

On these expeditions he was mostly accompanied by his wife, and Princess Marina was often included in the party.

This not only gave her ample opportunity to see things, but to learn about them and with her artistic flair she soon acquired that gift of discrimination.

In Paris, like her father, Prince Nicholas, Princess Marina attended a studio and did good work.

Her speciality is portraiture in charcoal, in contrast to her father, who paints landscapes.

Princess Marina recently told me that she is waiting with impatience for the time when her children grow up a little and are old enough to be painted.

In Yugoslavia as well as during her life in Paris, Princess Marina often accompanied her father out sketching.

One day when they were both sketching near Notre Dame in Paris a large crowd gathered about them.

People pressed round, looked, praised, criticised, till at last Princess Marina simply put down her brushes and fled to take refuge near her father who was better able to stand the limelight over his work.

On another occasion when they were both sketching near the cemetery of Passy, a little girl came past them with her mother. "Are those musicians, mummie?" asked the child, pointing to Prince Nicholas and his daughter and gazing curiously at their paint-boxes.

She had mixed up the two arts and was hoping for a tune to come out of the mysterious objects.

On another occasion Prince Nicholas was sketching alone on the embankment of the Seine when one of the river men, just an ordinary stevedore, approached him.

With the French familiarity he entered into conversation. "I suppose this costs millions of francs," he remarked, pointing to Prince Nicholas' sketch.

"No, I wouldn't say that," replied the artist modestly, "perhaps just a few hundred francs."

"Tiens," continued the stevedore, after a few moments' meditation.

"They say there's a Dutchman called Rubens who paints pictures, and they are worth millions."

"Ah, this is another matter," replied Prince Nicholas, astonished at the artistic knowledge of his companion.

"Rubens is a great master, and his pictures are worth millions."

"Do you know him?" came the next eager question. Prince Nicholas was much amused.

"No," he said, "I have never had the pleasure of meeting Rubens. You see, he died just a few hundred years before I was born."

The stevedore was silent. He felt disappointed and rather ashamed of his ignorance.

When Prince Nicholas came home and told the story of his conversation with the workman to the family, Princess Marina exclaimed:

"How could you have been so cruel to the poor river man? I would have said that of course I knew Rubens very well, and he was a great man, and I would have left him with his illusions and the pleasant feeling that he, too, knew something about art."

Prince Nicholas told me later he thought that perhaps his young daughter had been right.

CHAPTER VIII

Preparing for Life

AFTER the marriage of Princess Olga, Princess Elisabeth, who was only very little younger than her eldest sister, came out, thus leaving Princess Marina in the schoolroom alone.

The bright and lively young Princess who had always shared in her sister's life would also gladly "come out" and she did not see at all why she had to be kept back.

Continued on Page 18

For Men

Many men have the impression that a Savings Bank Account is suitable only for women and children, and that it is neither convenient nor dignified enough for business men.

Certainly those business men who have many payments to make over a considerable area need cheque accounts, but even those, in common with all other men, will find the Savings Account a most useful and convenient aid to money accumulation.

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SIX ENTRANCING SHADES
Blonde : Cherry
Vivid : Capucine
Raspberry : Scarlet

ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

THE LADY *Is* POISON

Continued from Page 16

HE glanced up at the clock on a tall building. "Almost one o'clock."

"What shall we do now?"

The poor kid was getting panicky. Crack couldn't blame her. His undershirt was cold against his chest—wet with sweat. His foot shook when he stepped down on the gas. Tony Marini wouldn't start blasting away here in Times Square. Or would he?

"Tony isn't invincible," he said suddenly.

"What do you mean?"

"Maybe I could do something—get a gun—something."

She patted his cheek. "I'm not so scared now. Don't fuss."

"You're not going to get hurt."

"Yes, I am. Don't kid me."

There was a traffic jam at Forty-seventh. Two cabs had locked bumpers, and the drivers were being stubborn. Neither would move. Crack's hand came down on the horn button, and the crowd on the sidewalk scattered. His front wheels bounced over the kerb and he jockeyed into Broadway. The blue sedan tried to follow, but a car had already blocked the opening. Crack left the crowded merry-go-round of Times Square and streaked uptown.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"You're sure you like me?"

"Yes—but where are you going?"

"I think you're a regular little kid—know that?"

"But where——?"

"Funny thing—you don't even know my name."

"What is it?"

"Larry Thomas—Crack for short. Like it?"

They were racing through the dark of Broadway. He wanted to get to Columbus Circle before that blue sedan broke from the jam. It had looked like a fast car—much faster than his old crate. He saw a street marker. Fifty-sixth. The lights were red but he kept on. Fifty-eighth. He went wide on the turn and swung half around Columbus Circle, which sprawls like the hub of a huge waggon wheel, with Fifty-ninth Street as its central spoke. He stopped at the far side.

"Get out," he said.

"What?"

"Get out!"

He turned to face her, opened the door, and pushed her toward it. Her eyes were big and round and scared. She turned them up to his and the darn kid tried to smile.

"I—I understand, Crack," she said.

"Maybe," he said.

"I DON'T blame you. Thanks for the ride—and the conversation. It helped a lot."

Crack reached for the door and pulled it closed. He saw her for just an instant as he shifted into speed. She looked like a puppy that had been left stranded on a strange road. Frightened. Wistful. He turned away. A traffic cop yelled after him—told him he was drunk because he knocked over a stanchion and cut clear around the Circle. Crack thought that might be the answer. He doubted it, though. More likely it was the perfume. Olga's perfume. It was still in the cab. He breathed deeply. Then he swung back toward the stream of north-bound traffic coming up Broadway.

There was a blue sedan in that stream. Crack spotted it. A twist of the wheel sent him into the oncoming traffic. He stepped harder on the gas. The blue car swerved. Crack saw the driver's face, and it was contorted into a mask of fear. There was another face there—Tony Marini's. Both men were yelling, waving their arms. It was going to be a head-on crash, and they knew it.

Crack grinned. Not a very good grin, but the best he could manage. A head-on smash. That was the way for Crack Thomas to quit hacking. Right on the button. A natural . . .

It didn't hurt—not very much. There was a dull throb in his head and the smell of disinfectant tickled his nostrils. That fool bell was making an awful racket and the ambulance driver must have been studying to be a stunt pilot. Crack wished he'd slow down a little. He wanted to hear what Olga was saying. Strange that she should be in here with him. But then—why not? She liked him.

"You watched it?" he said. "Did I get him?"

She nodded and put a finger across his lips. The fellow in the white coat grinned. "Let him talk," he said. "It won't hurt."

"What's the damages?" asked Crack. "Am I a washout?"

"You're a mess, darling," said Olga. "They'll be patching you together for a month."

"The legs all right?"

"That's about all."

"That's enough. Maybe you could use a new partner?"

"You'll make a terrible Russian—but it's a deal. Now will you shut up?"

"If you'll kiss me," said Crack. She did.

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THE STORY *of* THE DUCHESS *of* KENT

Continued from Page 17

BUT her mother considered that her education was insufficient, and it was decided that Princess Marina should go to a finishing school.

The choice was easily made, as Princess Meschersky, who in former days had been lady-in-waiting to the Grand Duchess Helen, and was now a Russian refugee in Paris, had opened a finishing school for girls of all nationalities. To this school Princess Marina went as a boarder.

At first the discipline and routine of school life were a bit strange to the young Princess. She had never been away from her own people for long, and very naturally and humanly she missed them and felt homesick.

But it is not in Princess Marina's nature to brood or to be unhappy for long!

She has a wonderful philosophy of life, and since she had to be at school she quickly adapted herself to the new life.

AT school Princess Marina was treated exactly the same as any other girl. She was extremely popular amongst her school-mates, who voted her "good company" and "a good sport."

She took an active part in school theatricals which were also included as part of the training.

Lessons Princess Marina attended together with other girls, with the exception of drawing and painting, which she studied separately under special professors.

In the evenings the girls either played games or read aloud works by classic authors.

Princess Meschersky told me that often while she read aloud to the girls, Princess Marina would sketch.

Her favorite subject was heads, which she would either take from nature or draw from her own imagination.

Amongst the games played in the evenings, Princess Marina specially loved those with geographical names and she would always be the best at finding the greatest number, and the most original places on the globe.

Princess Marina still retains this taste for intellectual games, at which she is always very witty and amusing.

"Mime" was another favorite subject, and at the risk of repeating myself I will say a great talent, if not a greater talent with Princess Marina.

Whenever she went to a show, or any other function, her family was sure to see a life-like impersonation of the whole performance.

If she accompanied her mother and her sister to a mannequin parade, she could with the aid of a few draperies succeed in imitating the creations and the mannequins which she had just seen.

Thus arose the silly rumor that Princess Marina was going to be a mannequin, and though in later years she was dressed by the best Paris houses, never at any time did she appear as a mannequin otherwise than in her own room for the benefit of her family and close friends.

SHE also exercised her talent for "mime" at school, where she was just a lovely, lively girl full of fun. Life was very simple at this school.

This was the routine of the day. After prayer, breakfast at 8.30 a.m., and though not a big eater Princess Marina always had an English breakfast.

Then followed a walk to the Bois de Boulogne from 9 to 10 a.m., and back to school. Lessons began at 10 and lasted till 12.30.

There was half an hour's break, and lunch was served at 1 p.m. The afternoon was devoted to studying Paris, and one returned to school for tea at 4.30 p.m.

During their expeditions, Princess Marina, like the other girls, travelled about in Undergrounds and buses and got to know her way about Paris in a most efficient manner.

After tea, there were lectures and prep, and dinner hour was fixed early at 7.30 so as to allow the girls to attend theatres and concerts.

They were taken to see good plays and to hear good artists. Thus once again Princess Marina's artistic tastes were developed and her knowledge increased.

To Be Continued

Mummy says

"You've got to have a VIROL constitution"

What does it mean to have a "Virol Constitution"? It means you are armed at all points to resist the attacks of infection. Virol fortifies the system wherever it is weakest. That is because Virol is the one food that supplies every factor needed for robust health. Give your children a Virol Constitution. Virol builds *for life.*

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Some NEW LAUGHS

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"I've lost all faith in religion—after praying all the week, Jack's still engaged to Nancy."

"I told him he mustn't see me any more."
"And what did he do?"
"He turned out the lights."

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.

"When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."

"Excuse me, constable, but I've been waiting for my wife for thirty-five minutes. Would you please order me on?"

HIM: What would you say if you saw me lined up before a firing squad like that man we saw in the picture last night?
HER: Fire!

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
CANNOT GROW AGAIN

Looking at me now, with my clear, unblemished skin, who would ever guess that once I veiled my face to hide the hideous growths of ugly, disfiguring hair?

Yet that is so. For years my life was a misery. As the young wife of an officer in India I suffered the agonies of shame. I had a distinct moustache, almost a beard. Nothing did me any good. Even the expensive painful electric needle brought nothing but a few days' relief. Always the ugly, disfiguring growths came back again stronger than ever on my face and body. Then, almost in a day, my clouds were lifted in a most amazing way. My husband saved the life of a humble Hindoo soldier. In his gratitude the Sepoy breathed to him the closely-guarded secret of the Hindoo religion, which keeps the women of that race free from any sign of superfluous hair. I tried it in desperation. From that day—now years ago—I have never seen sign of superfluous hair. I watched for it daily for months, never daring to hope that it was gone for ever. But it was! I was cured completely. I was a normal woman again. Since then I have told many other sufferers of my experience and the secret recipe has brought joy and freedom in every case. If you, too, suffer let me help you. Let me tell you how I suffered, and let me pass on to you the secret that saved me. I shall gladly send it free if you will send me coupon below, or a copy of it, to-day, with your name and address, stating whether Mrs. or Miss. All I ask is that you send me three penny stamps to cover my outlay for postage, &c.—Address Frederica Hudson (Apt. A.136), No. 3, Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1, England.

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or copy of same to be sent with your name and address and 3d. stamps. Mrs. HUDSON: Please send me free your full information and instructions to banish superfluous hair. Address: Frederica Hudson (Apt. A. 136), No. 3, Old Cavendish St., London, W.1, England.

IMPORTANT NOTE.—Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family high in society, and is the widow of a prominent Army Officer, so you can write her with every confidence to the above address, where she has been established since 1916.

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

HE was doing his best to fit his key into the lock when a head looked out of the window above.

"Go away, you fool," cried the man upstairs, "you're trying to get into the wrong house."

"Fool, yourself!" shouted back the man below. "You're looking out the wrong window."

"MR. JONES, Dad wants to borrow your corkscrew."

"All right, son. You run along home—I'll bring it over."

MAGISTRATE: How did the accident happen?

Motorist: I dimmed my lights and was hugging a curve——

Magistrate: A-ah! That's how most accidents happen!

ANGLER: Yes, the fish was too small to bother with, so I got a couple of fellows to help me throw it back into the water.

"WHAT'S your favorite winter sport, Doctor?"

"Sleighing."

"I mean apart from business."

JACK (at party): Are you going already, old chap?

John: Yes, I'm going to miss my last train. I'll be back in five minutes.

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SPIRO POWDER

You will delight in this Deodorant-Body-Foot Powder. Keeps one sweet and fresh, all day and evening. Soothing and healing to chafed skin.

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Spiro Powder—Deodorant

LAST COMMAND

Continued from Page 5

IN that breathless hush Deena Rudden's eyes remained fixed upon her husband. She saw the clean, strong lines of his broad shoulders tapering to a waist that would never know obesity. In his face she saw ruggedness, honesty, and the simplicity of a big man whose only diplomacy was the diplomacy of truth.

He sat with his splendid head bent looking moodily at his bronzed hands. He had been a part of the sea, this man; but she had taken him from it. He was hers alone—so much hers that he had to lean upon her now. All the power and strength of him were as nothing in her hands!

He loved her. Oh, how she knew it! No matter how often she pretended not to, she knew Bill Rudden loved her.

The adulation of other men and the jealousy of other men's wives and sweethearts were necessary to her ego. She knew that. But no happiness could compare with the thrill of Bill's hard arms around her, or the touch of his lips against her own.

The only jealousy she ever experienced was when that far-away look came into Bill's eyes. To him other women were mere automatons. It was only the sea and the lure of far-off places that she feared.

But as she looked at him now, a small, derisive voice within her spoke. "You're a fool, Deena," the mocking voice told her. "You have only the shell of Bill Rudden! Somewhere out on a storm-tossed track of ocean is the real Bill—standing on the deck of a ship, watching the purpling waters run to greet a blood-red sky!"

Deena's white teeth clenched upon her lower lip, but her voice was steady when she said finally: "No, I'm not contented, Bill. I'm going to accept Ferguson's offer. I'm going to London."

When dawn came Bill Rudden was sitting at his office desk. He had been there all night. His face was haggard, his eyes were bloodshot, and his lips were white as foam.

When dawn came Deena Rudden was lying curled up and wide awake in bed. Her flaming head lay upon a pillow sodden with tears . . .

. . . . . .

Bill Rudden tapped the bowl of his pipe against a weather bitt and moved silently across the poop to the wheel. His tall form dwarfed that of the helmsman.

"Up a bit, Nevers," he reproved gently, glancing down at the compass card. "You're a half point off."

"Aye, sir. Up a bit," the other responded mechanically. "A half point off, sir."

GIRLIGAGS

"MARRIAGE could be worse; what other licences do we hold that don't have to be renewed every year?"

Rudden looked sidewise down at Nevers, but the broad face was studiously intent upon the compass. Nevers' elaborate repetitions, which already had begun to irritate old Winters, sprang solely from a desire to please.

With a "Keep her there!" Rudden retraced his steps to the weather bitts. Bracing his knee against the sturdy support he looked aloft and forward. The Lady Mary was in full dress save for the main and mizzen courses and the spanker. Give her a half gale and she would do ten-twelve knots with all that canvas.

Rudden heard a step behind him. Turning, he saw it was Captain Winters coming up from supper. The old man seemed to have grown years younger during the scant ten hours the barque had been under way.

"We got off to a good start, didn't we, Will?" he offered, coming up beside his mate. "I'm glad we're around the tip o' Cape Cod with honest water ahead. I don't mind losin' the Lady Mary to a film comp'ny, but it'd break my heart to lose my last command to the rocks."

His last command! Rudden glanced down at the little old man, and a knot tightened in his throat. Winters once had been a power in the shipping world. He could have retained that power and prestige by changing into steam at the turn of the century. But he had hated machinery, had loved sail, and in him there was neither compromise nor surrender. Five of his vessels were sunk during the World War, and in the years that followed he had had to see the remaining ships go one by one to the break-up yards—all but the Lady Mary. And now he was selling his last command to motion picture magnates who wanted to immortalise a Yankee clipper upon ribbons of film.

When they made Winters the offer for his barque, Rudden knew, the old man had just about reached the end of his resources. For ten years the old windjammer had lain stripped of gear in the yards at Bath, the only remaining vessel of its kind on the Atlantic seaboard. But the proud old captain-owner, with a courage as foolhardy as it was admirable, had refused to let his beloved flagship go until the film company had made its generous offer.

Bill Rudden cleared his throat. Life was worth living when you knew men like that. Men who would beggar themselves clinging to an ideal of beauty while squat funnels plumed their breaths of prosperity against an azure sky.

The old man was speaking again. "I always wanted to see them fellers out in Hollywood make a good picture of a sailer, Will. I'll die happy, knowin' that folks everywhere had a chance to see the beauty o' sail like you an' me have seen it . . . aye, I hope we get her there."

"We'll get her there," Rudden assured him. "Aye, we'll get her there!"

At eight o'clock Rudden went below and, fully clothed, flung himself into his bunk. He was dog tired. He had had no sleep the night before. In addition, the last-minute preparations and the emotional strain had bitten deeply into his reserve of strength. Then had followed the long day on deck.

He was grateful for the drug of weariness that offered a few hours' respite from the gnawing bitterness in his soul. All day long, whenever his faculties were not working to capacity, he had been reliving those miserable moments that began when he had discovered Deena in Lang's arms, and ended when he had said good-bye to her.

He had not told her of his discovery. He had not been able to bring himself to the point of putting the thing into words, and now he found himself regretting that he had not. Deena might let a hundred men kiss her, but she was the kind who loved only once. That scene on the balcony might not have meant a thing, Rudden told himself. Perhaps if he and Deena had talked it over they would have ended by laughing about the incident.

Finally he fell into a troubled sleep and dreamed that the Lady Mary was a giant dirigible. Her motors roared in his ears. Then they faltered and died out, and in their place were the sounds of running feet and shouting voices. The dirigible lurched wildly and started to fall, and it was then Rudden woke up to find himself pressed hard against the bulkhead.

He leaped from the bunk, sensing immediately that the barque had been hove to, brought into the wind with her yards backed. Before he could get halfway across the cabin floor he heard the actual roar of a motor.

HE rushed on deck to see a black seaplane lifting herself into the air from the dark water on the port side of the Lady Mary. The yards again were coming around and the barque was gathering headway.

Puzzled, Rudden strode across the shadowed poop to where Captain Winters, the second mate and a third form were dimly outlined against the shrouds. It was not until he was almost upon them that he recognised the third figure as that of his wife!

For an instant Rudden felt as if a topmast had crashed upon his head. He took a step backward, eyeing Deena in speechless astonishment. "You—you precious dunderhead!" he blurted. "What—where——?"

"I chartered it in Provincetown, the plane, and told the pilot——"

"But Deena, I thought——"

"I thought so too, Bill." Deena's voice was tormented, ragged. "I thought I could be noble, and give you up. But I can't! Not even for your sake. This was my last chance—and I took it."

"For my sake, Deena? What nonsense is that? Your career——"

"Darn my career! Oh, Bill! Why didn't you ever think of asking me to come along with you?" She wavered on her feet; her head drooped forward.

Rudden surged forward, scooped up her wilting form in his arms and started for the head of the companion. As he glanced towards the wheel he noticed a silly grin on Barney Nevers' face.

"What's she on?" Rudden asked, for no particular reason.

"Sou'-east by a half——"

"Well," broke in Rudden with growling amiability, "keep her there!"

Rudden picked his way carefully down the companion stairs with Deena tight against his heart. Aye, He would keep her there, too!

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gorgeous

Carole Lombard

says **"GLAMOUR IS EASY"**

★ ★ ★ ★

CAROLE LOMBARD—the star whose dazzling beauty takes your breath away, whose flawless complexion sets you wondering how she keeps it so clear and smooth! Carole tells you frankly that it's really very simple that if you use Lux Toilet Soap regularly, as she does, you'll soon have your skin looking just as alluring. This has been proved so often in Hollywood, where 9 out of 10 ravishingly lovely stars use Lux Toilet Soap at home and in the studios. What better example could you follow, for beauty!

There's a reason why Lux Toilet Soap is supercreamed—that is, a little of a special softening skin cream blended into each tablet. It's because ordinary toilet soaps dry out the natural oils of the skin . . . leave it dry, unlovely, older-looking every day. By protecting these vital oils, the *supercreamed* lather helps nature to keep your skin young . . . soft . . . clear . . . altogether adorable.

Make this test and see for yourself
Take a cake of Lux Toilet Soap and test it against the soap you are using now, or any other. Notice the unmistakably smoother, creamier feel of the supercreamed lather compared with ordinary lather. That's the actual CREAM you can feel. Notice, too, how much more richly and plentifully Lux Toilet Soap lathers on the instant it comes in contact with water.

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Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here.

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So they Say

LETTERS WELCOME!

Grouch, praise, novel viewpoint, topical comment, any interesting thought is welcome to this page. But, KEEP LETTERS SHORT. For address, see top of page 3.

BE INTOLERANT

LIFE, as most of us live it, consists of many little hollows that could be filled out by our being more intolerant of things that are not so good. We should be satisfied only with the best.

Why should we put up with friends who are not true, or situations that do not please?

Surely, by tolerating such things we are preventing ourselves from enjoying life to the fullest extent.

Intolerance used in this manner is a sure aid to progress and strengthens character.

£1 for this letter to Miss R. Bunce, 4 Church Avenue, Mascot, N.S.W.

✣ ✣ ✣

FOOLISH MAN

"A WOMAN may be calculating, dishonorable, cruel, brainless, and still know the intoxicating pleasure of being loved; but once let a woman's gaiety desert her, let her begin to fall flat like champagne that has been uncorked too long, and none of the virtues, beauties, and accomplishments which she may possess will stand in any stead.

"A depressed and obviously saddened woman is never in demand among the opposite sex."

Upon reading this extract, I was impressed by its remarkable suitability to the outlook of the "man of to-day."

A woman must be gay, witty, pretty, able to make an outward "show" before she can gain any attention from any eligible male.

Let her be reserved, deep-thinking, simple in ways and dress, and of a sweet, lovable nature, and she is either ignored, or led on and jilted.

Miss Marjorie Lang, 10 Bright St., Marrickville, N.S.W.

✣ ✣ ✣

TOO MUCH FLATTERY

AUSTRALIANS are becoming too self-satisfied. Distinguished visitors, who see only the best, pull our legs gently by praising everything immoderately. Most of these do not stay long enough to know us properly.

The few who dare to criticise are heard with astonishment and their views passed over as prejudiced.

Kathleen Porter, Jimbour, Qld.

✣ ✣ ✣

DRESS DISTINCTION

APROPOS your par in "Points of View," on typists' uniforms. While agreeing that dainty dresses add a note of color and charm to offices, they also cause quite a lot of jealousy in big offices.

Some girls spend most of their wages on clothes, creating unrest among their less fortunate sisters who have to consider every penny spent.

The wearing of smart uniforms will put each girl on the same footing.

E. A. Clyne, 62 Lynden St., East Camberwell E6, Vic.

✣ ✣ ✣

EARLY TO BED

IN an article in a recent issue of The Australian Women's Weekly about children, a psychologist advocated that children should be put to bed early. I hope all mothers and guardians of children will heed that advice. The number of babies one sees at picture shows and entertainments is deplorable.

Parents should join together in an early-to-bed campaign.

Mrs. F. H. Harris, 32 Trafalgar St., Belmore, N.S.W.

✣ ✣ ✣

SILENCE NOT GOLDEN

RIDING in a crowded tram-car the other day, I was depressed by the silence of the passengers about me.

Just because we have not been introduced we must, apparently, remain silent in the presence of our fellows.

Why does this barrier exist between people who are linked by ties of language, nationality, and the still deeper bond of fellow humanity?

Mrs. F. Parry, Box 90B, G.P.O., Adelaide.

Paean of Praise for the Modern Father

I'D like to join with Miss Gready (16/4/'38) in her admiration of the modern husband and father.

The old idea that a wife was an unpaid housekeeper seems to have disappeared, and modern men want their wives to continue to have a good time and plenty of outside interests after they are married. With this in view, they are not averse to lending a hand in the house on occasions.

Mrs. W. A. Stanley 41 Strathalbyn St., East Kew E5, Vic.

Word for Old-Timers

MODERN fathers should be admired, says Miss Gready, and thinks they are an improvement on fathers of a quarter of a century ago.

My experience is that the fathers then were quite as praiseworthy as those of to-day. They had less wages then to support large families, yet gave their children good training and every possible comfort.

W. Henry, 63 Rennison St., Parkdale S12, Vic.

Better Sport To-day

THE modern father may possibly be a better sport and pal to his children than was the father of a quarter of a century ago, but I do not think he is more conscientious.

They may have been stern in those days, but they gave up their lives to working and doing their best for their children. If they were harsh, they acted so for the children's good.

Mrs. Malcolm, Best St., Devonport, Tas.

Wives to Blame

I QUITE agree with Miss V. M. Gready that modern fathers are to be admired, but I think in earlier days the wife was much to blame for allowing her husband to be an autocrat.

She always looked up to him as being superior, and warned the children not to bother him when he was tired. Consequently he was an "ogre" in their eyes.

Mrs. E. Wotton, 29 Hanover St., West Brunswick N10, Vic.

Mothers, Also

NOT only have fathers improved in modern times, but mothers have, too.

In family life to-day there is a carefree atmosphere, a camaderie between parents and children that is admirable.

What a far cry it is from the days when a father demanded implicit obedience from his offspring, and administered severe corporal punishment for defection.

J. P. Saunders, Gresham Street, Victoria Park, W.A.

Not Beneath Him

YES, father to-day is not ashamed to "take a towel," carry the baby, or go the messages to help his wife out—duties beneath the male not so many years ago.

So I say "Hats off" to modern

Not ashamed to push the pram.

fathers, and may they bring their children up likewise.

Betty Dawes, East Street, Brompton, Adelaide.

Past Injustice

WHEN I remember the autocratic males of my young day, I, too, give praise for the fathers of to-day.

Fathers to-day are understanding, and sympathetic. Probably, remembering the treatment they received in earlier days, they are reacting in the opposite direction.

Mrs. Wade, Hannan Street, Eudunda, S.A.

Do Domestic Workers Miss Good Times?

MRS. DOWNTON (16/4/'38) says girls shun domestic service because it does not give them sufficient opportunity for meeting people. This is the most trivial reason she could have chosen to account for girls' reluctance to enter service.

Girls dislike the long hours, poor wages, and accommodation, and the dreary work attendant on working in somebody else's home.

There are so many disadvantages to domestic service in Australia that it is a wonder any girls take it up. They must have a real liking for housework or be totally untrained and incapable of doing anything else. And there aren't too many such girls.

Mrs. Penn, Balmoral St., Victoria Park, W.A.

Respite from Housework

DO domestic workers lack opportunities for meeting people? I doubt it. I think that the unwillingness of girls to undertake this work is rather due to the fact that, coming fresh from homes where they have done their share of housework, and with the prospect of marriage and more housework in front of them, they prefer a brief respite from domestic duties, while they can get it.

H. Wardlaw, 71 McIntosh St., Gordon, N.S.W.

Bad Conditions

MRS. DOWNTON is right. I do not blame girls for turning to industrial work. What girl would choose to live in a poorly-furnished back room, staying back to wash dishes till 7.30 and 8 o'clock at night?

It is high time something was done to ameliorate the position of domestic workers.

Miss I. Forrest, John St., Lidcombe, N.S.W.

Thrifty Notion

CHRISTMAS comes with unfailing certainty once a year, and with it come the joys of giving and receiving.

I have a special money-box in which I store all the threepenny-pieces that come my way. In this manner I have saved as much as £6 within the year.

If only half that amount is saved, it would greatly relieve the strain of Christmas shopping for most of us.

Miss A. E. Clarke, 195 Haldon St., Lakemba, N.S.W.

No Public Holidays

ONE serious drawback in domestic service is the attitude of mistresses to public holidays.

Usually, unless the girl herself brings the subject up, it is ignored.

When working in one home I was informed by the mistress that "after all, I want a holiday, too!" when I asked for some extra time.

I have often had to sacrifice my usual half day if I wanted time off on a public holiday. Are not domestics members of the public?

Mrs. A. C. Bennett, 31 Railway Terrace, Woodville Park, S.A.

Had Good Times

THERE seems to be nothing these days but talk of social life. There is more in life than that. Surely girls do not avoid domestic duties which would fit them for their future careers as wives and mothers merely because they do not have sufficient opportunities for dancing and picture shows!

I entered domestic service straight from school, but found no shortage of good times. When at last I met Mr. Right, and married him, I found my previous work of inestimable benefit to me in the running of a home.

If it is true that all women desire matrimony, then domestic service is the best training they could have.

Mrs. Mary Wilkins, Broome St., Cottesloe, W.A.

Small Families the Best Life Assurance?

M. N. SKINNER'S assertion (16/4/'38) that the modern mother takes the years gracefully and lives a longer and often more useful life than if she had had a large family is open to query.

Picture the woman with many children—bright, jolly, big-hearted, her mind kept young by her children. Alongside her put the social butterfly

Without family ties.

whose small family is now independent of her care. Smart? Yes, but unhappy with her lot and worn out after a day's "social" activity.

She may live longer, but I would not vote her the more graceful or the more useful figure.

Mrs. M. Wallis, Flat 1, 44 Park Place, South Yarra, Vic.

Shortened Life

YES, in former times, when it was the custom to have at least eight or nine children, the lives of mothers must have been shortened with worry and care.

To-day the mother of three or four offspring—the ideal number in a family, I think—has plenty to occupy her, but, at the same time, with modern labor-saving devices, has time for hobbies and social life that keep her mind alive and her heart young.

Whatever is said to the contrary, our parents and grandparents led hard lives. The father worked hard, long hours; the mother sewed, mended, worked for her large family, with little of that respite from routine that is so important for health and happiness.

Mrs. Swan, Landbrook St., Burnie, Tas.

PRECIOUS EYES

WE are constantly being reminded of the preciousness of our eyes, yet how many women knit, read, or do fancy-work while travelling in trains or trams?

I know a busy woman who declares that while she is travelling to and from business in the tram she practises eye exercises. Not, of course, the rolling and blinking varieties that would render her conspicuous, but simply by gazing away into the horizon.

Employed in an office, she says that looking into the distances is the opposite to what she has to do all day, and affords her complete rest and relaxation to both eyes and brain.

Mrs. L. Smith, P.E.I. Works, Gatton College, Lawes, Qld.

✣ ✣ ✣

"OUT OF SIGHT"

IT is surprising the number of people whose friends "out of sight" are "out of mind." This is shown particularly in letter-writing.

Few people realise just how eagerly the absent ones look forward to mail days from home, and the deep disappointment if no letter arrives.

In an absence from Australia of over three years, only one of a wide circle of friends wrote with any degree of regularity after the first few weeks had passed.

Any one of them, had I been on the spot, would have been delighted to spend an afternoon with me, but to sit down for half an hour and write a few brief lines was evidently too much to expect.

Mrs. C. K. Jeffries, 36 Erina St., Launceston, Tas.

✣ ✣ ✣

LIVE FOR TO-DAY

A SUCCESSFUL business woman has said that the one thing she regretted most in her career was her habit of saving half her salary in readiness for "a rainy day."

She denied herself all the pleasures natural to youth.

Now she has money to spare, but it cannot bring back her youthful enthusiasm.

The money we save to enjoy when we are old is of little use, as we soon lose our capacity for enjoyment.

Miss Tessie Marshall, 128 Victoria St., King's Cross, Sydney.

SORE THROAT WITH COLDS

GIVEN FAST RELIEF

Take 2 BAYER'S Tablets with a full glass of water.

Crush 3 BAYER'S Tablets in ⅓ glass of water—gargle twice every few hours.

The speed with which Bayer's tablets act in relieving the distressing symptoms of colds and accompanying sore throat is utterly amazing . . . and the treatment is simple and pleasant. This is all you do. Crush and dissolve three Bayer's Aspirin tablets in one-third glass of water. Then gargle with this mixture twice, holding your head well back.

This medicinal gargle will act almost like a local anesthetic on the sore, irritated membrane of your throat. Pain eases promptly; rawness is relieved.

Bayer originated aspirin and a number of other remedies for the relief of pain and disease, they are prescribed by doctors the world over. Bayer's Aspirin costs no more than ordinary aspirin, therefore insist on Bayer's when you buy. In bottles, 24 tablets 1/3, 100 4/-.

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Insect bites can be very dangerous. Poison is deposited in the pores and scratching may lead to blood poisoning. Apply Rexona Ointment immediately. Rexona's special medications soothe the irritation, prevent the entry of germs, reduce the swellings and quickly heal the skin. Washing with Rexona Soap —which contains the same soothing medications as the Ointment—helps to ensure a speedy cure, and keeps your skin clear and healthy.

BUY REXONA AT YOUR CHEMISTS' OR STORE NOW!

★ BE SURE HIS LINENS MARKED WITH JOHN BOND'S MARKING INK

Special pen with 6d. size, also linen stretcher with 1/- size. Of all Stationers, Stores, etc.

BOOKS TO READ

"SLEEP IN PEACE." Phyllis Bentley. Fortunes of mill-owning families.

"To Walk the Night." William Sloane. Breezily-written thriller.

"Pity the World." Elinor Mordaunt. Gripping story of life in Kenya.

"Lord Samarkand." H. A. Vachell. A novel which carries on the story of the characters in "The Hill."

Books

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

When a wife becomes suddenly successful and sought after, what effect has it on her husband and home?

ROSE FRANKEN, in her latest book, "Gold Pennies," gives a different twist to the Marriage v. Career theme in writing of the effect on a hitherto happy family when the wife becomes a literary and social success.

Theodora, the wife, is a delightfully human character.

Married to Denny, a rising young lawyer, she had no dreams of a literary career, but was content to look after her baby and her home, and lavish her affection on her husband.

Perhaps it was because her home was set among so many strange and humorous characters that the idea came to her of writing a novel about them.

Theodora was not literary. She was just a woman with a keen sense of humor and a sixth sense of observation.

Every character that she met in her daily life gradually found its way into her book.

There was her husband's mother, Mrs. Peters, tremendously fond of Denny, but almost open in her dislike of Theodora. Her subtle little ways of triumphing over the young and inexperienced wife had made Theodora see her as someone to be dreaded and avoided.

But Theodora was due for a subtle revenge.

She would one day put her mother-in-law in a book.

In the meantime, when she interfered in the running of the house, Theodora kept her tongue in her cheek and gave no offence to her husband's relative.

Denny, seeing the battle going on in its quiet intensity, said: "I don't know whether I married a numbskull or a genius." To which his mother replied: "Oh, I've never thought of Theodora as a genius."

There was material, too, for Theodora's pen in the Bavarian servant-girl who came to work for them.

Ritzy, near-sighted, flaxen-haired, with a round face full of chronic astonishment, was a sheer delight. That she was incompetent and incapable of thinking for herself meant nothing to the young couple, who found her a never-ending source of excruciating fun.

There was also Theodora's own aunt, Mary, an anthropologist who had queer friends and would throw a party when someone or other returned from Africa with specimens. **She would serve ginger-ale with nobs of sherbet floating in it instead of ice.**

Theodora's own son, Timmy, also filled a place in the book. His small boy meeting with his grandmother on his return from school is a classic:

When Mrs. Peters found Timmy he was greeting his dog. Timmy had dropped his school-bags on the floor and had his face pressed against the dog's shaggy side.

"Oh, my good Morty," he cried in tones deep with passion.

"Good old Morty, and he was so glad to see his master.

"Mother's out; Ritzy out. Only Morty home. That's a good Morty."

Mrs. Peters decided to compete.

"Timmy," she said brightly, "see who's here."

Timmy looked up. Mrs. Peters suffered a second shock.

Timmy had lost two front teeth, and he wore corduroy knickers which cut his legs in halves like a misshapen dwarf. His face was filthy, and his hair, hanging in his eyes in sweaty wisps, cried out for a brush and comb.

"Oh, hello, Grandma," he said tepidly. Then he returned to his conversation with the dog.

Into her book Theodora put all these things—the little, simple, everyday happenings of her home life, and awoke one morning to find that she was a success.

A Masterpiece

THE critics had taken her work seriously.

It was so tremendously human, it was so naive, but it was also so sophisticated. It was a masterpiece.

Contracts were signed, and soon Theodora's book was a best-seller.

Hollywood offered her a brilliant contract to write scenarios, and her book was to be filmed. It was also to be made into a play.

Denny, a little bewildered by the success of Theodora, was anxious that she should not lose her sense of proportion.

He tried in many ways to warn her, but Theodora had other ideas.

She took a studio in a fashionable part of the town, joined the highbrow literary circles, got herself extravagant clothes, and fell in love with a playwright.

The combined common sense of Denny and Theodora's agent, Fanny, an outspoken human character, failed to stop Theodora from making an ass of herself.

She began to rebuild her personality.

She had a Japanese servant and gave Bohemian evenings and finally decided that Denny was too prosaic and she must divorce him.

Suddenly, the illness of Denny gave Theodora the mental adjustments she had been in need of.

She reverted to her original and delightful self.

Denny and his wife were reunited, and the tale of Theodora ends as happily as the novel which almost wrecked it.

The story is remarkable for its quiet humor and its excellent characterisations.

There is not one stereotyped person within the pages of this excellent book.

It is light reading, but there is this difference. It has a charm of writing and a swift, all-pervasive humor that gives the book a distinction of its own.

Women will love the homely touches of the book, its humanity, and its honesty.

"Gold Pennies." Rose Franken. Constable. Our copy from Walter Standish and Sons.

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL, whose new book, "Lord Samarkand," brings in some characters from his famous novel, "The Hill."

Germs in Your Kidneys Kill Health and Vitality

There is nothing that can make you feel older and more rundown than Kidney and Bladder disorders caused by Germs developed in your body during Colds or from Bad Teeth or Tonsils or during other infectious or bacterial diseases. Ordinary medicines don't help you much because they do not kill the Germs which are the true cause of your trouble.

Germs in your Kidneys and Urinary System cause you to suffer from one or more of the following dangerous and energy destroying ailments: Getting up Nights, Excess Acidity, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, frequent Headaches, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Dark Circles under the Eyes, Dry, Muddy Skin, Physical Weakness, Loss of Energy, and Burning, Itching Passages.

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Get **Cystex** from your chemist today. Put it to the test. See what it can do for you. **Cystex** will not cost you a single penny unless it satisfies you completely and you agree that it is easily worth ten times the small cost. **Cystex** starts working in 2 hours, must alleviate your pain, make you feel younger, stronger and full of life and energy, or you simply return the empty package and your money is refunded in full. You are the sole judge as to your satisfaction. During the first two or three days you probably will notice a marked improvement, but we want you to take the full 8-day supply and see for yourself the tremendous good that this complete twin-tablet treatment can do for you. Ask your chemist for **Cystex** to-day. The guarantee protects you.

MONA

Continued from Page 8

"MONA watched her husband disappear into the bushes, and never saw him again. Now that the tension and suspense had gone, she felt a trifle light-headed. She was amazed how easy her flight would be now, and, humming happily, she went and packed her bag.

"As she was tightening the straps, a portrait of Alan caught her eye, and she gazed steadily at it; and as she stared at the face of her husband all the past years of their marriage floated through her mind. True, she had not loved Alan at any stage of their life together, but he had been a great companion to her. He had always seen that she had all she wanted; and that she had no cause to complain.

"She sighed, and began to fasten the other strap, but found that some power was drawing her eyes to the picture on the dressing-table.

"Suddenly, she felt a pain of anguish shoot through her. She was running from her husband—the man who had been so kind to her for many years. The thought of eloping with Jim, now, did not appear so beautiful as at first.

"She knew that Jim loved her, but how long would it last? She had not loved her husband, even at first, yet, after four years of married life, they were still friendly, and her admiration for him had grown tenfold. And what of Jim? Would she still love him after she had been with him for four years?" She was not certain about this, but she did know that had he not come to Papua she would still have been living contentedly with her husband.

"WOULD Jim always love her? She did not know; suppose after a couple of years a nice young girl should come along, what chance would she have? What would she do if ever Jim left her? She knew that it would be impossible to come back to Alan—so what?

"Then Alan. She knew that many other women had tried to make an impression on him, but he just treated them as any gentleman would. Dear Alan: so tender and kind-hearted. Her heart warmed towards him at the thought, and, making a decision, she began slowly to unpack her bag and put her clothes back in the wardrobe. Then she looked at her watch. The boat was due to sail in twenty minutes; she would have time to tell Jim that she was not going with him.

"SHE was happy as she walked down the beach to the wharf and went aboard the steamer. Jim was in his cabin and he was surprised to see her not prepared for the journey.

"'You'll have to hurry and pack,' he said. 'The boat leaves in a quarter of an hour.'

"Mona smiled a little sadly.

"'I'm sorry, Jim,' she said softly, 'but I'm not going with you. I've decided to stay with Alan.'

"He looked at her incredulously.

"'Why, what's made you change your mind?' he gasped out, and Mona shrugged her shoulders.

"'I've just found out that I do not really love you,' she said calmly. 'I thought I did at first, but that was because I've been really holding myself from Alan. I discovered that after you've been living with a man for four years, and can still tolerate him, there must be something more than friendship holding you. I'm sorry, Jim.'

"He smiled wryly, and began unpacking.

"'Well, I suppose you know what you're doing,' he said. 'I hope that you're really happy this time. Good luck.'

"Jim extended his hand, and she grasped it warmly.

"'I knew that you would understand,' she said, and left the boat.

"She waited on the wharf, and waved to Jim as the boat drew away, without feeling the slightest pang of sorrow, and with a light step she walked back to the bungalow, resolving that she would make the future very happy for her Alan."

The doctor stopped, filled our glasses, and we emptied them.

"And then lived happily ever after?" I queried, and the doctor shook his head.

"No; you're wrong. Alan never returned. He had put up with Mona for four years, hoping against hope that she would eventually love him, and when he found out that it was seemingly improbable he ran away with Phyllis Daveson."

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Intimate Jottings by Caroline

I LIKE—

Mrs. Rupert Furber's black cocktail frock, with large fern leaf design in silver embroidered from neckline over shoulder and sleeves.

Old-fashioned smocking design on yoke and Peter Pan collar adorning Jean Kennedy's green angora frock. Very reminiscent of nursery days.

* * *

Quick Transport Needed

NOTHING slower than an aeroplane would have sufficed to attend all the sporting and social fixtures on Saturday. The finals of the polo matches attracted a crowd to Kyeemagh, and after the last bravos echoed round the field players made off to the home of Mrs. James Ashton, mother of the famous polo-playing brothers, for a spot of good cheer.

The lawns at Randwick were sadly depleted, as most of our jolly country friends have gone back to the country. Lady McKelvey was among the throng, and I noticed she brought her lovely mink cape with her as a pleasant protection against the chill. Other fair punters, including Mrs. Roy Buckland and Mrs. John Charley, gave Randwick best in favor of taking their hopefuls to the Nepean for the regatta.

* * *

Mrs. T. H. Kelly is president for the fourth year in succession of St. Vincent's Hospital Ball, which takes place at the Trocadero this Tuesday. Official party to be outsize, as all Consuls-General and their wives are invited.

* * *

Boat Race Enthusiasts

THE official party invited to view the G.P.S. Regatta at Penrith on Saturday was very comfortably accommodated at Ravenstur, a charming house with wide lawns belonging to Mr. F. Jones of that district. The Vice-Regals had prior engagements, and Mr. L. C. Robson, headmaster of Shore, missed the event by one day, as he sailed for England on Friday.

Among the enthusiasts who waxed eloquent over the prowess of the scullers were Judge Backhouse, a rower of note in his young days, Lieutenant-Col. Milliner, Dr. and Mrs. Frank Vincent Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Cowper, C. D. Turner, the popular Regatta secretary, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Alderson, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Macgregor. Tea parties took place at Ravenstur and at the Log Cabin after the event, and two balls, one at David Jones' and one at Farmer's, were held at night.

* * *

Regatta Ball Highlights

ANYONE misguided enough to attend the Regatta Ball at the Blaxland Galleries on Saturday without previously attending the boat race took the risk of hearing the whole race described over and over again, so full of the day's doings were the young dancers.

The Grammar School Women's Association arranged the ball, and the president, Mrs. Archie Morrison, came along with her son and daughter, David and Mary, and a large party. Shiela Commander, wearing a frock of floral net over pink, celebrated her birthday by entertaining young friends, and Betty Wilkinson invited her party to dinner at her home at Campbelltown before attending the ball.

* * *

Fashion for Hair-Nets

HAIR-NETS are all the vogue again, and at no place are they more needed than at Kyeemagh, where fair polo fans mostly dispense with their hats. The nets keep unruly locks in order in great style.

Of course, our old friends, gipsy handkerchiefs, are used for the same purpose, and some wearers, I noticed, matched their kerchiefs and their costumes.

Laure Falkiner's beige and brown checked headgear tones to perfection with her flecked tweed suit. Laure told me that she is looking after her father while her mother, Mrs. Otway Falkiner, is in America.

* * *

Visitors from East

THE Max Corbetts, charming visitors from Malaya, are leaving this week for England, where they will have a short holiday before returning to the East.

They flew from Singapore, and arrived in time for the season at Palm Beach, where they played a great deal of tennis and bridge, at which they both excel, in between surfs.

Famous Actresses

LUCK came my way on Friday morning when I met both Ruth Draper, the famous American character actress, whose season commenced at the Theatre Royal on Saturday night to a packed house, and Fay Compton, the brilliant English actress, on her way to Brisbane after her New Zealand tour.

Miss Draper, who is very vital and fascinating, is staying at Government House. She told me she commenced her career as an amateur—a cheering thought for Little Theatre enthusiasts.

Miss Draper's theatrical luggage is unique. It consists of one suitcase in which are packed her hats (they go on for ever, said her manager, as she is so sentimental about them), shawls, umbrellas, and sticks.

A GARDEN STUDY of Miss Patricia Horrigan, of Cherridel station, Warren, who returned home at the week-end after a visit to Sydney. Miss Horrigan's marriage to Lieutenant Bruce Mackenzie, of Victoria Barracks, will take place at the end of the year.

—Australian Women's Weekly photo.

Holiday at Palm Beach

MRS. DONALD YOUNG, of Albury, and her small daughter are here for a holiday. Most of their time is being spent with Mrs. Young's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. McKay, at Boanbong, Palm Beach.

Boanbong is one of the loveliest of the P.B. houses, and it was there that the Warwick Fairfaxes spent the summer months.

Governor at Armidale

THE Governor, Lord Wakehurst, is expected back in Sydney this Friday. He has been touring the New England district, attended by Captain Harding, for the past week. He left Sydney in the Vice-Regal train on Wednesday, and opened the Agricultural Show at Kempsey the following day.

Noreen Dangar and her mother, Mrs. Hubert Gordon, entertained him at Gostwyck, Armidale, and, while he was their guest, Lord Wakehurst attended the gala ball at the Town Hall, lunched at the Armidale School, and performed the opening ceremony for the new University College. Walcha, Uralla, and Guyra were also visited. This Thursday Lord Wakehurst will formally open the Grafton Show.

* * *

Enid Manning did not make a long stay in Australia this trip. A fleeting visit to her brother in Melbourne and a few months here. She sails in the Otranto this Wednesday.

* * *

Women Work for Women

I AM surprised to hear that the committee of the Rachel Forster Hospital for Women and Children have not found a woman architect to design their new hospital for a hundred beds. They are such sticklers for their own sex with twenty-eight visiting women doctors and only three men consultants.

Mrs. F. J. Davy is the president of the committee which is arranging a ball at the Trocadero on June 16 to help finance the new building. Dame Constance D'Arcy and Dr. Lucy Gullett are the medical representatives helping with the arrangements.

* * *

Storm of Applause

A TREMENDOUS storm of applause greeted Lawrence Tibbett as he appeared on the Town Hall platform on Wednesday night. He looked so very immaculate with his perfectly-cut tails (not the variety that sweep the floor) and a white gardenia in his lapel. In between his appearances all eyes were directed to the front of the hall, where Mrs. Tibbett sat, wearing a lovely frock of cream velvet and a cape of dyed fox fur.

Many regular concert-goers such as Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Poate, who booked a little late, had to be content with seats right at the back of the hall.

Also present were Admiral and Mrs. Peakes, who positively never miss a concert, Lady King, and the Lionel McFadyens, who accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett to Romano's after the concert.

No Time for Work

BESS MORRIS EDWARDS has had far too good a time in London to bother overmuch with work, but has appeared as mannequin at quite a few of the well-known designers' shows. She has had lovely trips to Norway and Iceland, and spent a month with friends in Jersey. From there she went to Paris to attend advance dress showings.

By the last mail came news of her from Monte Carlo where, with her mother and sister Shirley, she occupies a lovely flat lent them by Lady George Sholto Douglas.

Mrs. Morris Edwards and Bess expect to return to Australia in July, but Shirley will remain in London to continue her portrait-painting studies.

* * *

Smartly Dressed Playwright

HENRIETTA DRAKE-BROCKMAN wore a smartly-tailored evening frock of black cire satin for the opening night of her prize-winning play, "Men Without Wives," produced by the Players' Club at St. James' Hall on Saturday. She just had time to change after a cocktail party given in her honor, and after the show the playwright entertained some of the cast and other friends at Usher's Hotel. The Will Ashtons brought along a party to St. James', and so did Mrs. Bernard Muscio and Mr. R. C. Windeyer.

* * *

This Tuesday is the Polish National Day, and to celebrate the occasion Consul-General and Mrs. Noskowski will entertain the Polish community and other friends at the Hotel Australia.

* * *

Tea at Queen's Club

MRS. MATT SAWYER entertained some of her old friends at the Queen's Club at afternoon tea on Friday. She left for her home, Eulomo, Bethungra, the same night, and does not expect to be in town again for quite a while.

Mrs. Sawyer has just retired from the presidency of the C.W.A. after ten years. She finds it impossible to calculate the thousands and thousands of miles she has travelled, visiting country branches, during that time.

* * *

In New Home

MRS. MERVYN CROMBIE has settled into her new station home, Katandra, Townsville. She was Binnie Marlay, you remember, who lived in Brisbane, and was married in Sydney. Her mother was a member of the pioneering Doyle family.

However, Binnie has gone one better than her ancestors in the way of bush comforts, and has ice plant, electric lighting, and hot water service in far out-back home in the North-West.

Binnie's former school friend, Gipsy Jackson, who was Gipsy Robinson, of Sydney, lives at Rockwood station, a mere forty miles from Katandra.

* * *

Enid Bayly is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. J. Macarthur Onslow, at Camden Park, for several weeks.

* * *

Popular Naval Officers

JOHN PLUNKET COLE, Commander in our Navy, is sadly missed from the tennis coterie at the Royal Sydney Golf Club, where he did a great deal of entertaining.

He is en route to England for exchange service with the R.N. On board is a fellow officer, Commander Jackson.

* * *

DO YOU KNOW—

That forget-me-nots are the favorite flowers of last week's bride, Mrs. Gordon Douglas Wharton, formerly Peggy Wallder? Bowral was ransacked for these dainty blue blossoms, and the antique mantelpiece at Elizabeth Bay House, where the wedding reception took place, was banked with them.

FASHION WISDOM . . . By Colette

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KING'S SISTERS *Played* PART IN ROMANCE

Three Princesses Help Modernise His Court

By MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our London Representative

The marriage of King Zog of Albania to Countess Geraldine Apponyi has brought his three charming younger sisters into the limelight, for they played no small part in the happy ending to their brother's romance.

When he decided to defy tradition and marry his lovely Hungarian Countess, his six sisters, and the three younger ones particularly, supported him to the utmost.

They, too, desired to remove many of the restrictions which surrounded the old Moslem Court of Albania. In their Royal brother they had a helpful ally.

PRINCESSES who played their part in Royal brother's romance. Princess Myzejen Zogu (left) and Princess Ruhije (oval), sisters of King Zog of Albania, by their strenuous efforts for the abolition of the tradition-bound marriage customs of their country, paved the way for their brother's wedding with Countess Apponyi.

I HAD the privilege of interviewing these lovely Princesses before they left London on their return to Albania for the King's wedding.

It was then that I realised the part these charming girls had played in getting the people of Albania used to the idea of a non-Moslem bride for their King.

The ancient Albanian proverb: "A little more than my dog and a little less than my horse—that is my wife," just about describes the position of Albanian women before King Zog's six sisters moved into the Palace at Tirana and got a taste of Western freedom.

It wasn't long before they persuaded their brother to help in their cause, and one of their biggest triumphs was the decree, passed about a year ago, abolishing the wearing of the veil.

When this was done the three youngest sisters—Myzejen, Ruhije and Maxhide—prime movers in these reforms, decided to travel and see the world.

Out of the wild Albanian hills and into the most luxurious hotels of New York and London . . .

Out of their heavy peasant dresses and into Paris models . . . drinking tea with the President of the United States . . . sipping cocktails with smart London hostesses . . . dining and dancing in jewels and furs undreamt of by their humble Moslem ancestors . . .

That is the fairy tale come true for the three Zoglets (as they were called by the American Press).

King Zog is ruler of one of the last remaining feudal kingdoms left in the world, and these three Royal Princesses have helped him to modernise it.

The storm and turmoil of the last ten years, during which time their brother has never been too sure of his self-made throne, seem to have settled down.

Suitable Husbands

BARONESS FRANZISKA—Albania's "Madame Lupescu"—has taken a back seat, the lovely and aristocratic Countess Geraldine Apponyi has become Queen, and the Zoglets' only concern now is to provide themselves with suitable husbands and to keep on helping with the modernisation of their backward country.

In case you don't know much about Albania—and who does?—it won its freedom from Turkey in 1912. In 1925, the young soldier-conspirator, Achmed Zogu, made himself President-Dictator by a brilliant coup, and as soon as the time was ripe (1928), he proclaimed himself King.

He was once married, but after a short while divorced by Moslem law.

Meanwhile the three younger sisters, Myzejen, Ruhije and Maxhide, were put in charge of the reform movement, and entrusted with the job of showing their countrywomen the way to emancipation by their own shining example.

Princess Myzejen is official head of women's sports activities for the whole of Albania, Princess Ruhije looks after everything pertaining to the arts, and Princess Maxhide is in sole charge of tourism.

In addition, Princess Maxhide, the most dashing of the trio, has organised a women's regiment, of which she is commander-in-chief.

She designed their uniforms—highly polished boots, scarlet breeches, and green jackets resplendent with gold braid—and proclaimed that only daughters of the most prominent Albanian families should join.

Sparkle and Appeal

THEIR pledge is to train for two years, not to marry during service, and to "defend the rights of women."

When I received word from the secretary to the Albanian Embassy that the Princesses would see me privately in their suite at the Ritz Hotel, I'm not sure what I expected, but I wasn't prepared for so much glamor.

It may be due to an indescribable mixture of Oriental mystery with Western sophistication—I don't know—but those Albanians have something.

They glow—they sparkle—and they appeal.

They were dressed in the smartest of afternoon frocks, wearing lots of heavy diamond bangles, and each had a little jewelled fob watch on her bosom.

Princess Myzejen and Princess Ruhije wore "sister dresses" made alike—one in navy, the other in red.

They wore high-necked models with short puffed sleeves, trimmed with white Irish lace.

Princess Maxhide, who is fairer than the other two, wore dark green lace and heavy costume jewellery.

Each was exotically made up, Princess Maxhide's eyelashes rivalling Garbo's for length and thickness.

We had to speak through an interpreter, and it was Princess Myzejen, the sister who had not visited London before, who did all the talking.

"What do you think of the men?" I asked, remembering the rumor about the husband-hunting.

There was wariness in the answer.

"We have had so little time here, and have met so few people. But the men we have met we think very attractive," Princess Myzejen answered.

Asked about the wedding of their brother (which was then some weeks ahead), they said:

"We have not done any shopping for the wedding—everything is ready for that, ordered in Tirana.

"We are all wearing white. But we did buy a few things for ourselves, and have been doing some sightseeing.

"Of course we have spent some time with our niece, Princess Dounish, daughter of our sister, Princess Adile, at her school.

"And we wanted to see the Girl Guide Headquarters, as we have a similar movement in Albania."

I asked if they thought they would ever go to Australia. "It is very far away, but we would love to go," answered the Princess.

"There is quite a large Albanian colony there. Will you give them all our greetings, and say that we hope it will be possible to see them there some day?"

FAIRY TALE ROMANCE

THE marriage of Countess Geraldine Apponyi to King Zog of Albania provides the happy ending to a modern Cinderella romance.

Countess Geraldine was working for £4 a week as a librarian before King Zog married her and transported her to a throne.

She comes of a noble Hungarian family once rich but now fallen on evil days.

Her transition from the status of a working girl to that of a reigning queen has all the romance of a fairy tale.

It was for her a modern Cinderella role, but there was this difference: There were no ugly sisters. The three lovely princess sisters of King Zog supported the match in every way. Their influence on Albanian Court life is told on this page.

PRINCESS MAXHIDE ZOGU, youngest sister of King Zog of Albania, has organised a women's regiment in her brother's kingdom. Her "army" wears scarlet breeches and green jackets resplendent with gold braid.

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See how much easier and quicker Bon Ami makes cleaning up your bath. In a jiffy, off comes all the dirt . . . back comes the glistening polish. For you *polish as you clean* with Bon Ami. It saves you work. It doesn't redden or roughen your hands! Buy one package today and see for yourself how much better Bon Ami is than ordinary cleansers!

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THE MOVIE WORLD

May 7, 1938. The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement Page One

Calling Australia!

Moviedom News and Gossip

By JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER

from New York and Hollywood

Groans from Tone

POOR Franchot Tone has to go through the film, "Three Comrades," with a shaven head, all the result of a tragic mistake.

The M.-G.-M. bosses ordered Tone, with his co-stars, Robert Taylor and Robert Young, to shave for accuracy's sake, as they all portray German soldiers.

The order was cancelled the following day. But Franchot Tone was the only one of the three conscientious enough to get shaved immediately. And he heard of his reprieve too late.

✦ ✦ ✦

Myrna Opposite Baxter

M.-G.-M. will have to find Clark Gable a new leading lady for his next epic, "Too Hot to Handle," for Myrna Loy, who was considered set for the job, is to be loaned out to 20th Century-Fox for one picture. She'll play opposite Warner Baxter in "Women Are Dangerous."

This film will be directed by the clever Russian comedian, Gregory Ratoff. Ratoff has a four-way producing-writing-acting-directing contract, and seems to do equally well on all jobs.

He wrote "Cafe Metropole," directed "Lancer Spy," and has supplied comic antics in numerous Fox pictures.

✦ ✦ ✦

Dietrich Eccentric

TEMPORARILY out of a movie job, Marlene Dietrich is devoting most of her time to thinking up amazing fashions with which to startle the natives.

Arriving at the dignified Turf Club Ball in a remarkable bottle-green gown, with long sleeves, high neck, and a red feathery ruffle, topped off by two huge bunches of red and green feathers in lieu of a hat, Marlene had news photographers running in circles.

A few days later, at an evening preview, she caused a similar stir by wearing a man's silk top hat.

But Douglas Fairbanks, jun., Marlene's constant escort these days, doesn't seem to mind.

SLACKERS IN SLACKS

● "I'm warning you girls—if I catch any of you wearing slacks under your costumes again, there'll be plenty of trouble!"

This shout was heard from director Woody Van Dyke recently on the set of "Marie Antoinette."

There was reason for his rage. In a previous scene, some of the girls had neglected to remove their slacks when putting on their big hoop-skirts. One of the skirts tilted up before the camera, revealed the ultra-modern garment beneath—and ruined a whole scene.

Hepburn's First Farce

● In "Bringing Up Baby" (R.K.O.), the baby is an escaped leopard, and there is plenty of harum-scarum fun ● Above (left): Charles Ruggles, as a former big-game hunter, with May Robson. Above (centre): Tala Birrell. Above (right): Ruggles again ● Below (left and right): Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn. Grant plays a zoology professor, Katharine Hepburn a madcap debutante.

Exit Fairbanks, Senior

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, SEN., has given up the thought of a screen come-back. He and his wife are leaving Hollywood soon, and will live in London for a year.

It's sad news for the Hollywood social set, for the Fairbanks' are always star party guests.

In social columns here Mrs. Fairbanks is always referred to as "Lady Ashley"—the title which she held during her former marriage, but to which she has no claim whatever to-day. How Hollywood loves a title!

✦ ✦ ✦

Shirley and a Penguin

THE most amusing set in Hollywood is "Little Miss Broadway," where Shirley Temple is working with a trained penguin. The penguin, which wears specially-tailored clothes in the film, is the joy of Shirley's life.

On a visit to the set the other day we asked her where the penguin was. Shirley replied.

"The 'sistant d'rector says it's in the wardrobe department getting fitted for a sports coat."

✦ ✦ ✦

Gangster Retires

HAL ROACH'S "Our Gang" comedies won't be the same without the chubby little leader, Spanky MacFarland.

Spanky, who has been with "Our Gang" for seven years, has retired because of old age—he's now nine.

During his seven years with Roach he's learned a whole bagful of acting tricks and will easily get jobs at other studios.

POND'S HAND LOTION

now contains *active* "SKIN-VITAMIN"

Housework, weather and washing make hands rough and wrinkled because they take away the active "*skin-vitamin*" which aids in keeping skin young and beautiful. But now you can put it back—with Pond's Cream Hand Lotion, containing the same "skin-vitamin" ingredient as Pond's two creams. Now you can keep your hands supple, smooth and youthful! Price 1/- at all stores and chemists.

● Listen to "Your Cavalier"—2CH every Tuesday, 11 a.m.; 3KY every Thursday, 3.30 p.m.; 3DB-LK every Tuesday, 3.30 p.m.; 3AW every Thursday, 5 p.m.; 4BK-AK every Monday, 10.30 a.m.; 5AD-MU-PI every Monday, 10.30 a.m.; 6ML-WB every Monday, 11.30 a.m.

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Mistakes We Make In Hollywood

LORETTA YOUNG DRAWS ON HER TEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF PICTURES TO GIVE THESE TIPS FOR THOSE WHO SEEK SCREEN FAME.

NEVER before have girls been warned to keep away from Hollywood as earnestly as they are being warned to-day.

Leaders of the film industry and of the local Chamber of Commerce entreat youngsters not to increase the number of unemployed extras here.

Still, it may be you are determined to have a shot at movie work. If so, you may be interested to know the sort of mistakes that are most often made by beginners in Hollywood. I have made a list of them, partly from the experience of my friends, largely from my own experience.

Although I'm only 25, I have been in pictures for ten years, and so can count myself one of the veterans.

My first tip to you when you start is—Don't lie about your past experience.

When I came here at fourteen, it was months before I found a casting director who betrayed the slightest interest in me.

When he did, I told him I had been in a New York play called "August Folly." He replied, "That's curious. I produced the play, but I don't remember seeing you about."

It was a dreadful moment, and since then I have been strictly honest in my interviews.

Lies are very easily detected.

Another thing—don't be a recluse.

When I came here I was extremely shy, and drew into my shell.

But one day I met that splendid actress, Marie Dressler, and she gave me some good advice.

"You can't learn to act if you are wrapped up in yourself," she said. "You will never have any real warmth of understanding if you don't get out and make human contacts."

Told by....

LORETTA YOUNG

On the other hand, it is a big mistake for a young actress to get the reputation of being a party girl.

Take the case of Joan Crawford. Joan has been at the top for a long while now. But she would have been there a good deal sooner if she had taken a different line when she first came to Hollywood.

She started out by doing all the night clubs. A dancing contest in any popular cabaret without Joan and her partner was a great rarity.

Nine times out of ten she was the winner, and went home with another silver cup for her mantelpiece. She got the name of being the Prize Party Girl.

But meanwhile her career stood still. It was not until she relegated this kind of life to the past that her studio would consider her for serious roles.

Yet serious roles are the ones she has been able to handle with the most brilliance.

My next "don't" will surprise you. Don't worry about your clothes.

Youngsters are inclined to over-emphasise clothes and how they appear. But I learnt very soon that time spent in worrying how I looked could be better spent in paying attention to my diction, my speech, how best to put over a line.

Another tip can best be expressed by the use of a very blunt word peculiar to the acting profession—"Don't mug."

More politely, "mugging" means grimacing, screwing up your face unnaturally while you act.

Beginners usually sit for hours in front of their bedroom mirrors practising their "repertoire of expressions."

But that is an amateurish idea. Once you are conscious of your facial appearance, you are not acting.

● Loretta Young is one of the biggest assets of 20th Century-Fox. In the top picture she wears an evening gown of spangled tulle. Her next film is "Four Men and a Prayer." Loretta is the answer to their prayer.

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"I Won't Dance"

—Says Ginger

BY SUCCESS IN "STAGE DOOR," NIMBLE GINGER ROGERS BEGAN A NEW CAREER AS DRAMATIC STAR

By John B. Davies
from New York

ASK the average woman if she prefers Garbo to Ginger Rogers. The answer is "Yes."

But ask the average man, and the answer is likely to be "No."

The reason is pretty simple. Garbo and her sort represent what the average woman would wish herself to be like. Remote, mysterious, dignified, sad, experienced—what the French call "the fatal woman."

Men, on the other hand, find the fatal woman a very tiresome female. They usually plump for a more human and friendly girl who can take a joke, share their amusements, and look lovely without looking as if she wants to be alone.

And that's the type which Ginger Rogers represents to perfection.

It looks as if most of the ladies are making a big mistake. They idolise Garbo and Joan Crawford because they think these are the sort of women who have men at their feet.

While all the time the average male would much rather go to the pictures with honest-to-goodness Ginger Rogers.

Dimmed by Astaire

JUST lately Ginger came to a critical phase in her career, but she has passed it brilliantly.

Her success with Fred Astaire is cinema history. But Ginger was never taken seriously as an actress, and she finally became fed up with being just a foil for the brilliant Fred Astaire.

Her nimble toes had always got in the way of her dramatic work, but she finally determined that for a long life in the theatre dramatic acting was the thing; and she knew she had it in her to do both emotional and humorous roles.

"Stage Door" justified her faith in herself.

One always imagined that Ginger would make a first-rate comedienne, but when she emerged as a top-notch actress on her own, relying not a whit on her dancing talents to get by, she amazed and delighted the audience.

Ginger Rogers' triumph in "Stage Door" is all the greater by virtue of Hepburn's own magnificent performance as Terry Randall, the wealthy young society girl who thinks she has acting ability.

In spite of Hepburn's unforgettable characterisation, "Stage Door," in the opinion of the average moviegoer, was Ginger's picture. Not that Ginger went out deliberately to steal the picture.

That would have ruined her performance promptly. All she did was to take the part that was given her and imbue it with her own abundant vitality and charm.

In talking of Ginger Rogers, one can hardly begin without mention of her mother, Mrs. Lela Rogers is her daughter's manager, adviser, confidante and companion.

She is as well known in Hollywood as Ginger herself, gay, witty, and bearing the same generous features that characterise Ginger.

But whenever anyone compliments Mrs. Rogers on her astuteness in getting her child into the show business, she must refuse all credit, since she was the one person who steadfastly objected, in the beginning, to Ginger's becoming a show girl.

Charleston Champion

ONE reason she didn't want her young daughter to go into the movies was that she knew only too well the life of movie children. She used to write scripts for the Fox Films when they were in New York, and she and Ginger lived next door to the studio.

The first time Ginger came out of the seclusion of her home was when she was 13 years old, and entered a Charleston contest to emerge easily as the victor.

They were in Fort Worth, Texas, where her mother was reporter and theatrical reviewer.

A friend of the family, who had seen the girl transform what was known as the Charleston into a wild dance of rare beauty, urged them both to consider the contest. The prize was a silver cup and a four-week vaudeville engagement at £25 a week.

Mrs. Rogers still felt that girls of school age had no business in the theatrical world. Already suspecting that Ginger had the makings of an actress, she thought she could well wait until 18 or 20 to make her start in show business.

Mrs. Rogers' great ambition was for her daughter to go to college, and she was carefully adding, week by week, to what she called "Ginger's College Account."

But she had to contend with Ginger's burning desire to try out her talent as a dancer.

The next day Ginger won the contest, and that meant a country-wide vaudeville tour of a month. The die was cast.

Ginger was launched on her theatrical career. Her mother would stand by her. She gave up her job on the paper in order to chaperon Ginger on her tour.

After a brief Broadway experience, Ginger went to Hollywood and made three pictures, but it was not until she was offered a small part in "42nd Street" that she really began going places. She was to do just a bit in this picture, but during production that bit began to grow, because in Ginger's enthusiasm she took a beautiful characterisation to her director.

GINGER ROGERS

is seen here at Big Bear Lake during production of her new R.K.O. film, "Having Wonderful Time," which co-stars Douglas Fairbanks, jun.

★

Some Prefer Cheeky Jane Withers

By Barbara Bourchier
from Hollywood

SHIRLEY TEMPLE may be a sunbeam to the rest of the world, but she is a dark shadow to Jane Withers.

She has overshadowed Jane's career from the start and only now is eleven-year-old Miss Withers beginning to fight clear.

Every film she makes is more successful than the last, and a box-office poll has placed her sixth among world stars. (That little Temple is first, though.)

The trouble began when a search was made for a child to play "villain" in the early Shirley Temple picture, "Bright Eyes."

They chose Jane, who had been giving performances from the age of two, and had already a long record of picture parts behind her.

It was Shirley's picture, of course, but Jane as the spoiled brat who flew into tempers and smashed toys made a hit.

The only trouble was they both worked for the same studio.

There is a limit to the public appetite for little-girl pictures, so Jane was kept subsidiary. As a star she has made a row of pictures, but you could count on your fingers the number which have played in the West End of London.

But you can't keep a good little girl down for ever. Jane's reputation and the demand for her films have been steadily increasing.

Some people even prefer her "spoiled brat" characters to too much sweetness.

She has had her salary raised from £30 a week to £500 a week within two years.

Her pictures have been costing more lately, and are having more names in them.

Her latest, "Little Gypsy," for instance, has Rochelle Hudson, Borrah Minevitch and his Harmonica Band, and the dancer Steffi Duna.

Even at eleven, Jane's career has had its ups and downs.

She was the rage of her home town in Georgia when she was about three years old, but Hollywood paid no attention when she arrived with her mother.

Acting as mannequin for children's clothes was her first job.

Her affairs looked up after President Roosevelt wrote her a note congratulating her on an imitation she gave (aged eight) of a presidential speaker.

She now has a mimicry repertoire of forty film stars, and, if you can work this out, she does a very good imitation of Florence Desmond imitating Garbo and Zasu Pitts.

In fact, there is no doubt that Jane is the cleverest child character actress in Hollywood.

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CAN YOU GUESS THEM?

1. She comes from France.

YOU probably believe that you could recognise your screen favorites under any circumstances. Here is a test for you. See how many of these players you can recognise by their eyes and mouths. Answers are on our "Private Views" page.

4. Are these dancing eyes?

7. You can always trust him.

5. Half a famous romance.

8. She makes big money.

2. Her legs look well, too.

3. A gentleman's gentleman.

6. She knows how to sing.

9. Famous for team-work.

Fortune's Favourite

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]

She evades close-ups . . . Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "Pink Tooth Brush."

"SURELY," you say, "surely the world's at this girl's feet!" Blessed with beauty and dowered with grace—life seems to have given her its best.

But there is a thief that robs her loveliness. That thief is *her dull, dingy* and *unattractive smile.* Tragic? Yes, but that's the price she pays for neglect—*a penalty she could have avoided!*

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Don't risk an attractive smile. When you see that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*go and consult your dentist immediately.*

While there may be nothing seriously wrong, don't take chances—let your dentist decide. Often, however, he will explain your condition as a "simple case of sensitive gums—gums that are the victims of our modern menus—gums robbed of work by to-day's soft and creamy foods." And his advice will probably be "more work and resistance for lazy gums" and, often, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums. Gums become firmer—your teeth brighter, more lustrous.

Millions of people already have adopted the Ipana and massage dental health routine. It's one simple way of helping to prevent dental disorders—and with your gums more vigorous and healthy, your teeth sparkling—you need never be ashamed of your smile!

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by chemists only.

10. Often in the news.

11. Can play the trumpet.

12. Astounds the natives.

13. Infectious smile.

14. Well-known playboy.

15. Very great lover.

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SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett

Here's Hot News from All Studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

TYRONE POWER draws roles in all the 20th Century-Fox "epics" — "Lloyds of London," "Old Chicago," and now "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

The moment that is completed, he steps into another big film, "Suez Canal," in which he'll appear as Ferdinand de Lesseps, the young engineer, with George Arliss repeating his role of Disraeli—Arliss' first Hollywood film in more than a year.

Following "Suez," it'll be still another epic for Power—"Jesse James," life story of a famous bandit.

* * *

AS a result of Jackie Coogan's court action to obtain money allegedly withheld from him by his mother and stepfather, steps are being taken to safeguard child stars in the future.

A bill has been introduced in the American House of Representatives requiring that the Federal Courts shall act as guardians for child actors and actresses.

* * *

Herbert Mundin draws his first really big part in many months in Freddie Bartholomew's "Lord Jeff."

* * *

BURGLARS have stolen Carole Lombard's jewellery, worth £6250, including a valuable wrist-watch given to her by Clark Gable.

* * *

COMEDIENNE Marie Wilson left school some time ago to devote herself to an acting career. Now she is well established on the screen, and has achieved her goal of stardom. Marie has decided to complete her formal education and has hired a University graduate to act as her tutor between pictures.

ENGLISH actor Richard Green was recently given a publicity "romance" with Arleen Whelan, the former manicurist, who makes her screen debut opposite Warner Baxter in "Kidnapped."

But the youngsters have fooled their Fox bosses by developing genuine devotion.

The bosses now want to build up a "romance" between Green and Sonja Henie, with whom he'll co-star in his first Hollywood picture. But both Green and Miss Whelan have something to say about that idea, and it isn't agreeable.

* * *

Australian Marcia Ralston is opposite Jack Holt in "Crime Takes a Holiday."

* * *

AUSTRALIAN theatregoers should be interested to hear that Bobby Coote has been signed up by R.K.O. for one of the comedy leads in "Muddled Deal."

Bobby's work as Wavertree in "Yank at Oxford" brought him to the attention of Hollywood producers.

"Muddled Deal" is the film in which Cecil Kellaway gets his first big chance in America.

* * *

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is now a dollar millionaire—her assets are £250,000 Australian.

On her ninth birthday she gave a party to 300 children of newspaper men in Hollywood.

* * *

Book sales on "Snow White" have jumped to five thousand a day since its release in movie form.

* * *

ROSALIND RUSSELL has just finished writing a play which has been accepted for production in New York.

A few weeks ago Rosalind completed her book on Hollywood, and the book was published.

Baby Drummond.
Winner of Open Championship at Sydney Baby Show.

GIVE BABY LOVELY CURLS

THIS SIMPLE EASY WAY

Gently rub Curlypet into Baby's hair and watch it grow into delightful waves and curls. Curlypet strengthens the hair and makes it beautifully soft and thick. Read what Mr. and Mrs. Drummond say of Curlypet and how it helped their baby to win the Open Championship at the Baby Show in Sydney.

"Curlypet has done wonders with our Baby's hair. It used to be straight—but after a few applications of Curlypet we were delighted with the change. Baby now has a mass of curls greatly admired. At baby shows the judges always remark on his hair, and we feel this has been one of the reasons towards his repeated successes."

Get a tube of Curlypet from your Chemist to-day. One full month's supply, 1/6.

CURLYPET

PRIVATE VIEWS

★★ TOPPER

Cary Grant, Constance Bennett. (M.-G.-M.)

(Week's Best Release.)

AS the chief characters are ghosts this comedy may be called unconventional. Moreover, it is amusing.

H. G. Wells discovered a long time ago that an invisible man can be funnier than most visible ones. Here Cary Grant and Constance Bennett are an invisible couple, for a lot of the time, and the comic possibilities of the situation are explored thoroughly by Hal Roach, that old hand in the laugh business who produced the film.

On the acting side the picture belongs to Roland Young. He portrays delightfully a bewildered little banker called Cosmo Topper, who is run around the town by the two spirits.

Constance Bennett is back on the screen after a fairly long absence. She is well groomed and graceful, and not much else is demanded of her by the picture. Cary Grant gives his agreeable version of a wealthy irresponsible.

Billie Burke and Eugene Pallette, both high-class comedians, have minor roles. "Topper" can be definitely recommended.—State; showing.

Could You Guess Them?

HERE are the players who own the eyes and mouths on the opposite page: 1, Simone Simon; 2, Marlene Dietrich; 3, Eric Blore; 4, Ginger Rogers; 5, Robert Taylor; 6, Deanna Durbin; 7, Warner Baxter; 8, Shirley Temple; 9, Fred Astaire; 10, Greta Garbo; 11, Fred MacMurray; 12, Katharine Hepburn; 13, Sonja Henie; 14, Robert Montgomery; 15, Ronald Colman.

★★ SECOND HONEYMOON

Loretta Young, Tyrone Power. (20th Century-Fox.)

IF you crave glitter and luxury this picture will show you exceptionally handsome people in expensive cars and well-cut clothes playing around shiny hotels at Miami, America's most Utopian watering-place.

Roughing it among these hardships, Loretta Young and Tyrone Power love and quarrel in a pleasant but quite unoriginal manner.

The streamlined ordinariness of their romancing is shown up sharply by the performance of a new actress called Marjorie Weaver, who runs clean away with the picture.

She is an eager and vivacious person who makes the two stars appear rather shallow. As she is teamed off with comedian Stuart Erwin, we presume that she was intended in the first place as a comic rather than a romantic character. But she has turned out to be decidedly fascinating.

The story is a less farcical version of "The Awful Truth," about a girl who thinks a dull and reliable husband is better than an erratic and entertaining one, but changes her mind in the end.

It is a smooth, agreeable show.—Mayfair; showing.

★ BRINGING UP BABY

Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant. (R.K.O.-Radio.)

CLEARLY one of the main intentions of this film was to show the most self-possessed of screen females, Katharine Hepburn, being undignified.

In this it succeeds. As a playful heiress, she even goes to the length of having her skirt torn off and walking about in her underclothes.

That incident of the skirt—a very old vaudeville stunt—is one of the funniest of the film, which should give you an idea of the film's character. It is rough-house farce of so-so quality.

The foolery evolves from Hepburn's pursuit of a very academic zoology professor, played by Cary Grant. Two zoological exhibits are prominent in the picture's fragment of plot.

One is the skeleton of a giant brontosaurus. The other is a live leopard —the "baby" referred to in the title.

In crastness the film goes just about the limit, but as comedy lacks the polish of such pictures as "True Confession." There is less wit, more slapstick of a sometimes forced nature.—Regent; showing.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

No stars— below average.
★ One star— average entertainment
★★ Two stars— above average
★★★ Three stars— excellent

★ MANNEQUIN

Joan Crawford, Spencer Tracy. (M.-G.-M.)

THIS is a somewhat better picture than the last one from Joan Crawford. Unlike "The Bride Wore Red," it has a fairly reasonable story. From the dawn of history Miss Crawford has pleased her fans by her representation of the poor girl who moves up in the world, and this is precisely what she does again here.

Dogged by a wastrel husband she finds comfort in the well-developed arms of Spencer Tracy, the rugged operator of a line of tugboats.

Tracy is not too happy in the part, which gives him little chance for the emotionally moving work of which he is capable.

Novels have made this plot familiar. In the picture it is given a good deal of realism by the skilled presentation of city life, especially in the hard-up district from which Joan Crawford arises.—St. James; showing.

★ HAWAII CALLS

Bobby Breen. (R.K.O.)

FOR those who suffer Bobby Breen gladly this is probably the best of his films so far.

Great efforts have been made to eliminate his crooner mannerisms and transform him into something vaguely like an unaffected child. But the attempt has not been fully successful.

He is still a sort of upside-down Peter Pan—a boy who was always grown up.

Bobby goes as a stowaway to Hawaii and sings in his highly professional way some of the rather sugary ditties associated with those islands. The Hawaiian scene and atmosphere are authentic and charming.—Lyceum; showing.

EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY

Mae West. (Paramount.)

MAE WEST has been butchered to make every day a censor's holiday. Hollywood has gained much by its recent devotion to decency, but one thing it has certainly sacrificed —Mae's peculiar brand of drollery.

By her familiar undulations and side-glances Miss West still succeeds now and again in suggesting a trace of wickedness.

But she has a terribly uphill fight, because her lines are all of a kind which are quite fit for recitation to a troop of Girl Guides.

The story is in the "gay nineties" period which Mae West has made her speciality. There is nothing much to it, and it is rather slow.

A few of the star's jests and capable comedy by Charles Winninger are the picture's only good points.—Capitol showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ Nothing Sacred: Carole Lombard, Fredric March; satirical comedy.—Plaza, 3rd week.

★★ The Hurricane: Jon Hall, Dorothy Lamour; spectacular drama.—Century, 7th week.

★ The Buccaneer: Fredric March, Franciska Gaal; historical drama.—Prince Edward, 3rd week.

Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel: Barry K. Barnes; costume melodrama.—Embassy, 2nd week.

THEATRE ROYAL

FOR 2 WEEKS ONLY.
J. C. Williamson, Ltd., present the supreme individual artist,
MISS RUTH DRAPER
in her original character sketches.
Box Plans at Paling's. Balcony sales at Hillier's (next theatre).

LUX-WASHED NAPPIES—save his tiny limbs from chafing... so mother! Be sure to use LUX

THE BEST AND NO LESS FOR ALL BABY'S THINGS

A LEVER PRODUCT

S.384.38

Her Looks Have Improved

ALL HER FRIENDS SAY SO

"So many people have remarked on the improvement in my looks since I have taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," states Miss M.H., of Tumbulgum, N.S.W. "For two years I was subject to fainting and giddy spells. I did not feel like eating. I was never well and felt listless and tired all day.

"I read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking four bottles of these pills I feel better in every way and my health has improved immensely. I have never been so well in all my life and can recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to anyone who is underweight and anaemic."

You may have lovely features and may dress well, but if you suffer anaemia, pimples, giddy turns, headaches and languor, your attraction and fitness are seriously impaired. But see what a short course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do. These pills help to create rich red blood in abundant quantities, which will give delicious colour to your lips and cheeks, banish unsightly pimples, blemishes and boils, and strengthen your nerves and system throughout. No sensible woman or girl who wants to look and feel womanly fit, high-spirited and attractive will hesitate to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. At chemists and stores, 3/- bottle.***

Superfluous HAIR removed in 3 minutes with NEW SCENTED CREAM

JUST 'cream' away that ugly unwanted hair with this new discovery. Using a razor only makes the hair grow faster and thicker — leaves coarse stubble. This delightfully perfumed cream dissolves away the hair below the skin surface: leaves skin soft, white and velvety smooth. No smell; no mess or bother. This amazing new white cream is sold everywhere under the trade-mark New 'Veet,' 2/6 and 4/- (double size), at all Chemists and Stores. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded.

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Real Life Stories

PERILOUS RIDE ON *Bolting* CAMEL

A camel ride, as exciting as John Gilpin's ride to York, but much more dangerous and uncomfortable, is described by Mrs. M. E. Barrett, Quorn, S.A., in her real life story which wins this week's £1/1/- prize.

BEYOND Oodnadatta, Central Australia, we were travelling, per camel, to visit neighbors. The golden afternoon tempted the children and I to linger behind the others and hoosht (halt) our camel on a claypan covered with wild flowers.

Enjoying the respite we failed to notice that the sun was setting until a roving breeze made us shiver.

Calling the children I mounted the camel, but they were loath to leave their game of jumping on the crackling saltbush-pods, and the camel, growing impatient, jumped to its feet, immediately breaking into a gallop which soon left the tiny ones behind.

... THE CAMEL, growing impatient, broke into a mad gallop which soon left the tiny ones behind.

Under trees, which tore my clothes and legs, it raced, screaming and bellowing as only an angry camel can, and then, blowing the evil-smelling, half-chewed contents of its mouth in my face, it attacked me with its teeth.

The reins had broken from the beast's nose-peg, consequently I was unable to guide it in circles, the way to stop a bolting camel. My only hope was to lie over the hump, clinging to the front of the saddle.

Consciousness almost left me when it jumped eight feet down the bank of the Alberga, landing with a thud that jarred every nerve. Even heavy sand did not delay those splayed feet, for we raced up the opposite bank, across plains, and against the trunks of trees for another three miles until we came to Jackie, the blackboy, and the pack camels. Here it stopped suddenly, tossing me into their midst.

I roused at Jackie's distressed crying, "Missus! Missus! Bin 'urtem self? Dat one all about bad camel. Which way 'im bin chuckem wee-eye (boy), quee-eye (girl)?"

I sent him to look for the children.

They had taken shelter for the night in a kangaroo's sleeping place.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. E. Barrett, Quorn, S.A.

Baby Stolen

ABOUT 21 years ago I was travelling in a tram to the city. I had my youngest child with me, a baby of about five weeks of age. She was as pretty as a little doll, and people had often stopped and admired her, so it did not surprise me when a well-dressed woman sat beside me and started talking about the babe.

She asked could she nurse it for a few minutes, as she loved children. I gave her the child, and you can imagine my horror and surprise when, the tram having stopped, she quickly rose and got off, taking the baby with her.

I jumped off quickly and rushed after the woman, calling her to stop. She rushed ahead of me and entered an hotel on the corner of the next street. I was not far behind, and I lost no time telling the barman my story, and begged him to get my baby for me. After much persuasion he induced her to return the babe, and I thankfully finished my journey.

I need not tell you that was the last stranger who nursed my baby.

5/- to Mrs. E. Davies, 36 Binning St., Erskineville, Sydney.

Tell Your Story

ALL readers are invited to contribute to this page. Simply set down, in a letter of about 300 words, the most outstanding event in which you have been concerned. Only authentic incidents are eligible.

A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for the best letter each week, and 5/- for others published.

Address letters: Real Life Stories. The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address is at top of page 3.

Sank in Ooze

WHEN I was nine years old we lived in a goldmining district. One morning I was sent on an errand to my aunt's. My youngest sister, aged 6, and brother, aged 4, accompanied me.

Before leaving my aunt's home we were given a sugar bag full of rhubarb. Our way home lay between two dams, which contained water that had been run from the mine battery after the stone had been crushed. The water and washed-off clay became slurry, which was then emptied into the dams.

With a hot wind blowing the top of the dams would dry with a crust about 2 inches thick, but underneath was several feet of thick ooze as dangerous as quicksand.

My brother walked off the bank, where the slurry was firm. Being daring he walked in further, the top cracked, and down he sank to his knees.

We all screamed as he tried to get to the bank, six feet away. I could not reach him, because I knew that the thin crust of clay would not hold my weight.

Suddenly my eyes fell on the bag of rhubarb. I pushed it out as far as I dared, then I lay on it.

From there I could just reach my brother's hair, and as it was long I got a good grip, and slowly pulled him towards me.

As I pulled the suction kept pulling him back. But I got him out—how I don't know.

5/- to Mrs. M. Nicholson, 14 Morres St., Ballarat East, Vic.

Broken Rails

IN August, 1928, I was returning to Brisbane by the Sydney-Brisbane express. I settled down for the night, and was awakened by a terrible bumping.

The carriage was swaying from side to side, jumping and jerking horribly. My berth seemed as though it were going to close up, but another jerk brought it back into place, nearly precipitating me on to the floor.

I sat up, my heart beating furiously, and tried to speak, but couldn't. Then there was another terrible jerk, accompanied by a shattering of glass and all was still.

I jumped down from my uncertain position, as the carriage was sideways on, and poked my head out of the door. It was pitch dark and freezingly cold.

Soon the conductor came along with a lantern and told everyone to be calm. I think we were all paralysed with fear.

Everyone by now was moving about, and we were told a family living nearby had tea and coffee made for us, which we greatly appreciated. After a delay of some hours, we were on our way again, no one seriously hurt, but all thankful that by a miracle we had been saved from what might have been a terrible disaster. The intense cold had snapped the rails, but the jerking uncoupled the first carriage from the rest of the train after getting over the broken part, thus saving an accident.

5/- to F. Brown, 20 Harrison St., Cremorne, Sydney.

Chocolate Coated

SOME years ago I was in an almost empty tram on my way home. There was not much traffic on the road, but suddenly the tram stopped with a jerk.

I looked out and was horrified to see a pair of baby feet sticking out from under the tram. I jumped to my feet and a man dashed from the footpath and dragged the baby clear.

The lower part of her little face was covered with some dark substance. Too horrified to move, we could only stare.

The tram-driver, his face the color of putty, staggered out of his cabin and stood staring at the baby. He had to hold on to the tram for support.

The man took his handkerchief and gently wiped the baby's face. "It's all right," he called, "it's only chocolate."

5/- to Mrs. Ruth Storey, c/o Post Office, Valley Heights, Blue Mountains, N.S.W.

How to Possess
A LOVELY NEW SKIN
AMAZING EASY NEW WAY
1,000 FREE TRIAL OFFERS

DERMOLIN—the remarkable new scientific skin treatment—brings undreamed beauty to thousands of women. It smooths out wrinkles, cleans up dull, sallow and oily skins and removes pimples, blackheads and blotches. To introduce it to this country, 1,000 lucky Australians are offered trial treatments—FREE!

When M. du Sebalt announced this daring new beauty treatment, specialists acclaimed Dermolin as the century's greatest advance in scientific skin care. It rejuvenates the skin and complexion by rebuilding it from within. Your outer skin is composed of dead cells cast off by the inner, active, living skin. It is on this active skin which M. du Sebalt's treatment works.

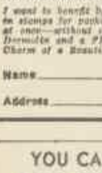
WHY YOUR SKIN AGES.
The living cells of the inner skin die and become unhealthy due to insufficient glandular nourishment. The outer skin becomes clogged and unable to cast off dead and decaying cells. Pimples, blotches, wrinkles and blemishes quickly multiply. Cosmetics, while temporarily easing these blemishes, cannot help the real cause, which is glandular undernourishment.

BEAUTY COMES QUICKLY.
Once Dermolin increases the activity of the underlying tissues, skin faults quickly go. Dull, sallow and oily skins glow with youthful health, large pores and wrinkles smooth out—pimples and blemishes fade away. A new skin, clean and satin-smooth, gives your complexion sparkling lustre.

FREE TRIAL and FREE BOOK . . .
Thousands have ended their skin troubles by this scientific yet inexpensive treatment. You can benefit too. Send for a FREE trial treatment of Dermolin and FREE copy of the amazing book on beauty culture, written by M. du Sebalt. This free introductory offer is strictly limited. Don't waste a moment—slip out and post coupon to-day. The return mail will bring you the best news in years. ACT NOW!

CHARLTON SINCLAIR LTD., 26 O'Connell St., Sydney.
I want to benefit by your offer. Enclosed is 1d. in stamps for packing and postage. Please post at once—without obligation—a FREE trial of Dermolin and a FREE copy of the book, "The Charm of a Beautiful Skin."
Name ______
Address ______ D.W.W./5

YOU CAN DEVELOP A
PERFECT BUST



Delightful firm, rounded breasts are quickly developed with famous Mamogen. Alluring feminine beauty takes the place of shapeless flabby busts.
Mamogen will give you a lovely figure—graceful lines—charm! You can make your bust perfect by massaging each breast with Mamogen at night time.
Delightful and simple to apply, Mamogen requires no special preparation. Just send a 10/- postal note to British Medical Laboratories, 49 Clarence Street, Sydney, and your supply of Mamogen will reach you by return mail, post free.***

"Why should I suffer so?"

Mrs. M. L., Liverpool, writes:
"I have been suffering greatly each period with agonising pain and came to dread the time each month, but since taking Kalzana there has been hardly any pain."

"It really is quite unnecessary, now that mineral deficiency has been found to be the hidden cause of painful and excessive periods. Kalzana is a mineral food—not a drug—for the body cells on which your entire health depends, and will very soon conquer your trouble. Start taking it to-day. It cannot fail to do you good."

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THE MINERAL FOOD FOR BETTER HEALTH.
Of all Chemists in tins containing 45 and 90 tablets.

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Get the flavour and strength of prime lean beef by using Oxo cubes either as an appetising and nourishing drink or as an addition to stews and gravies. Many delicious dishes can be made by adding Oxo to the simplest ingredients.

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Sales Agents:
Hodgson & Co. Pty. Ltd.
Sydney and Melbourne.

She was 37 ... she married

"If ever I get married . . ."
"Why 'If'?"
"Well, I'm 37, you know."
"My dear, Creme Charmosan has made you look ten years younger and twice as pretty."
Every minute that Creme Charmosan is on your skin, it is making it look younger, clearer, nicer, prettier, of such sweet charm.
For it does this wonderful thing: it takes right out of your skin so many faults, so many signs of age that your heart THRILLS to hear people say of you—"Somehow she seems to grow younger and prettier."
O, what a blessing to the woman with the plain or ageing skin. The only cream of its kind in the world. Ordinary creams, yes, hundreds, but only one Creme Charmosan.
It holds powder with sweet witchery all day. For sunburn, freckles, brown, priceless. Greaseless.

Creme Charmosan

Big jars for your dressing table, 2/6. Handbag tubes, 1/-. Sold everywhere by chemists, drapers and stores, including New Zealand.
Charmosan face powder is French. It gives instant charm to your skin. It stays on with sweet witchery hour after hour . . . you can motor, dance, play golf or tennis, do what you like . . . Charmosan face powder "stays put." How lovely to be able to forget all about your powder pad for hours. It's the best powder money can buy, and costs only 1/6 for a large box. You can get it in all shades including sun tan. It's the favourite powder of stage and film stars. It brings enchantment to your skin, no matter what your age. Sold everywhere by chemists, drapers and stores, including New Zealand.***

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For 2/6 purchase a large bottle of "I-LO" Eye Lotion from your chemist—clip the top lid bearing the words "Open this end" from the carton and forward with your entry to
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EXAMPLE OF A SLOGAN, "GUARD YOUR SIGHT—USE 'I-LO' EYE LOTION."

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BETTY'S 'Racey' NARRATIVES

Tatt.'s Cup Is Always a "Books' Benefit" Meeting

By BETTY GEE

If you can get hold of a next year's racing calendar, mark against the date of City Tatt's winter Cup meeting, "Bookies' Benefit," and when the day comes round, skate lightly, as Sonja Henie would on early winter's thin ice.

Curious how this meeting always has been—and no doubt always will be—the venue for grotesque reversals and improvements which put the form hounds to utter rout and re-establish the bookies on their turkey and champagne menu.

Look at the chart of Saturday's winners at double-figure odds, and you will realise why it was one of Randwick's dark days, metaphorically.

A day when anything might win a race, and the worse its form the better its prospects.

Racing began with a short-priced winner in the Hurdle, but as the books had three horses at 5 to 2 that wasn't unlikely, was it?

Having won at his last two prior starts, my money was on Keewong, and he ran second last. I revert to my old rule—"no more hurdle betting for me."

Lunch in town on race days for the future, miss the hurdle, and start backing winners in the second race. That's my policy from now on.

When I knew Darby Munro was on Geebung I took £8 to £1, and thought the books were a little unhinged mentally to lay such odds, but they knew.

Big Tote Divvy

I also took the precaution, however, of £1 in the place tote, and this was the race in which Activity won at 96 to 1 straight out in the winning tote.

Geebung was beaten into second place and paid £2/12/- for my pound, so I was up twelve shillings on the race, but that won't buy winter furs, will it?

It cost me £2 to find out that Bonnie Legion is no longer the swift girl she was in her youth.

I had 8 to 1 for my money again, and I was just counting my gains when she led into the straight, only to see my winnings snatched from my hand when half a dozen others swamped her in the run home.

She goes on to my "never-again" black list so far as Randwick is concerned.

One little ray of sunshine raised the morale of the betting multitude when the favorite, Hedonic, won the Trial Handicap.

Dickie told me that he was the Phar Lap of the Wednesday meetings, and couldn't help winning this. Of course, he WOULD find a good thing for me when the bank roll had dwindled to the last pound, but I hastened in for £4 to £1.

Hedonic won very handsomely, and I have reasons for believing that he is a good horse.

Will McLachlan, the part-owner and trainer, told us that he had kept Bourbon for City Tatt's Cup, so I went off the deep end with £2 for a win at 10 to 1, and £1 on the place-tote.

But Bourbon was detained at various stages of the journey, and when he arrived it was just too late to get even the third place, which would have saved my tote venture.

He finished fourth.

The tragedy ended with £1 on Rival Hit because it was such a mysterious tip, and the only thing anybody really knew was that Darby Munro was his jockey.

I had £1 on Red Thespian also, but I could have raced either without taking off my high heels.

Neither got a place.

What made it worse was that I had a liking for Denis, but Dickie said it had drawn a bad marble, No. 20, and they rarely win from that position over seven furlongs.

But Denis did, and Dickie's life became a burden all the way home in the taxi.

Why do the males pretend such profound authority about the barrier draw and such trifles, when all that really counts is winners?

We return to Randwick on Saturday, and I'm merely hoping for better luck. I've given the Head Waiter one more chance.

It isn't his fault that his horses are scratched.

Apollo, his tip for City Tatt.'s Cup last week was sold over his head for 2000gns., so he couldn't help the new owner changing his plans.

He's going for the next Melbourne Cup.

Well, the Head Waiter has information about Diamond Wedding for the fillies' two-year-old next Saturday, and promises it will be a good each-way bet because of the long odds.

Watch These

Betty recommends these horses as likely winners at Randwick:—Juvenile Handicap: Diamond Wedding. Novice Handicap: Light Dragoon. James Barnes Plate: Royal Step.

Betty Gee says the baker's tip for Randwick on Saturday is Light Dragoon.

In Two Races

Cid is in two races, the 6 furlong and the mile.

One day he just missed a place in the six, but came out later and won the mile—not bad for a single afternoon's work.

He's going to be our winter champion, you mark my word, and he's my tip for the welter on Saturday.

If they scratch him, follow him up. Don't be put off. I've had a very secret whisper about him.

The baker gives me Light Dragoon for the Novice, and I'm giving Royal Step just one more chance in the Jas. Barnes Plate.

The florist's girl says it's right. She's had word from the sweetheart of a stable boy up Rosehill way, where he's trained.

Gentlemen Prefer Brunettes

By Air Mail from New York.

Brunettes may now raise a cheer! Gentlemen prefer brunettes — as secretaries.

The Commerce School of Denver University recently made a survey of the most popular office type, and the brunettes won easily.

OVER 500 business men were asked whether they preferred male or female secretaries and if they liked girls in the office whether they preferred blondes or brunettes.

The brunettes won. The executives said they were good workers and steadier than blondes.

The survey revealed that 52 per cent. of the men employers preferred female secretaries and stenographers and 21 per cent. male secretaries. Two per cent. claimed no preference.

A majority of those preferring female employees said they liked brunettes best.

The business men said they liked women because they were "more willing to co-operate, pay attention to details, and they have the ability to take orders and meet the public."

Those preferring men secretaries gave as their reasons: "Permanence of the job (marriage not interfering as it does with women), more interest and more endurance."

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Insure against cold with fleecy Challenge Blankets . . . unconditionally guaranteed. They are odourless, free from filling, and lose neither weight nor shape in the wash. Beautifully woven in white, with broad pastel-toned headings, and in various attractive shades with ribbon or silk-whipped edging. All sizes and qualities, at good stores everywhere.

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I'M A *Bachelor* GIRL AGAIN . . . .

Poignant Drama That Follows Divorce

Here's a poignant human problem that is growing more common as the Divorce Court lists increase.

A young woman tells how she had to readjust her life and resume her business career when her marriage crashed through reasons of incompatibility. Her name, for obvious reasons, is withheld. She writes:

I BECAME cool and crisp and definite . . .

WELL, my marriage is over. I'm back in the world of business . . . a bachelor girl again.

"Back in circulation," as my friends said.

The remark was apt, if somewhat misguided. I say misguided advisedly, for I soon learned that my friends refused to believe that I could be serious about remaining single if there was one eligible male about who would promise to love, honor, and support.

Kind and sympathetic though they were, my girl friends could not understand that the emotional upheaval which follows in the wake of broken marital ties left little desire to again assume the prefix "Mrs."

The very fact that I found it absolutely vital to my peace of mind, if not happiness, to leave a comfortable home and go out into the world again should preclude the possibility that I was making such a move only to perhaps make the same mistake again.

No, this time I must be sure that faith, and honor, and love were all part of the bargain.

DIVORCE is expensive. It costs money to break up a home. I gave valuable things away because I couldn't bear to see them again. I didn't ask for alimony because I felt the mistake was mutual.

A restless ill-ease kept me moving about, and with me a few cherished household possessions.

Divorce is expensive where your friends are concerned, too. I no longer had a house in which to casually and easily entertain.

Luncheons and dinners at an hotel became impossible, and gradually I withdrew. I had to refuse their invitations because I could no longer return their hospitality.

This was no fault of theirs, and I have never thought that I lost any friends because of their attitude towards my divorce.

I had been a business-girl before my marriage, and I was well equipped to earn my own living.

I was a graduate of a business college as well as a University, and had several years of good experience as well as credentials to present to my would-be employer.

"Back in circulation" had a very different meaning to me, however, than it did to my well-meaning friends.

Search for Work

DURING the long weeks when I walked the city streets in search of a job I made several resolutions, which I believe I have adhered to fairly well.

I would never look back. I would not regret the past, or mention it any more than possible.

Never again would I allow material possessions to bind me. Never again would a new teapot or a pair of frilly curtains cause me to stop before a store window.

Never again would I allow jewels or lovely clothes to shackle me. **I would be free.**

I would take no further responsibility for my life. I would place it in the hands of Providence.

I had tried to live my life my way, and I had failed. From this time on I would be a child of circumstance.

From the time I made these resolutions the world accepted me again. Was it fate or coincidence? I obtained a good position almost immediately. Each day was a fresh experience.

I threw all my pent-up energy into my work, with the result that I developed into a position of responsibility and authority with the firm. I became cool and crisp and definite.

My sympathy expanded. I was sorry for the whole world. I became so interested in the struggles of each poor human as he tried to extricate himfrom the morass of mistakes into which he had fallen that I forgot my own.

My troubles shrank into insignificance as I learned more of the sorrows of the universe.

Sometimes I walked to work because I didn't have tram fare. Sometimes I walked for the sheer joy of striding along with the army of workers in the morning. It gave me a feeling of pride, and of "belonging."

Strangely enough, my resolution worked, too.

My philosophy was very simple, really. Why worry about the future when I had survived the past—so fraught with uncertainty at the time? "But don't you save for a rainy day?" say my friends.

Just what is a "rainy day"? What if I do not have enough money to eat?

Well, I shall go until I fall down and then someone will pick me up. Will I die because I find myself without a roof over my head one day? Of course not.

That was my philosophy then—hard and bitter as it may seem.

These thoughts are important, because they have made me superior to my material world, but they are unnecessary now.

Now I am a few years older. I am so much a part of the business world that no other life has any meaning for me.

I look at myself a little more carefully in the mirror to-day. My appearance is important to me—not because of any beauty I possess, but because it is a distinct business asset.

Have I any wrinkles yet? A sudden panic grips me when I find a grey hair. If I were married I could dismiss it with a smile, but now I think, will it affect my earning capacity? Should I wear more youthful clothes, or does dignity suit me better?

Then I remember my resolution, born of despair and disillusionment. I relax. I laugh at Life.

This DIVORCEE SAYS:

MORE than anything else, divorce is expensive in the matter of ego. It robs you of your self-confidence.

No matter what the cause, you feel that you are a failure. It is this thought that shatters your courage.

Overcoming this is without doubt the biggest battle you have to fight when you go back into the business world.

free COMPLETE HOME DRESSMAKING COURSE

You can have more frocks for less money with this new Bebarfald BlueBird Sewing Machine because it is complete with a dressmaking course in book form, fully illustrated and containing nearly 300 lessons. In addition, each purchaser receives free Hollywood patterns to their own individual measurements. Post coupon now for full particulars of this amazing offer.

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Leland Thorne, Crack Agent of the Department of Justice, is the man on whose shoulders rests the tremendous responsibility of smashing the International Crime Syndicate. But who are the heads of the Crime Syndicate? That is the problem that confronts him in this thrilling story.

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DRAMA — THRILLS — MYSTERY

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celebrates Market Street's historic role in the history of Sydney Retailing with one month of

Value-giving Unprecedented

Business people of Market Street, as they were in 1840, when Joseph Farmer opened his first emporium. . . . Even then, (by the enterprise of those merchants whose foresight convinced them of the busy little street's great trading future) an established thoroughfare of the ever-growing city's most concentrated merchandising quarter.

5/11 "BEANIE" CAP AT 2/11

You toss one nonchalantly on the back of your head and are ready for skating, walking, country week-ends or business. Rust, brown, green, black and navy at their best in berlei-knit.

From Millinery — Third Floor

BEAUTY SAVINGS

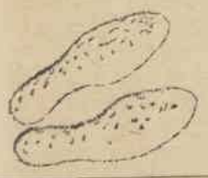
New prices for famous "Peggy Sage" beauty products. Hand lotion and hand-massage cream, us. 10/6, now 7/6. Nail polish, us. 10/6, now 5/6. Lower than ever!

Beauty Aids — Ground Floor

CHARNAUX CORSETS

The wonder lighter-skin "Charnaux" corsets, ever the sleekest foundation for sub-debs and their mothers, are marked down to a marvellous new low-price

Corset Salon — Fourth Floor



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Put a pair of these lambswool insoles in your slippers or shoes and you'll seem to be walking on air. All sizes for men and women. Luxurious comfort, just 1/3 pair.

Haberdashery — Ground Floor

"LADYE JAYNE" CAP

A slumber cap that gently but firmly keeps your every wave in place. Really fine lace, with self-coloured ribbons. Pink, blue, green —and you can wash them. 4/11.

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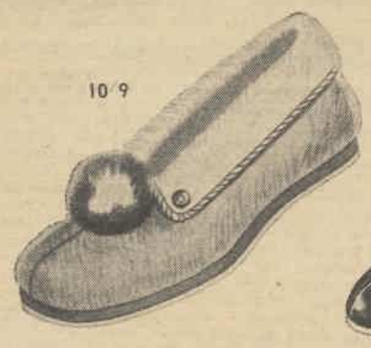

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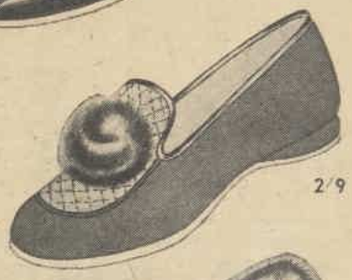

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Felt, roll-collar bootee by "Jaeger". Plain fawn, red, blue, pink. Also in two check designs. Full sizes, 2-7, 10/9.

Blue, black, green or rose nevis seam-to-toe high-cut court. Warm felt lining. Half sizes, 2 to 7, 11/9.

Felt albert with matching quilted satin mocassin front and uncrushable pom. Blue, black, red. 2 to 7, 2/9.

Seam-to-toe. Red, blue, black, brown nevis in full sizes. 2 to 7, 7/11. Or in blue, black, fawn, rose felt, 4/11.

Special stocks for mail orders, 3rd Floor

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Icebergers' towels

for an early-morn' dip

Tough customers that soak up water with remarkable ease—hardy acquisitions for those who brave the waves round about 6 a.m. these mornings. Blue or green in a design that suggests coldness, but the towel itself radiates warmth. In a very handy size, 24 x 48 inches. And they are yours for just **3/11**

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MODERN medicines have to keep pace with modern conditions. Success is dependent upon SAFE, SOOTHING, INSTANT ACTION. 'ASPRO' responds to every test of science, and every demand of the public. Its good effects are felt almost instantaneously because it goes to the root of the trouble, dispelling both cause and symptoms at one and the same time. Furthermore, it has been proved that 'ASPRO' does not harm the heart nor create nausea and gastric upset. 'ASPRO' works in exactly the opposite way to the old doping and drugging medicines. It is extracted and built up from natural products — it prepares the way for Nature—the greatest power of creative healing in the world. With the present spread of Autumn colds it is wise to take precautions. Three 'ASPRO' tablets taken at first signs and two tablets every 3 hours with a hot lemon or other stimulating drink at bedtime will definitely smash up a Cold or 'Flu attack in one night because, after ingestion in the system, 'ASPRO' is a germicide, a fever-reducer and an internal antiseptic. Hence its great variety of uses.

'ASPRO'

Wards Off COLDS · FLU · RHEUMATISM

WORRIED ABOUT PNEUMONIA — DID NOT EVEN CATCH A COLD.

Post Office, Darra,
Via Brisbane,
Dear Sirs, 8/11/37.

I can never thank you enough for the benefit that 'ASPRO' has been to my family during the last few weeks of wet weather. My husband has had to work all day in the rain and every night he came home wet through and I was terribly worried about pneumonia. I gave him 'ASPRO' and a hot drink every night and the wonderful thing was he did not even catch a cold.

My daughter also started with a cold, but after giving her a dose of 'ASPRO' and a hot drink there was no trace of a cold next morning. I cannot speak too highly of 'ASPRO.'

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) Mrs. E. E. ADAMS.

Read this PROOF

WORKS CONTINUALLY IN A DRAUGHT — BUT DID NOT LOSE A DAY'S WORK.

"Airlie," East Bairnsdale,
Gippsland East,
Dear Sirs, 20/12/37.

As I live in the country and work every day in the year in the wet (being wet from knees to foot), I very often catch a cold, and a real cold at that, but on taking 'ASPRO' tablets I find that I can shake the Cold off with no ill effects. As I work in a tannery which is very draughty I think that your 'ASPRO' tablets can claim all the credit of me not losing a day in 1936 or 1937.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) F. ANDERSON.

"MY HUSBAND HAS STOPPED MANY A COLD."

9 Ridge Street, Merewether,
Newcastle, N.S.W.,
Dear Sirs,

I want to tell you what a wonderful medicine 'ASPRO' is to me. We always have it in the house here and my husband has stopped many a cold by taking the tablets. I suffer frequently from severe headaches and find that 2 to 3 tablets with a long drink of water gives me immediate relief.

I advise all my friends to take 'ASPRO' and have even sent some packets to a friend in England though I hear now that 'ASPRO' is sold all over the world.

(Sgd.) Mrs. G. LUTHREIN.

"WE KEEP 'ASPRO' READY FOR HEADACHES, COLDS and SORE THROATS."

44 Second Avenue,
Cheltenham, S.A.
Dear Sirs, 9/7/37.

It gives me great pleasure to testify to the value of 'ASPRO' tablets. I find they are wonderful for severe Headaches, Sore Throats and for the prevention of Colds and we always have 'ASPRO' in the house.

(Sgd.) D. M. RICHARDS.

PRICES:
3d., 1'3, 4'-
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
NICHOLAS LTD.

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Three 'ASPRO' tablets dissolved in half a glass of water make an excellent gargle for sore throats, tonsilitis and acts as a deterrent because of its germicidal qualities.

10E/38.

'ASPRO' Acts in the Shortest Time in the SAFEST WAY

A HAPPY informal study of Her Majesty the Queen during a visit to Queen Mary's Home For Children in London. Her cheery words to many of the youngsters will provide them with memories for years to come.

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

URANUS is a cranky planet that brings chaos to all signs of the zodiac. Taurians are now being inconvenienced by its nastiness.

ONE of the slowest planets in the solar system, Uranus takes about 84 years to complete its cycle through the 12 signs of the zodiac.

Uranus thus remains about seven years in each sign, and during its prolonged visit is apt to bring such chaotic and changeable conditions into the lives of individuals born under that particular sign that it becomes a rather unpopular guest.

At the present time Uranus is in course of transit across Taurus, so that it is upsetting or exciting the lives of all people born between April 21 and May 22.

These Taurus-born folk have, in fact, been "enjoying" the erratic conditions brought by the Uranian rays for some years past, and will continue to feel them for some years to come.

To those Taurians born during the last third of April it probably brought rather upsetting or difficult conditions during the years 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, and perhaps early 1938.

People born during the first third of May, however, are more likely to experience upsets and a general instability in their affairs during 1938, 1939, and early 1940.

Those born between May 11 and May 22 can breathe easily for another year or two. However, they should plan to be prepared for surprising and sudden changes or difficulties in their affairs during the years 1940, 1941, and early 1942.

By such forethought they may be able to overcome their difficulties, or even succeed in turning them to good account in some way.

Be Prepared!

BUT there is no predicting exactly what will happen to Taurus-born folk during the years under consideration, for Uranus always works in a most peculiar way "Its wonders to perform."

It is apt to bring sudden journeys or removals; changes of an unexpected or unreliable nature; opportunities or promotions which cause surprise, and which perhaps prove worthless in the long run. It can also bring demotions or restrictions which prohibit progress in one way or another.

Sudden friendships can eventuate under its sway, and love affairs can take unconventional or extremely romantic turns.

In short, while the spirit of Uranus walks in the lives of those born under the sign Taurus, they would show wisdom by trying to be ready for that which is unexpected, surprising, peculiar, new or changeable.

Important changes should be attempted only after serious consideration, and if any doubt exists should be avoided. Yet such changes may often be forced upon such people in circumstances that make consideration impossible.

Opportunities for advancement can come about through both strangers and friends, and many hopes should be realised. Unexpected gains may swell the finances in a most desirable way, but, as unexpected losses are also possible, caution should preface all expenditure and extravagance or risk be avoided.

Many Taurus-born folk should see joy romantic or sudden love-affairs during their most strongly influence Uranian years, and many Taurus lovers will venture into marriage.

Boiled down, anything that befalls people born under Taurus will have about it an element of the surprising, sudden, speedy, changeable, exciting, unusual, undependable or romantic so that life, whatever difficulties or upsets it may bring, is hardly likely to be monotonous between the years 1934 and early 1942.

Still much unexpected good fortune is possible.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Just fair on May 6 and 7.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Live quietly on May 6 and 7, but be alert to your opportunities on May 8, 9 and 10 (morning). Be sure to begin some new ventures, make changes, or ask favors then. Be optimistic, seek promotion, work hard.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Just fair on May 3 and 10 (after noon).

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Small advancements possible on May 4 and 5. Work hard and attempt small changes.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Don't be tempted to make changes in your ordinary routine of life. Delays and difficulties likely this week.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): The stars favor you now, so try to start new and constructive ventures which can bring later success. Work hard on May 8, 9, and 10 (early) for best results.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Not spectacular. May 3 and 10 just fair.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Take no risks whatever, for disappointment, opposition, loss or estrangement is likely just now. May 6 and 7 may prove difficult days for unwary Scorpions. Routine best.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): May 6 and 7 just fair. May 8 and 9 poor.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Work hard for this week, for opportunities or enterprise can prove worth while. Make important changes or seek advancement of some kind on May 8, 9, and 10 (until noon only).

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Do not be venturesome. Obstacles and delays may beset you and cause annoyance. Make no important changes, especially on May 6 or 7. Routine best.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): May 4 and 5 quite fair for small changes.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

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Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, go to the rescue of
M. DUCHAMP: Eminent Parisian chemist, who, under the malign influence of
THE COBRA: Wizard of hypnosis and telepathy, has kidnapped
SUZETTE: His own lovely daughter, and taken her to the Cobra's secret lair in Tibet. Lothar is mortally wounded, and Mandrake agrees to place his powers at the Cobra's disposal in return for Lothar's life, provided that no harm comes to Suzette or her father. Lothar, however, since he had no part in the bargain, knocks out Igor, the Cobra's powerful servant, and then turns to the Cobra. NOW READ ON—

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Silvo, is equally splendid, too, for polishing Chromium and Glassware.

A Reckitt's Product — Made in Australia

SILVO
LIQUID SILVER POLISH

HALF-WAY HOUSE

Continued from Page 6

"I DON'T know anything," she said hurriedly, in a breathless and tumbling whisper. "I don't know what I'm saying. I'm—I'm upset. I don't know anything at all, do you hear? Oh, Bill, please . . ."

"Andrea," he said in a low voice. "What is it? Why don't you confide in me, let me help you? You're in trouble. Are you mixed up in this thing? Did you . . . kill him?"

She sprang away. "No! I tell you I don't know anything. Nothing at all. And if you're going to put me on the stand, I'll—I'll run away! I'll leave the State. I'll——"

He drew a long breath, relaxing. "Very well," he said quietly, "I know how to deal with such a situation. For your own good, Miss Gimball . . . I warn you. Do something rash, and I'll hound you to your dying day. I'm on the spot, and so are you; but Lucy is closest to a horrible fate. Stay put, and I'll be as easy with you as I can. Do you hear me?"

She did not reply; she was sobbing into the cushions of a divan. He regarded her for a long time, the muscles of his cheeks twitching; then he turned on his heel and went away.

* * *

When Ellery had gone though the transcript once, he deliberately took off his coat, lit a cigarette, and buried himself in the pages once more. In a mass of testimony one section stood out. The witness had been called in late afternoon. Ellery went over the testimony slowly, word by word, and his frown deepened as he read.

DIRECT EXAMINATION BY MR. POLLINGER

Q.: Your full name? A.: John Howard Collins.

Q.: You operate a gasoline filling station, Mr. Collins? A.: Yes.

Q.: And where is your filling station located? A.: I have my place on lower Lamberton Road, about six miles from Trenton. That's between Trenton and Camden. I mean it's closer to Trenton——

Q.: I point to a certain spot on this map, Mr. Collins. Is this about where your gasoline station lies?

A.: Just about. Yes, sir.

Q.: You know this section well? A.: Sure. Had my place on that spot for nine-ten years. Lived near Trenton all my life.

Q.: Then you know where the Marine Terminal is? Can you place it on this map? A.: Yes, sir. (Witness takes pointer and points to Marine Terminal on map.) Right here.

Q.: That's correct. Back on the stand, please. Now, Mr. Collins, how far from the Marine Terminal is your place of business? A.: Three miles.

Q.: Do you recall the evening of June first, this year, a little less than a month ago? A.: Yes, sir.

Q.: Clearly? A.: Yes, sir.

Q.: How is it that you recall that particular evening so clearly? A.: Well, a lot of things made me remember it. First place, it rained all afternoon and there was practically no business. Second place, I had an argument with my helper around half-past seven and fired him. Third place, I'd run low on gas late Friday night and called up the gas people first thing Saturday morning to send a truck out, special, right away. I didn't want to get caught low on Sunday. Truck didn't come, though, all day Saturday.

Q.: I see. Then all these things made you remember that day very clearly, Mr. Collins. Now, I show you State's Exhibit 17, a photograph of an automobile. Have you ever seen the car in this photograph? A.: Yes, sir. It drove up to my place that night at five after eight.

Q.: How do you know this photograph represents the identical car that drove up to your filling station at 8.05 p.m. June first? A.: Well, it's a Ford coupe, '32 model, and the one that drove up was, too. I wouldn't be able to swear it's the very same car, though, if I hadn't also took down the licence-number. And this picture here shows the same licence-plate.

Q.: You noted down the licence-plate number, Mr. Collins? Why did you do that? A.: Because there was something phoney-looking about the woman that drove it. I mean the Ford. I mean the woman was funny. She acted like she was scared of something. And then she was wearing a veil that hid her whole face. You don't see veils these days. I mean veils like that. It all looked so screwy to me I thought maybe I'd better not take any chances, so I took down her plate-number.

Q.: Tell the jury what happened when the veiled woman drove up. A.: Well, sir, I come running out of my office and I says to her: "Gas?" She nods her head. I says: "How many?" And so forth. So I pumped five gallons of gas into the car.

Q.: And what happened after you poured five gallons of gasoline into the Ford's tank, Mr. Collins? A.: She gave me a one-dollar bill and drove off without waiting for her change. Oh, yes, that's another thing that made me remember her.

Q.: In what direction did she drive off? A.: Towards that shack near the Marine Terminal where the murder was.

Q.: Mr. Collins, I show you State's Exhibit 43. Do you know what it is? A.: Yes, sir, that's the woman's veil found in the abandoned car in Philly which——

Q.: Where did you see it last? A.: On the face of the woman who drove up to my gas station that night.

Q.: Will the defendant please rise? Now, Mr. Collins, take a good look at the defendant. Have you ever seen her before? A.: Yes, sir.

Q.: Where, when, under what circumstances? A.: She was the one who drove up in the Ford that night for gas.

Q.: Mr. Collins, aside from the question of identification of the driver, you're positive that she drove the identical car as shown in Exhibit 17?. A.: Positive, sir.

Q.: You're also positive it drove up at 8.05 on the night of June the first for the good and sufficient reasons you gave? A.: Positive.

Q.: There was no one else in the car with the woman? A.: No, sir.

Q.: She was all alone? A.: Yes, sir.

Q.: And she wore this very veil I hold in my hand? A.: Yes, sir.

Q.: And, no matter from what direction she came, at least she did drive off towards Trenton? A.: Yes, sir.

Q.: You stood there and watched her drive off towards Trenton? A.: Till she was out of sight.

Mr. Pollinger: That's all, Mr. Collins.

* * *

Cross-examination by Mr. Angell.

Q.: You say the woman was all alone in the car, Collins? A.: That's what I said, sure. It's the truth.

Q.: This was a coupe, was it not, with a rumble seat in the rear? A.: Sure.

Q.: Was the rumble-seat open? A.: No. It was shut tight.

Q.: It was shut tight. Then it was possible for someone to have been hiding in the closed rumble-seat compartment without your suspecting it? You can't swear the woman was all alone in the car? A.: Well——

Mr. Pollinger: I object to both the form and substance of the question, Your Honor. Counsel is trying——

Mr. Angell: Now, now, let's not argue about it, Mr. Pollinger. I'm satisfied. That's all, Collins.

Witness excused.

"IT'S coming," muttered Bill to Ellery the next morning in court.

Jessica Borden Gimball sat on the leather-upholstered witness bench behind the prosecutor's table, her gloved hands folded. She was dressed in widow's black, unadorned by any ornaments. With her sallow pinched face, unrelieved by cosmetics, her hollow eye-sockets and dry skin, she almost gave the illusion of a woman aged by a hard and uncertain lower-class existence. Andrea sat beside her, pale as death.

"Philip Orleans to the stand."

Please turn to Page 38

OVER HER sand-brown woollen dress Madge Evans, M.-G.-M. player, wears a printed jacket combining red, tan, and yellow figures. Harmonising accessories complete her ensemble.

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

They learned the truth *too late!*

Health and Happiness Ruined by harsh Purgatives

Constant drugging with purgatives might be keeping you well *now*, but fairly soon those doses will have to get bigger, and more frequent. Each time you lift a spoon to your mouth, or take any harsh medicine or purgative you're hitting your intestinal muscles with a sledge-hammer blow. Your system can't stand it. Stop! — before it's too late.

An eminent authority gives you the Truth about Constipation

"You can be in a state of habitual constipation for years without being aware of any obvious signs of intestinal toxaemia; but eventually owing to the chronic irritation caused by the habitual use of harsh purgatives (together with the irritation produced by the constipation itself), the colon becomes damaged, and signs of intestinal toxaemia begin to appear. The sufferer now begins to feel extreme fatigue, much distress and almost constant weariness especially after the bowels act. In the treatment of such cases of ordinary chronic constipation, and (most important of all) its results, it is essential to get a great deal more 'bulk' into the diet. Bran is the best possible source of 'bulk'."

Your own doctor will agree, too. He'll tell you that common constipation is mostly the result of meals that lack sufficient "bulk" to exercise the intestines. The real answer is to get "bulk" back into your diet.

Constipation can be relieved naturally

Kellogg's All-Bran is an excellent source of "bulk". Within the bowel, the All-Bran forms a soft mass, absorbing just the right amount of moisture. Gently this exercises and strengthens intestinal muscles, and cleanses the system.

The natural bulk in All-Bran is often more effective in keeping you regular than the bulk in fruit and vegetables, as it does not break down within the body. All-Bran also supplies Vitamin B and Iron.

Doesn't it seem reasonable that you should get this "bulk" in the meals you eat? Isn't it better to regulate yourself by a natural food rather than by unnatural drugs?

You'll soon end sluggishness and rid yourself of those heavy headaches when you give your intestinal muscles the *natural exercise* they need — with Kellogg's All-Bran.

JUST LIKE A BREAKFAST CEREAL
Enjoy your Kellogg's All-Bran sprinkled over any other breakfast cereal or stewed fruit. Many people like All-Bran on its own with just milk and sugar. Two tablespoonsful of All-Bran are usually sufficient for anybody. If All-Bran is not effective you should see your doctor at once.

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TRIBUTE *to* *Mother's* DAY

Dr. Bainton to Conduct Choir of 600 at Town Hall Concert

As a tribute to Australian mothers, station 2GB has arranged for a choral concert at Sydney Town Hall this Sunday—Mother's Day.

Under the direction of Uncle Frank (Mr. Frank Grose), the programme will be broadcast, and one of the highlights will be the singing of a choir of six hundred voices under the baton of Dr. Bainton of the Conservatorium.

DR. EDGAR BAINTON, who will conduct a choir of 600 voices at the 2GB Mother's Day concert at Sydney Town Hall.

INAUGURATED five years ago, these concerts are one of the accepted features of the celebration of Mother's Day, and this year the concert promises to be the biggest ever attempted.

Incidentally, the Mother's Day broadcast is one of the unique broadcasts with which Uncle Frank is associated. The following Sunday he will conduct a service from the Cathedral Cave at Jenolan.

"This is unique, not only in radio, but in the world," says this director of unusual broadcasts. "Apart from the difficulties of such a broadcast, it is necessary to transport an organ and a choir to the cave.

"The awe-inspiring beauty of this great natural cathedral, not built by human hands, makes the service particularly solemn.

"The setting is marvellous, and the solemnity of the service, in such a setting, has to be witnessed to be appreciated. The singing rises clear and sweet, for it is another strange feature of this natural cathedral that it has marvellous acoustic properties."

These broadcasts in no way complete the tally of Mr. Grose's activities. He is as well known to the kiddies as he is to grown-ups, and throughout the schools and Sunday schools of New South Wales there are few children who do not know "Uncle Frank."

"For many years now," says Uncle Frank, "our Cheer-Up Session from 2GB has introduced to the 'mike' for the first time succeeding generations of young Australians gathered from all the school choirs of the State.

"In that session alone we have provided a wonderful incentive to the young people to take an interest in the performance of good music, and so are helping to encourage musical education, as well as spreading cheer to the older folk who find something helpful and inspiring in the fresh young voices."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS... from STATION 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier.

WEDNESDAY, May 4: 11.45 a.m., serial, "Pride and Prejudice," by Jane Austen. 2.45 p.m., The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, May 5: 11.45 a.m., Serial. 2.45 p.m., People in the Limelight.

FRIDAY, May 6: 11.45 a.m., Serial. 2.45 p.m., Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, May 7: 7.45 p.m., "Concert Under the Stars." 9.30 p.m., The Blue Hungarian Band and Turner Layton.

SUNDAY, May 8: 4.30 p.m., Celebrity Singer Recital, Ezio Pinza, 6.10 p.m., Herman Finck and his Orchestra, and Heddle Mach (vocalist).

MONDAY, May 9: 11.45 a.m., Serial. 2.45 p.m., Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, May 10: 11.45 a.m., Serial. 2.45 p.m., The Homemaker, Mrs. Eve Gye.

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ME56 ME57

Above—
ME55—Showing new neckline forming small V. Shaped bodice with soft gathering, long sleeves with shoulder slightly puffed, 5 gored skirt.

At Left—
ME57—Shirtmaker style with neat collar, shaped yoke, knife pleats on bodice, panel pleat in skirt with knife pleats.

At Further Left—
ME56—High Peter Pan collar, shoulder yoke with knife pleats, inverted pleat in front of skirt.

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Be your loveliest in this season's fashions. Remember, fashion's figure-line is a MisSimplicity, created by Gossard.

The Gossard "Pendulift". This popular, corrective uplift brassiere brings control and beauty to the pendulous bust. An elastic binding at top and down the centre front, separates the breasts. Model 8095, illustrated here, is of plain batiste and lace.

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EYE CULTURE can remove pain, discomfort, and strain, giving relief within a very short time, soon followed by actual improvement in the vision.

GLASSES MERELY RELIEVE THE SYMPTOMS, and the longer they are worn, the weaker do the eyes become. This is proved by the number of times glasses have to be changed, each time stronger lenses being supplied.

EYE CULTURE is a natural scientific means whereby, first of all, strain and congestion (the initial cause of eye troubles) are removed, and then, the weakened muscles are strengthened until the eyes regain their tone and normal sight is restored, enabling glasses to be dispensed with altogether.

HERE IS AN EXTRACT FROM A REPORT JUST RECEIVED.

"I am very satisfied with the results already achieved with Eye Culture. I feel no discomfort and have actually discarded my street glasses already. In fact, I even feel an improvement in my Cataract eye." This is wonderful after only a few weeks.

Call and see me personally . . . Consultation is Free, or send a 2d stamped addressed envelope, giving particulars of your eye trouble, to:—Eye Culture, No. 1 St. James Buildings, 107 Elizabeth St., SYDNEY, N.S.W. Tel., MA3167.

EYE CULTURE

HALF-WAY HOUSE

Continued from Page 36

THE murmur that rose stilled like a subsiding wave. Every face was taut; even Judge Menander looked graver than usual. A tall, thin man with the bony head and brilliant eyes of an ascetic took the stand quietly after being sworn in. Bill leaned forward, cupping his chin on one hand. He was as pale as Andrea.

Behind him, on the witness bench, Ellery stirred a little and sank lower into the cushions. His eyes were on Pollinger, the keystone.

Pollinger was superb. There was no hint of anything unusual in his manner. If anything, he was cooler and calmer than ever.

"Mr. Orleans, you are a citizen of the Republic of France?"

"I am." The tall thin man spoke nasally, with the suggestion of a Gallic accent. But his voice was cultured and assured.

"What is your official capacity in your own country?"

"I am of the Parisian Surete. I hold what corresponds to your portfolio of Chief of the Bureau of Criminal Identification in this country."

Ellery saw Bill stiffen with horrified recognition. He found himself sitting straighter on the bench. He had not for a moment connected the name with the man. But now it came back to him. Orleans was one of the most famous names in the annals of modern criminological history—a man of international reputation, of unimpeachable honesty, with decorations for services rendered from a dozen governments.

"YOU qualify, then, as an expert in criminal identification?"

The Frenchman smiled a little. "I shall be honored to relate to your court my credentials, Monsieur."

Bill was on his feet, pale but steady. "The defence grants the qualifications of the expert. We shall not challenge."

The corner of Pollinger's mouth lifted to the height of a millimetre. It was the only sign of triumph he made. He walked over to the exhibit-table and picked up the paper-cutter found on the scene of the crime. A tag was attached to the haft, and its blade still showed dark streaky traces of Gimball's blood. It was wonderful how cautious Pollinger was in handling the thing.

"By the way, Mr. Orleans," murmured Pollinger, "will you please explain for the benefit of defence counsel and the jury how you came to be a witness in this case?"

Bill's eyes, like all others, were rooted on the knife; his skin had turned from grey to yellow. Lucy was staring at the blade with parted lips.

"Since May twentieth," replied the Frenchman, "I have been touring your police departments. On June second I chanced to be in Philadelphia. I was visited by Chief De Jong of your city and asked for my opinion, as an expert, concerning certain evidence in this case. I was given several objects to examine. I am here to testify."

Pollinger stepped forward. Suddenly he brandished the paper-cutter before the expert. "Mr. Orleans, I show you State's Exhibit 5. Is this one of the objects which you examined?"

"It is."

"May I ask the exact nature of your examination?"

Orleans smiled faintly, his teeth gleaming. "I tested for fingerprints."

"And you found?"

The man had a flair for drama. He did not reply at once. His brilliant eyes coolly surveyed the courtroom. Under the chandelier the skin of his bony forehead shone. The room was very still.

"I found," he said at last in a clear, motionless voice, "the fingerprints of two persons. Let me designate them momentarily as A and B. There were more of A's prints than of B's. The exact number is as follows." He consulted a memorandum. "Of A on the blade of the knife: One print of the pollex, two of the index, two of the medius, two of the annularis, one of the auricularis. Of A on the haft: One pollex, one index, one medius. Of B on the blade: One pollex, one index, one medius. Of B on the haft: One index, one medius, one annularis, one auricularis."

"Let us confine ourselves to B, Mr. Orleans," said Pollinger. "In what position did you find B's prints on the haft of the knife? Were the prints scattered, or were they in any order?"

"Will you hold the knife up, please?" Pollinger did so, in such a way that the weapon was vertical to the floor, the haft uppermost. "B's prints on the haft ranged from top to bottom in the order I have given: index highest, medius directly below index, annularis below medius, auricularis below annularis. They were all grouped very closely."

"Were these all clear fingerprints? There is no possibility of their having been misread, so to speak?"

The Frenchman frowned. "The specific prints I have designated were clear enough. However, there were many indications of smudges which were unreadable."

"Not on the haft?" asked the prosecutor hastily.

"Chiefly on the haft."

"However, there is no possible doubt concerning the clear prints you have named belonging to B?"

"None whatever."

"There are no other prints overlapping those prints of B's on the haft?"

"No. There is a slight smudge here and there. But the prints are not covered with other prints."

Pollinger's eyes were narrow. He went to the exhibit-table and picked up two little folders. "I show you now State's Exhibit 10, the fingerprints taken from the dead hands of Joseph Kent Gimball, otherwise known as Joseph Wilson. Did you employ this set of fingerprints for comparison purposes in analysing the prints on the weapon?"

"I did."

"Will you please clarify your findings for the jury as regards these arbitrary classifications of the two sets of prints on the knife as A and B?"

"The prints I have designated as A are the prints of your Exhibit 10."

"In other words, A's prints were Joseph Kent Gimball's prints?"

"That is so."

"Would you care to explain in greater detail?"

"There is this to say. On both haft and blade of the knife appear prints of the fingers of both Gimball's hands."

Pollinger paused. Then he said: "I now show you, Mr. Orleans, State's Exhibit 11. Will you follow the same procedure as regards this exhibit?"

Orleans said evenly: "The prints I have designated as B are identical with those recorded in State's Exhibit 11."

"Any clarification?"

"Yes. B's prints on the blade come from the left hand. B's prints on the haft come from the right hand."

"May I ask you to read for the benefit of the jury the caption on State's Exhibit 11?" Orleans took the little folder from Pollinger's hand. He read quietly: "State's Exhibit 11. Fingerprint recording. Lucy Wilson."

Pollinger walked away, saying between his teeth: "You may examine, counsel."

ELLERY sat unmoving as Bill Angell placed his palms on the surface of the round table, pushed in a tired way, and rose. He looked like a dead man. Before he left the table he turned and smiled down at his sister, who seemed turned to stone. The smile was so grotesque, so courageous, so mechanical, that Ellery averted his eyes.

Then Bill walked to the witness-box and said: "Mr. Orleans, there is no reservation in the minds of the defence regarding your authority as a fingerprint expert. We appreciate your unselfish services in the interests of truth. For that reason——"

"I object," said Pollinger coldly, "to counsel's making a speech."

Judge Menander cleared his throat. "I suggest that you proceed with your cross-examination, counsel."

"I mean to do so at once, Your Honor. Mr. Orleans, you have testified that Lucy Wilson's fingerprints appear on the knife with which Joseph Kent Wilson was murdered. You have also testified that on the knife there were many indications of smudged prints which were unreadable, have you not?"

"That is not quite what I said, sir," replied Orleans courteously. "I said there were many indications of smudges."

"Not smudges such as might have been made by fingers?"

"The smudges were unreadable. They could not have been made by naked fingers."

"But they could have been made by fingers encased in some manufactured substance?"

"Conceivably."

"Such as fingers encased in gloves?"

"It is possible."

Pollinger looked angry; a little color seeped back into Bill's cheeks. "You also testified, Mr. Orleans, that most of these smudges were on the haft?"

"Yes."

"It is by the haft that a person wishing to wield a knife in the normal manner will grasp it?"

"Yes."

"Were these smudges on the haft in the shape of finger-tips?"

"They were not. They were blurring marks in irregular shapes."

"Such as might have occurred if a gloved hand grasped the haft?"

"I say again: it is possible."

"And these smudges are over Lucy Wilson's prints?"

"Yes."

"Indicating that someone handled that haft after she did?"

The Frenchman showed his teeth again. "I cannot say that, sir. The smudges may have been caused by no human agency. If the knife had been wrapped loosely in tissue, for example, and placed in a box, and the box had received a shaking, the smudging may have so occurred."

Bill paced up and down. "You have also testified, Mr. Orleans, that Lucy Wilson's prints on the haft were so grouped as to suggest she grasped the knife for a blow. Don't you believe that pushes forward an unwarrantable conclusion?"

Orleans frowned. "I beg your pardon?"

"Might not a person pick up a knife merely to examine it and still leave such prints grouped as you found them?"

"Oh, naturally. I was merely exemplifying the nature of the grouping."

Please turn to Page 40

PREVENT many COLDS

IT is so easy to prevent many colds —if you heed Nature's first warning sneeze. Doctors and nurses recommend this new way. Simply put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril.

Helps Nature's Defences

Swiftly the drops spread through the hidden passages where colds begin. Their tingling medication stimulates Nature to throw off the threatening cold, banishes the sneezy, irritated feeling almost instantly.

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Even when a head-cold or nasal catarrh has stopped up your nose, Va-tro-nol clears away mucus, shrinks swollen membranes, helps to drain the sinuses, makes every breath cool and delightful.

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/6.

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 69 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.***

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What Women Are Doing

Life Of Travel

SIX years ago, Miss S. Winifred Paynter, an honors graduate in modern languages at Oxford, elected to lead a life of travel.

Since then she has leisurely roamed through Europe, North, South and Central America, Egypt, Syria, Palestine, and the East.

Now she is discovering Australia and proposes to spend several months in each capital and to visit the interior before continuing her travels to New Zealand and Tasmania in two years' time. Miss Paynter has given numerous broadcasts and travel lectures since her arrival in Australia. She is a member of the Overseas League.

✦ ✦ ✦

They Are All Keen Athletes

MISS PHYLLIS MITCHELL, of Brisbane, has been captain of the Kelvin Grove Athletic Club, Brisbane, for the past 10 years.

Miss Mitchell —Poulsen.

Members meet every week for Swedish and plain drill, ball games, and club swinging. Other sports played include swimming, vigoro, basketball, and hockey. Members all belong to the Queensland Ladies' Vigoro Association, and the Queensland Amateur Athletic Association.

Miss Mitchell is vice-captain of the vigoro team, and her team for six years won the premiership. The Jeusenesse Cup for Athletics for interclub play was won by Kelvin Grove members last year.

Miss Mitchell assists with the physical culture lessons, and also helps organise competitive games.

✦ ✦ ✦

Distinguished Physician Holds Important Post

DR. NANNA SVARZ, the first woman University professor in Sweden, has been appointed Professor of the Faculty of Medicine of Stockholm University. In that capacity she will hold the responsible position of head of the Serafimer Hospital, a State institution.

Dr. Svarz has made a name for herself as a distinguished physician and lecturer on medical subjects.

✦ ✦ ✦

Tiny Tots' Percussion Bands Dear to Her Heart

A YOUNG Queenslander, well known in Brisbane musical world, is Miss Louise Grimes, who graduated at Adelaide University as a Bachelor of Music. She is the first and only woman in Queensland to hold a degree in music.

Miss Grimes. —Noel Maitland.

As mistress at the Windsor School she has in her care over 1100 children. The school is particularly proud of its fine boys' choir, and Miss Grimes finds in this choir one of her chief interests, though the percussion bands of tiny tots are also dear to her heart. Miss Grimes considers the school orchestra of nearly 30 players an achievement for a primary school.

Miss Grimes is a member of the music sub-committee appointed by the Education Department to prepare broadcasts to schools.

An important position to which she has recently been appointed is that of lecturer in music at the Teachers' Training College during the absence of Mr. C. Hall, who is at present abroad.

In addition to her musical activities, Miss Grimes is a keen golfer, though she says her hobby is "books." At present she is doing an Arts course at the Queensland University.

Students Form Union

TO facilitate study and leisure, trainees of the South Australian Board of Social Study and Training have formed a Students' Union.

A clubroom and library has been made available in the Masonic Chambers and students are now busily engaged in raising funds to furnish it.

Miss Margaret Mengerson has been appointed president of the Union, and Miss Anne Stanton is secretary and treasurer. Miss Mengerson, who is a second year Social Service student, is well known in University sporting circles, and Miss Stanton is secretary of the Y.W.C.A.

She is Interested in Japanese Art

WITH the beginning of the second school term this year, Miss Mary Bell, a young Adelaide artist, will attend the Tusmore private school in the capacity of art teacher. When she was in Japan a short while ago she saw several exhibitions of Japanese art, and was delighted at a visit to a Japanese school at which the art mistress (through an interpreter) explained the method by which she taught her pupils.

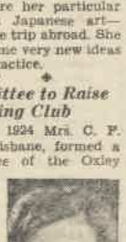
The teacher gave Miss Bell some highly-interesting examples of the children's work, and in return Miss Bell will send some Australian work for the Japanese children to see.

Miss Bell has studied for some time at the North Adelaide School of Fine Arts, where her particular interest has been Japanese art—which prompted the trip abroad. She is hoping to put some very new ideas in teaching into practice.

✦ ✦ ✦

Formed Committee to Raise Funds for Sailing Club

AS far back as 1924 Mrs. C. F. Hughes, of Brisbane, formed a women's committee of the Oxley Sailing Club, Brisbane, and this committee still has many of its foundation members.



Mrs. Hughes. —Poulsen.

Their object to raise funds for club races. All manner of organising has to be done, and entertainments arranged, most of this work being supervised by Mrs. Hughes.

Every Saturday afternoon during the sailing season the club holds races. The pretty reaches of the Brisbane River, from Indooroopilly to Yeronga, form the course. A flagship follows the races, and the women's committee serves afternoon tea. The club has an annual dance in May, when trophies won during the year are presented.

Mrs. Hughes is also interested in the Graceville Junior Red Cross circle, of which her daughter, Muriel, is honorary treasurer.

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Youthful Violinist Heard Over the Air

WITH numerous concert and broadcasting performances to her credit Miss Joan Kneebone is rapidly winning a place for herself among talented young violinists in South Australia. She was recently heard in her first solo recital through Station 5CL, Adelaide, and has contributed to six matinee broadcasts from that station during the past six months.

Miss Kneebone's name has also been listed among the performers at each of the students' concerts since she entered the Elder Conservatorium two years ago as a pupil of Mr. Arved Kurtz.

After winning a scholarship to the S.A. School of Arts and Crafts, where she studied vocational guidance, Miss Kneebone was awarded the Alderman Scholarship, entitling her to three years at the Conservatorium. She hopes to complete her A.M.U.A. diploma this year.

✦ ✦ ✦

New Post For Women in Commercial Aviation

YET another post in connection with commercial aviation has been opened to women in the United States. It is that of an "airline nutritionist."

Miss Gertrude McMullen, who fills the post, is in charge of planning meals for 1000 passengers a day.

She Manages Housing Estates in Great Britain

MISS HELEN ROBERTSON, who passed through Melbourne recently, is a member of the Society of Woman Housing Estate Managers of London. She has managed housing estates in Glasgow, Chester and London.

She is a graduate of a school of social science in England, and holds diplomas of the Royal Sanitary Institute of London, and of the College of Estate Management.

A number of those who hold positions as estate managers qualify, Miss Robertson said, by taking the woman house property manager's certificate of the Chartered Surveyors' Institution, but every one has professional training, and must acquire technical skill.

The position of woman estate manager is a popular one in England, where not only municipalities engaged in rehousing slum dwellers, but public utility housing societies and private companies are employing their services. The practice in many centres in England is for the manager to interview applicants for new houses, to visit them in the old home, arrange for the removal and for the fumigation of furniture and then to help the tenants to adjust themselves to the new life.

✦ ✦ ✦

New Dramatic Club Established in Melbourne

THE Austral Salon, Melbourne, which was founded several years ago, mainly to foster art, music, painting and dramatic works, has now formed a dramatic club. Several old Salon plays will be revived, and at the first reading on the evening of May 13 the late Sir Arthur Pinero's "Dandy Dick" will be presented.

Mrs. Dudley Dyson and Miss Alba Zacutti, both members of long standing, are chiefly responsible for the establishment of this new club. Mrs. Dyson, who is the widow of the late Maurice Dudley, of radio fame, is herself well known over the air, and she and Miss Zacutti were the first members of the Salon to broadcast.

✦ ✦ ✦

Presented Sunroom to City Creche

A CHARMING sunroom has been presented to the Melbourne City Crechie by the "Doodlers," an auxiliary of nine young people which was formed last August. Since then they have presented an ice-chest to the creche, as well as working to raise funds for the new addition.

Mrs. Turnbull —Broothorn.

The sunroom is movable, so that if ever the creche goes to other premises it can be taken along, too. The cost of the room was £75, which included the building and furnishing.

The "Doodlers" did a great deal of the work themselves, making toys, furnishings, and fascinating nursery curtains. Three of the members, Mrs. N. J. S. Turnbull, who is honorary secretary of the auxiliary, and Misses Margot and Nan Lewis, kalsomined and painted the room, stained the floor, and lacquered the furniture. The Lewis sisters also designed and painted the artistic frieze.

Now that the work is completed these nine young people hope to do still more if their friends continue to support them.

The creche is appealing for clothes for the tiny tots, and will be grateful for any gifts.

Song at Musical Festivals All Over England

THAT distinguished artist, Margaret Jewell, is to sing at the Liedertafel concert in the Melbourne Town Hall on May 11. The programme will include many English numbers, and will, says Miss Jewell, be like old times. She has toured all over England singing at just such musical festivals.

Miss Jewell —Broothorn.

England claimed her for many years, and she was one of the first Australians to broadcast from the B.B.C. During Melbourne's Centenary celebrations in 1934 she took part in the historic broadcast from the Empire Station to Australia, and another well-known Australian played her accompaniment. She was Miss Anne Williams, who has taught and been a friend to so many Australian singers in England.

Miss Jewell, who was well known over the air in England, is now becoming known in her native land. Since her return to Australia she has broadcast for the A.B.C. in Melbourne, and during her recent two months' trip to New South Wales she found time to give a programme from 2FC, Sydney.

✦ ✦ ✦

Lent Chinese Treasures For Exhibition in N.Z.

MRS. RUTHERSTON, wife of the well-known art collector, Mr. Charles Rutherston, of Farnham, Surrey, England, is on a visit to Australia, where she hopes to see the sailing ship Tingira, of which her father was captain many years ago. The ship is now lying in Sydney Harbor.

After spending some time in this country, Mrs. Rutherston will go on to New Zealand, where her brother, Mr. Noel Elmslie, C.M.G., was Trade Commissioner about 12 years ago. His headquarters were in Wellington, but it is to Auckland, Mrs. Rutherston will go, as 50 priceless pieces of her late husband's collection of Chinese jade, bronzes and pottery have been on exhibition there at the Auckland Memorial Museum for the past two years.

Upon his death, Mr. Rutherston willed his famous collection of pictures to the City of Manchester to form an educational collection of art for lending to schools.

Two of Her Relatives Were Governors of Victoria

MISS FRANCES HOTHAM, an English society woman, has arrived in Australia under engagement to J. C. Williamson to give travel talks of a light, entertaining nature, illustrated with color films and lantern slides from photographs she has taken herself in all corners of the globe.

Beginning her lectures in Melbourne, Miss Hotham will later go on to the other capital cities and also New Zealand, before going to South Africa to gather fresh material for her talks. She spent much time in China, where the home-life of the people, and the ancient temples, attracted her.

A member of a well-known family of the Isle of Wight, two relatives of Miss Hotham have been Governors of Victoria at various times. The first was Sir Charles Hotham, who died in Melbourne in 1855. The Earl of Stradbroke, a cousin of her mother, was Governor from 1921 until 1926. Miss Hotham arrived by the Strathallan on its maiden voyage to Australia.

✦ ✦ ✦

Three Young Women Lawyers Admitted to Bar

THREE young Adelaide women who obtained their Law degrees at the Adelaide University on Commemoration Day at the end of last year were admitted to the Bar at the Supreme Court, Adelaide, recently. They are Misses Joan Atkins and Nancy Newland, and Mrs. J. Wight. Mrs. Wight was, before her marriage, Miss Marjorie Barnes, and on Commemoration Day last year, besides having her Bachelor of Laws degree conferred on her, was married to Mr. Jim Wight, of Whyalla.

✦ ✦ ✦

Carried Off Many Academic Honors

SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD Miss Anneliese Kohler has just completed a brilliant course at the Catholic Ladies' College, East Melbourne. She gained a resident Newman scholarship, the exhibition in German, and ... st-class honors in French.

Miss Kohler.

Miss Kohler, who is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Kohler, is now at the Melbourne University, and is doing an Arts course.

What Sufferers from

INDIGESTION

really want to know

If you are a constant sufferer from digestive pains, if heartburn, wind, acidity and griping pains tell you of serious digestive disorder, the one thing you ask is: "How can I get quick relief?"

De Witt's Antacid Powder gives relief from the very first dose because it overcomes the cause of your pain—excess acid in the stomach. It soothes and strengthens the whole digestive system. You can enjoy your meals without any painful after-effects. The food you eat is easily absorbed into the system to create new physical strength and vitality.

No matter how serious your digestive trouble, De Witt's Antacid Powder will overcome it, because:—

1. On entering the stomach it neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain and flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.
2. It spreads a soothing and protective coating of colloidal kaolin over the inflamed stomach walls, keeping the biting gastric acid from the inflammation, and so the stomach regains its proper state of health while allowing the ordinary processes of digestion to go on.
3. Another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.
4. It tones up the stomach. It ends acidity—thus there is no need for you to keep on taking medicines. You enjoy your food, are ready for mealtimes and happily comfortable afterwards.

Stop living in pain and the danger caused by Indigestion. Go to your Chemist to-day. Ask for and see that you get—

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

The most economical and successful Indigestion Remedy

Of all Chemists and Storekeepers, in sky-blue canister, price 2/6.

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LIGHT FAIR-HAIRED

Girls Have 47% More Sex-Appeal Than Dark "Fairs"

RECENT scientific tests made show that light fair-haired girls have 47% more sex-appeal than dark "fairs." But how many fair-haired girls know how to keep their hair beautifully light—prevent its going dark.

Dark hair is coarse and strong; fair hair, fine and delicate. Yet every day some fair-haired girls use ordinary soap or soapless (soap substitute) shampoos. No wonder the lovely lights in their hair darken! What they need is Sta-blond, the shampoo made specially for fair hair. It not only prevents light fair hair from darkening but washes darkened hair two to four shades lighter—gives it the golden beauty of childhood. No other dye-less shampoo does this.

Sta-blond contains "Vitaf," the amazing Hair-Vitamin which Nature puts in all fair hair and which ordinary shampoos wash away. That's why Sta-blond not only prevents brittleness and dandruff, but makes the hair and scalp gloriously soft and supple. If you want a bleach, *don't* buy Sta-blond; but if you want to keep your hair lovely and light as Nature intended, it's the only shampoo to use. Try it just once—try it today! Now Sta-blond contains enough for two shampoos.

CONTAINS NO DYES OR INJURIOUS BLEACHES

STAY FAIR WITH STA-BLOND

30 Gallons of Blood

Terrific Daily Strain on Kidneys

Every day your kidneys filter 260 pints (over 30 gallons) of blood to separate 2 pints of urine, and when kidneys and bladder weaken, you get backache, "getting up" nights, and aches and pains in head, limbs, and body.

If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Dr. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS from your chemist. Take one or two Menthoids with a drink before and after your meals, to strengthen your kidneys and bladder, cleanse your blood stream, and banish Rheumatism, Arthritis, Lumbago, Neuritis

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

Attacks Heart of Victims

Thousands now realise that symptoms of High Blood Pressure are Dizziness after Bending, Flushes of Blood, Headaches at top and back of Head, Head Noises, Shortness of Breath, Depression and Irritability, Insomnia, Loss of Vitality.

Your heart and kidneys expend vital energy in performing their work, and must have an ample, regular supply of rich, healthy blood. Menthoids ensure this important function.

Uric acid crystals and other impurities are driven from the blood stream quickly, safely, and thoroughly by Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

Banished from England — 12 Years' Suffering Ended

"I was a sufferer from serious kidney and bladder trouble for many years in England and was told by doctors to go to Australia. During 12 years' residence in Sydney I have had to go to the Coast Hospital for 2 months each year for special medical treatment, which gave me considerable pain and entailed much expense. After a course of Menthoids my kidneys and bladder are quite healthy and the weakness has gone. I feel like a young man again, and full of vitality."—T.H.D.

Men and Women Get New Vitality

Medical Authorities state that 85% of men and women approaching middle age and past middle age are terribly handicapped by Blood Pressure or Kidney and Bladder weakness. Thousands now enjoy amazing new energy and happiness after taking Menthoids. Don't suffer the breakdown of oncoming age. Menthoids will cleanse your system, tone up your whole body and make you feel young again.

WATCH FOR THESE SYMPTOMS

Flushes to Head,
Kidney and Bladder weakness.
Heart Pains.
Swollen Fingers and Joints.
Swellings under eyes.
Dizziness—Head Noises.
Sleeplessness.
Shortness of Breath.
Muscular Pains.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are safe for the most delicate patients, for their pure herbal ingredients do not depress the heart. Get Menthoids to-day from your nearest chemist. Instantly you will feel wonderful improvement. Each day you will feel new health and vigour return . . . a short treatment will put many years on to your life.

FREE Diet Chart — Every flask of MENTHOIDS contains the valuable diet chart which will help you. Be sure you get genuine MENTHOIDS . . . refuse substitutes of this valuable herbal medicine.

12 Day Treatment.	Month's Treatment.
3/6	6/6

FROM YOUR NEAREST CHEMIST

MENTHOIDS

HALF-WAY HOUSE

Continued from Page 38

"THEN you cannot, as an expert, certainly say that Lucy Wilson used that knife for lethal purposes?"

"But of course I cannot. My concern is with the fact, sir. The fact you cannot change. The interpretation——" He shrugged.

As Bill walked away Pollinger leaped to his feet, "Mr. Orleans, you found Lucy Wilson's prints on this knife?"

"Yes."

"You have sat in this courtroom and heard it testified that the knife was purchased only the day before the crime by the victim himself, that it was found not in his Philadelphia home but in the shack in which he was murdered, in its original wrappings, with a gift card made out in the hand not of Lucy Wilson, but of the victim, with——?"

"Object!" stormed Bill. "Object! This is not proper——"

"That's all," said Pollinger with a quiet smile. "Thank you, Mr. Orleans. Your Honor," he paused and drew a deep breath, "the State rests."

Bill whirled and demanded a dismissal of the charges. But the testimony of the French fingerprint expert had completely changed the complexion of the case. Judge Menander refused.

* * *

Ella Amity found Ellery smoking thoughtfully on a bench behind the Old State House overlooking the placid river. Bill Angell patrolled the walk before the bench with a ceaseless and inhuman energy. The night sky was smoky with heat.

"So there you are," she said cheerfully, dropping beside Ellery. "Bill Angell, you'll wear your soles away. In this swelter, too! And I don't mind telling you that every news hawk in the world is looking for you. Eve of the defence, and what not . . . I suppose," she said suddenly, "I ought to shut up."

After a while Bill muttered: "It's going to be a fight, all right."

"You're putting Lucy on the stand?" asked Ellery quietly.

"Heavens, man, she's my only hope! I can't dig up a witness to support her movie alibi, nor one for the fingerprint business, so she's got to testify herself. Maybe she'll make a sympathetic witness." He dropped on to a bench opposite them and ruffled his hair. "If she doesn't, Heaven help us both."

"But, Bill," objected Ella, "aren't you being too pessimistic? I've pumped some of the legal talent floating around town, and they all think Pollinger's got a poor jury case. It is circumstantial evidence, after all. There's certainly enough reasonable doubt . . ."

Bill said patiently: "Pollinger's a crack prosecutor. And then public opinion . . ." He scowled.

"What about public opinion?" demanded the woman indignantly.

"Oh, you've been a trump, Ella. But you haven't the legal slant. You've no idea what harm was done by that insurance business."

ELLERY shifted on the bench. "The what?"

"Even before the case went to trial it leaked out that the National was withholding payment of the insurance to Lucy on grounds of suspicion that the beneficiary might have murdered the insured. Page one stuff. Old Hathaway made a speech about it to the reporters; he didn't put it quite that way, but the inference was plain."

"What's the defence, Bill?" asked Ellery.

"Lucy herself to explain the fingerprint mess, her alibi, so on. You to bring out discrepancies unaccounted for by the prosecution. You'll do that, of course, Ellery?" Bill asked suddenly.

"Dont be a greater ass than you can help, Bill."

"There's one angle you can be of service on, El. The match-stubs."

"Match-stubs?" Ellery blinked a little. "What about them? How?"

Bill jumped off the bench and began pacing again. "There's no question that those stubs prove the murderess smoked while lying in wait for Gimball. It will be easy for me to prove that Lucy doesn't smoke and never has. If I put you on the stand——"

"But, Bill," said Ellery slowly, "there is a question about that. A very large question. So large, in fact, that there's every logical indication that you're completely wrong."

Bill halted. "What's that? Not smoking?" He seemed bewildered; his eyes had sunk even deeper into his head.

Ellery sighed: "I went over that room with a fine comb, Bill. I found a large number of burnt match-stubs on the plate. All right; it's natural to think of smoking at once. But what are the facts?"

"Lesson Number One on how to be a detective," chuckled the red-haired woman; but she was watching Bill with anxiety.

"Smoking," frowned Ellery, "means tobacco. Tobacco means ashes and butts. What did I find? Not the minutest trace of ashes or butts, not the most fragmentary shred of tobacco, consumed or otherwise."

WHEN the jury retired after Judge Menander's charge, opinion among the initiated varied. Many thought that the verdict would come swiftly for acquittal. Others predicted a long session ending in a disagreement. Only a handful envisioned conviction.

Lucy, it is true, had made a poor witness. From the first, she was nervous, jumpy, scared. While Bill led her through her testimony she was quiet enough, answering readily, even smiling faintly at times. Through his sympathetic questions she told of her life with the man she had known as Joseph Wilson, his kindness to her, their love, a detailed account of their meeting, courtship, marriage, daily life.

Gradually Bill worked her around to the period just before the crime. She related how they had discussed buying something for Bill's birthday, how Wilson had promised to get something on Friday, the day before his death, in Wanamaker's, how he had brought the desk-set home with him that night and she had unwrapped it and examined it, and how he had taken the gift with him on leaving Saturday morning, promising to stop off and give it to Bill that very day. . . .

She was on the stand during direct examination for a day and a half, and by the time Bill had finished with her she had explained everything and denied all of the State's allegations. Then Pollinger sprang to the attack.

Pollinger assailed her story with consummate viciousness. His cross-examination was merciless; Bill was continuously on his feet shouting objections.

"Why haven't you told this story about how your fingerprints got on the paper-cutter before?" Pollinger snarled. "Answer me!"

"I—I—no one asked me."

"But you knew your fingerprints were on that knife, didn't you?"

"I didn't realise——"

"You do realise, though, don't you, what a bad impression you are making by suddenly pulling this flimsy explanation out of your bag of tricks—after you know how dark things look for you and have had an opportunity to talk things over with your counsel?"

The whole question was stricken out at Bill's enraged objections, but the blow had told. The jury were frowning. Lucy was wringing her hands.

"You have also testified," snapped Pollinger, "that your husband promised to stop in at your brother's office that Saturday morning and hand over this gift, haven't you?"

"Yes. Yes."

"But he didn't, did he? The gift was found in its original wrappings in that isolated shack miles from Philadelphia, wasn't it?"

"I . . . He must have forgotten. He must have——"

"Don't you realise, Mrs. Wilson, that it's quite obvious to everyone here that you lied about that gift? That you never did see it at your own home? That you first saw it at the shack——"

By the time Pollinger was through with her, despite all Bill could do to have accusatory questions stricken out, Lucy was completely unstrung, weeping, at times flaring into anger, and constantly—through the traps of pure language Pollinger set—contradicting her own testimony. The man was very clever about it; his ferocity was all on the surface, a calculated emotion nicely adjusted to the instability of the witness. Beneath he was as cool and relentless as a machine.

It was necessary to recess until Lucy could recover from hysteria.

Bill grinned doggedly at the jury and plunged ahead with the defence.

He summoned witness after witness—neighbors, friends, tradespeople—to corroborate Lucy's claim of untroubled felicity with the dead man until the very eve of his death. All testified that there never had been a suspicion in their minds concerning Wilson's double life, that Lucy had never evinced the slightest sign of knowledge. He called several witnesses to testify to Lucy's unfailing habit of attending a motion picture show in town on Saturday nights when her husband was presumably away on a "sales trip." He established through friends and clerks in apparel shops she patronised that she had never bought or worn a veil. Through all this Pollinger moved with calm and sure interference, quick to catch a weakness in testimony or a predisposition to bias.

And then Bill, on the fourth day of the defence, put Ellery on the stand.

"Mr. Queen," said Bill after Ellery had sketched a little of his semi-professional background, "you were on the scene of the crime before even the arrival of the police, were you not?"

"Yes."

"You examined the scene of the crime thoroughly, out of a purely professional interest in the case?"

"Yes."

BILL held up a small, nondescript object. "Do you remember having seen this during your examination?"

"Yes." It was a cheap plate.

"Where was it situated when you examined the room?"

"On the only table there, the table behind which the dead man lay."

"It was in a prominent position, then; it couldn't be missed?"

"No."

"Was there anything on this plate, Mr. Queen, when you saw it?"

"Yes. A number of paper match-stubs, all showing evidences of having been burnt."

"You mean that the matches had been struck and extinguished?"

"Yes."

"You have heard the complete case presented by the State? You've sat in this courtroom since the beginning of the trial?"

"I have."

"Has this plate," asked Bill grimly, "or the match-stubs which you saw on it at the scene of the crime, been so much as mentioned once by the prosecution?"

"No."

Pollinger leaped to his feet and for five minutes he and Bill argued before Judge Menander. Finally Bill was permitted to proceed.

Please turn to Page 41

Autumn Leaves

THE summer wanes and autumn winds are sighing,
While drooping leaves turn amber on the oak
And pave the green grass with a golden cloak.
Lest pomp should miss the place of beauty's dying,
Beneath the fury of the rain-cloud flying;
The battered glory of the dahlia broke,
And all the loveliness of summer spoke
Farewell in tones of wistful self-denying.
Prey to the storm a vanquished fledgling fell,
But ere he passed he trilled a tuneful lay;
The butterfly that foundered in the dell
On wings of scarlet graced her royal way.
Now the leaves fall, but steadfast in its shell
An acorn bides the spring without dismay.

—Hedley Barron Miller.

HE WAS AFRAID TO CROSS A STREET

Lost His Nerve After 12 Months' Agony

Suffering from acute rheumatism in both his knee joints—treated in hospital *twice* without result—so unnerved that he was afraid to cross a street—how readily every rheumatic sufferer will sympathise with this man. Read what he says:—

"For 12 months, I suffered pain and misery with acute rheumatism in both my knees. Twice, I was treated in hospital—but it was no use. I could not walk up or downstairs. I was afraid to cross the street, for I had lost all confidence in myself. Fourteen days ago, I started taking Kruschen Salts and already I am a new man. I can walk with a smart step, go up and downstairs with ease, and cross the street with complete confidence. My rheumatism is getting better every day."—D.L.

Rheumatism cannot resist the action of Kruschen Salts, which dissolve the painful crystals of uric acid—the cause of those aches and pains—and assist the kidneys to eliminate this poison through the natural channels.

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HALF-WAY HOUSE

Continued from Page 40

"MR. QUEEN, you are well known as an investigator of crime. Have you anything to offer to this jury in explanation of the burnt match-stubs so carefully ignored by the prosecution?"

"Oh, yes."

There was another argument, more protracted this time. Pollinger fumed. But Ellery was permitted to go on.

For an hour Ellery and Pollinger sparred across the rail of the witness-box. It was Pollinger's point that Ellery was a poor witness for two reasons: that he was a personal friend of the defendant, and that his reputation was based on "theory, not practice." When Ellery was finally excused they were both dripping with perspiration. Nevertheless, it was conceded by the Press that the defence had scored some important points.

* * *

From that time on Bill's whole manner changed. A bright confidence crept into his eyes which began to infect the jury.

On the last morning, after several sessions with relatively unimportant defence witnesses, Bill came into court with a squareness to his jaw that was remarked by everyone within eyeshot, wasted no time in putting Jessica Gimball on the stand.

Bill raked her with fierce questions, met Pollinger's interruptions swiftly, put her through a scathing examination that left her white with rage. When he was through with her, despite all her acid protestations, the impression had accreted that Mrs. Gimball possessed far greater motive for killing Gimball than anyone else in the universe.

Pollinger softened the blow by painting her, on cross-examination, as a gentle, misunderstood, and bewildered woman who had not even the consolation of marriage to repay her for the wrong Gimball had done. And he brought out her movements on the night of the murder, her attendance at the Waldorf charity ball—which Bill had questioned—and the improbability of the insinuation that she could have slipped away and driven some eighty miles and back without having been missed.

Bill instantly summoned Grosvenor Finch to the stand. He made the insurance executive admit that Mrs. Gimball had been Gimball's beneficiary until a few weeks before his death. Although Finch denied it, the possibility was broached that Mrs. Gimball had learned of this beneficiary change through him. To cap the point, Bill recalled to Finch his statement to De Jong on the night of the murder—to the effect that "any of us could have slipped away and killed Joe."

Pollinger retaliated with a stenographic transcript of the exact statement: "If you mean that any of us could have stolen off, driven out here, and stabbed Joe Gimball to death, I suppose you would be hypothetically correct." Then he asked: "What did you mean by that, Mr. Finch?"

"I meant that theoretically anything under the sun was possible. But I also pointed out the absurdity of it——"

"Are you in a position to state whether Mrs. Gimball was away from the Waldorf ballroom that evening for any length of time?"

"Mrs. Gimball did not leave the hotel all that evening."

"Did you ever tell Mrs. Gimball that the man she thought her husband had suddenly made someone else his insurance beneficiary?"

"Never. I have testified to that effect innumerable times. There is not a single person in this world who can come forward and assert with truth that I so much as hinted that Gimball had changed his beneficiary."

"That's all, Mr. Finch."

Bill got to his feet and said clearly: "Andrea Gimball."

The girl walked towards the witness-box as if she were treading the last long mile. Her eyes were downcast and her hands, clasped tightly before her, were trembling. There was no color whatever in her cheeks. She swore to the formal oath and sat down to become so completely still that she might have been in a trance. The court-room on the instant sensed hidden drama.

Then Bill said in a strangely flat voice: "Miss Gimball, where were you on the evening of June first?"

Her answer was just audible. "With my mother's party at the Waldorf in New York."

"All evening, Miss Gimball?"

His tone almost caressed her, but it was the soft and savage caress of a stalking animal. She did not reply, but caught her breath and her lip in one convulsive gasp.

"Answer the question, please?" She choked back a sob. "Shall I refresh your memory, Miss Gimball? Or shall I summon witnesses who will refresh it for you?"

"Please . . ." she whispered. "Bill . . ."

"You are under oath to tell the truth," he said stonily. "I am entitled to an answer! Don't you remember where you spent that part of the evening during which you were not at the Waldorf?"

In the commotion at the prosecutor's table Pollinger snapped: "Your Honor, counsel is obviously impeaching his own witness!"

Bill smiled at him. "Your Honor, this is a trial for murder. I have summoned a witness who is hostile."

Judge Menander said: "It is perfectly proper for defence counsel to call and examine a hostile witness. Proceed, Mr. Angell."

BILL growled: "Read the question, please."

The stenographer obeyed. Andrea replied in a tired, hopeless way: "Yes."

"Tell the jury where you spent the early part of that evening!"

"At the—the house by the river. . . ."

"You mean the shack in which Gimball was murdered?"

She whispered: "Yes."

The room exploded. The Gimball party was on its feet, shouting. Only Pollinger was unmoved. During the commotion Bill did not change expression, and Andrea closed her eyes. It took several minutes to quiet the courtroom.

Andrea told her story then in a lifeless voice—how, upon receipt of her stepfather's telegram, she had borrowed her fiance's Cadillac roadster and driven to Trenton; how, upon realizing that she was an hour early, she had driven off for a spin and returned at deep dusk to find the shack empty except for Gimball, lying still on the floor.

"You thought he was dead, when as a matter of fact he was still alive?" asked Bill harshly.

"Yes. . . ."

"You didn't touch his body, Miss Gimball?"

"Oh, no, no."

As she went on to explain her shock, her scream, and her flight from the house, Ellery quietly scribbled a few notes on a sheet of paper and had it passed to Bill. Andrea stopped in her recital, her eyes widening with a milky fear that turned them from blue to grey.

Bill's lips tightened queerly. The paper in his fingers jerked a little. "How long were you in the shack—on your second visit?"

"I don't know. I don't know. Minutes." She was thoroughly frightened now, her shoulders a little drawn up as if to protect herself.

"Minutes. When you came the first time, at eight o'clock, was there a car in either driveway?"

It was almost as if she were thinking things out in her distress, choosing the unuttered words with a painful care. "There was no car in the main driveway. There was an old sedan—that Packard—in the side drive, parked against the little porch at the side."

"YOU have testified that, having come early, you drove off on Lamberton Road, towards Camden, for about an hour. Do you recall having passed a Ford coupe driven by a veiled woman on either the outward or the return trip?"

"I don't remember."

"You don't remember. Do you remember what time you got back to New York that night?"

"About eleven-thirty. I—I went home, changed into evening things, drove down to the Waldorf, where I joined my mother's party."

"Didn't anyone remark on your long absence?"

"I—— No. No."

"Your fiance was there, without you, your mother was there, Mr. Finch, and other friends, and no one remarked on your absence, Miss Gimball? You expect us to believe that?"

"I—I was upset. I don't recall . . . that anyone said anything."

Bill's lips curled; his face was toward the jury. "By the way, Miss Gimball, what did you do with that note the murderess left for you?"

POLLINGER automatically sprang to his feet; then he seemed to think better of it, for he sat down without having said anything.

"Note?" faltered Andrea. "What note?"

"The note written with the burnt cork. You heard Mr. Queen's testimony. What did you do with that note?"

"I don't know what you're talking about." Her voice rose a little. "I tell you there was no—— I mean, I know nothing about a note!"

"There were three people on the scene of that crime, Miss Gimball," said Bill tensely. "The victim, the murderess, and you. That's giving you the benefit of every doubt. The murderess wrote the note after the crime, so she didn't write it to her victim. She certainly didn't write it to herself! Where is that note?"

"I don't know anything about a note," she cried hysterically.

Please turn to Page 42

Unsuspected "B.O." too often ends happiness

"B.O." (Body Odour) is a fault so *personal* that the offender is seldom told that he offends . . . Yet it is ever so easy to make sure of freedom from this most serious social offence by washing and bathing regularly with Lifebuoy. Its rich lather, which contains the special purifying health element, cleanses deep into the pores—thoroughly deodorises—ends the risk of "B.O." *Lifebuoy's own clean scent vanishes as you rinse.*

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HALF-WAY HOUSE

"I THINK," drawled Pollinger, rising, "that this has gone far enough, Your Honor. This witness is not on trial. She has given sufficient answer to what is certainly an objectionable question."

Bill replied at length, arguing passionately. But Judge Menander shook his head. "You have been answered, Mr. Angell. I think you had better proceed with your examination."

"Exception!"

"You may have it. Proceed, please."

Bill turned fiercely to the witness-box. "Now, Miss Gimball, may I ask you to explain to this jury if you have ever told your story of that evening's adventures to any official investigator of this crime—Chief De Jong, Prosecutor Pollinger, or any of their men?"

Again Pollinger half-rose; but he sank back. Andrea glanced at him, moistening her lips.

"We want your own story, Miss Gimball," said Bill ironically. "You will oblige me by not looking for assistance from the prosecutor."

She fumbled with her gloves. "I—Yes, I did."

"Oh, you did. Did you tell them this story voluntarily? Did you come forward with it of your own free will?"

"No, I——"

"Oh, then Chief De Jong or Mr. Pollinger came to you?"

"Mr. Pollinger."

"In other words, had Mr. Pollinger not approached you, you would not have gone to the authorities with your story? Just a moment, Mr. Pollinger! You waited until the authorities came to you! When was this, Miss Gimball?"

Continued from Page 41

She shielded her eyes from the stares of the courtroom. "I don't remember exactly. Perhaps a week after it . . ."

"After the crime? Don't be afraid to say it, Miss Gimball. The crime. You aren't frightened by that word, are you?"

"I—No. No. Of course not."

"A week after the crime, the prosecutor came to you and questioned you. During that week you said nothing to the authorities about having visited the scene of the crime on the night of the murder. Is that correct?"

"It—it wasn't important. I couldn't contribute anything. I disliked getting involved——"

"You disliked getting involved in an ugly mess? Is that it? Now, Miss Gimball, while you were on the scene that night did you touch the knife?"

"No!" She was answering with more spirit now; her eyes flashed and were blue again. They glared at each other across the rail.

"Where was the knife?"

"On the table."

"You didn't so much as lay a finger on it?"

"No."

"Were you wearing gloves that night?"

"Yes. But I had my left glove off."

"Your right glove was on your hand?"

"Yes."

"Isn't it true that in fleeing from the shack you banged your hand against the door and dislodged the diamond of your engagement ring?"

"Yes."

"You lost it? You didn't know you had dropped it?"

"I——No."

"Isn't it true that I found it and told you about it the very night of the crime, and that you pleaded with me desperately not to say anything about it to anyone?"

She was furious now. "Yes!" Her cheeks were fiery.

"Isn't it true," asked Bill in a hoarse, impassioned voice, "that you even kissed me in an effort to keep me from disclosing the fact to the police?"

SHE was so stunned she half-rose from the chair. "Why, you—you promised! You—you——" She bit her lip to keep back the tears.

Bill tossed his head, doggedly. "Did you see the defendant on the night of the crime?"

The fire in her cheeks was quenched. "No," she whispered.

"You didn't see her at any time—in the shack, near the shack, on the road between the shack and Camden?"

"No."

"But you admit that you visited the scene of the crime that night and said nothing to anyone about it until you were accused point blank in private by the prosecutor?"

Pollinger was on his feet now, shouting. There was a long argument.

"Miss Gimball," resumed Bill hoarsely, "didn't you know that your stepfather was leading a double life?"

"No."

"Didn't you know that he had shortly before June first removed your mother as beneficiary of his million-dollar policy?"

"No!"

"You hated your stepfather, didn't you?"

Another wrangle. Andrea was white now, white with rage and shame. At the prosecutor's table the Gimball group were flushed with indignation.

"All right," said Bill curtly, "that's enough for me."

The defence rested.

As they waited for the verdict and the hours passed into a day, and then into two days, with still no word from the jury, it was remarked that opinion had shifted since the close of the State's case.

DURING the seventy-first hour word was sent that the jury had at last arrived at a verdict. It came in the late afternoon, during an impromptu conference with the Press in Bill's room at the Stacy-Trent. The long delay had so convinced Bill of ultimate victory that he was his old self—a little gayer than was natural, perhaps, but cheerful and laughing and full of good Scotch whisky.

The summons to the County Courthouse sobered him like a cold shower.

There were the inevitable delays, but the jury filed in at last.

In a silence so profound that the ticking of the big clock on the front wall was clearly audible, the foreman of the jury arose and in a trembling voice announced the verdict.

They had found Lucy Wilson guilty of murder in the second degree. Lucy fainted. Bill did not so much as move a finger; he seemed frozen to his chair.

In fifteen minutes Lucy was revived and sentenced by Judge Menander to twenty years in the State penitentiary.

THERE was a painful constriction of Mr. Ellery Queen's heart as he packed his things, rang for a porter, and plodded down the corridor to Bill Angell's room.

He composed his features and knocked on the door. There was no answer. He tried the knob; to his surprise the door was unlocked. He opened it and looked in.

Bill was lying on the bed, half-dressed.

Ellery said: "Bill," in a gentle voice, but Bill did not stir. "Bill," said Ellery again, and he came in and shut the door to stand with his back against it. "I suppose I don't have to tell how . . ." He found it surprisingly difficult to express himself. "What I meant to say is that I'm leaving. I didn't want to duck out without telling you that I'm not finished with this thing. In a way, it's lucky Lucy got what she did. If it had been the chair . . . Now there's no need for racing against time."

Bill smiled. It was very queer to see him smile, with his eyes red and sunken and his face like a death-mask. "Have you ever been in a cell?" he asked, quite conversationally.

"I know, Bill, I know." Ellery sighed. "But it's better than—well, the other thing. I'm going to work, Bill. I wanted you to know it."

"Don't think," said Bill without turning his head, "I'm unappreciative, Ellery. It's just that . . ." His lips compressed.

"I've done nothing at all. It's been a most mystifying puzzle. It's even more mystifying now. But there's one ray of sunshine . . . Well, let's not discuss it now, Bill."

"Yes?"

Ellery scuffed the rug. "Er—how about money? This thing must have put you in debt to the whole world. An appeal, I mean. It costs a lot, doesn't it?"

"No, Ellery, I can't accept . . . I mean, thanks just the same. You're a brick."

"Well." Ellery stood there irresolutely for a moment. Then he went to the bed and patted Bill's damp shoulder and went out.

"WHAT," said Inspector Queen with disgust, "again?"

Ellery did not stop whistling as he labored over his bow-tie in the mirror above the bureau.

"Seems to me," grumbled the Inspector, "that ever since those friends of yours got messed up in their private affairs in Trenton you've turned into a regular Broadway punk. Where are you going?"

"Out."

"Alone, I s'pose?"

"No, indeed. I have what is technically known as a date with one of the loveliest, wealthiest, most desirable and azure-blooded young females on the Island. Furthermore, she's engaged to be married. Not," he squinted critically at his reflection, "that I care a hang, you understand."

"You sound," growled the old gentleman, jabbing some snuff into his nostrils, "like anybody but the conceited pup I used to know. At least in the old days you were level-headed enough to lay off the women."

"Times," said Ellery, "have a deplorable habit of changing."

"The Gimball girl, hey?"

"None other. The name Gimball, by the way, is currently anathema in certain circles. It's Jessica and Andrea Borden, and don't let the Park Avenue crowd hear you call them anything else."

"Fat chance. What's the idea, El?"

Ellery slipped into his coat and fingered the satin lapels lovingly. "The idea," he remarked, "is largely exploratory."

To Be Continued

But were they? . . .
It's a girl's own fault when she offends with underarm odour . . .

Poor Marion—to have overheard such talk! Ann had said: "Heaven knows why Marion *thinks* she doesn't perspire. Wearing a woollen dress should put *anybody* wise!" And Jane added, "Mr. Wilson's bound to notice, and he won't stand for underarm odour in any of us girls!"

Lucky Marion. She might have gone on for years thinking that a bath alone could keep her safe from odour.

It's no reflection on your bath that underarms need special care. Even when you don't *visibly* perspire, odour quickly comes. But not if you use Mum. Mum prevents odour *before it starts*, makes it impossible to offend this way.

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MUM IS SAFE! Even after underarm shaving, Mum actually soothes your skin. Mum does *not* stop healthful perspiration.

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MUM . . TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HOME-MAKER

May 7, 1938. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

EATING *for* HEALTH *and* BEAUTY

Choose food correctly, eat wisely, be consistent in beauty care, and you'll look—and feel—ten times younger . . . and prettier!

By EVELYN

UNA MERKEL, M.-G.-M. star, knows! She combines a fish meal with vegetables and fruit as advised by dietetic experts.

ABOVE you see Lynne Carver, M.-G.-M. player, preparing her favorite salad of lettuce, celery, heart of cabbage, tomato, and shredded raw carrot—all beneficial to health and skin beauty.

ARE YOU dismayed at what the scales reveal, or can you congratulate yourself that wise eating and sufficient exercise are keeping you down to normal?

WISE eating is an art worth learning. It is one of the quickest and surest means to beauty in the world. External skin care does do a tremendous amount of good, but alone cannot cure a condition which is due to internal disorder.

By "wise eating" I don't mean strict dieting. Strict dieting is unnecessary except in a few cases when you want to slim or fatten, or if you suffer from serious indigestion.

Perhaps your skin isn't always as clear and white as you'd like. It may be spoiled by open pores or greasiness, sometimes by spots and blackheads, or perhaps your eyes and hair have lost their sparkle. It's to you that I want to give advice about this matter of food.

Radiantly Healthy

IF you learn to choose your food correctly, learn to eat wisely, and accept the help of external beauty care, you'll look ten times younger and prettier and feel so much gayer in a few weeks' time.

I want you to know just what food to order in a restaurant and what to buy in the shops, to give you the most nourishment and variety.

Certain foods will help to beautify your skin and your figure and make you healthier, and others won't. If you ordered soup, pork and potatoes, and plum pudding, you wouldn't be so wise as if you ordered grapefruit, lamb cutlet, two green vegetables, and fruit salad.

Remember when you're eating that there's a technique for applying this kind of skin food which needs as much care and trouble as you take when using that equally important external skin food.

Don't bolt your food and rush off to buy a hat, you won't even look nice in that hat, if you don't eat leisurely. Try to rest for ten minutes before a meal and go for a walk afterwards—it's far better than the other way round.

Remember that our food consists of far too much meat and too little milk, too much white flour and too little wholemeal, too many sweets and pastries and pudding and too little leafy green vegetables and fruit.

Here's the list of foodstuffs and their benefits to your health. Keep the list by you until you've learnt it all by heart.

All kinds of Leafy, Green Vegetables: These are foods that will do you the most good—eat lots of them whenever you can. Concentrate on them if you have a greasy skin, or a bad digestion, or if you are liable to plumpness. Especially eat spinach, turnip tops, celery leaves, cabbage, sprouts, and salads.

Root Vegetables: These contain more starch, so avoid them if you're plump and eat them if you want to fatten up. Avoid them if your skin is greasy or your digestion poor.

The yellow kind (carrots, sweet potatoes) are better than the white or red (potatoes, turnips, beetroot and artichoke). Onions are an excellent food and good for the skin.

Salads: Eat as much as you can, all through the winter, too, if you can possibly manage it. Lettuce, tomato (these are both excellent foods), also endive, watercress, chicory, raw carrots and celery. Combine them with the acid-forming foods such as eggs, meat, cheese and fish.

Meat: You only need a quarter as much meat as you do leafy vegetables and fruit. White meat (lamb or mutton, chicken, sweetbreads) are betters for you than red (beef, ham, etc.), especially if you have a tendency to indigestion or acidity.

Eat fat meat if you want to fatten and lean meat if you want to build up strength.

Note Carefully

LIVER and kidney are both excellent foods from every point of view. But pork, stewed, or made-up dishes, and fried, oily foods are ones to be careful about and taken in moderation.

Fish: Order any kind of steamed white fish in preference to fried; and fresh in preference to smoked or dried. Add buttery, cream sauces only if you want to fatten, and always combine a fish meal with vegetables and fruit.

Eggs: A very valuable food, and very digestible except when hard-boiled, but eggs are rich food, so don't eat more than two or three in a day. Cheese is also a valuable food. Combine it with salad or with wholemeal biscuits for luncheon.

Cereals: It's a good plan to have some cereal food in the morning for breakfast, combined with a glass of orange juice or a grapefruit.

Bread: Do remember that wholemeal bread is better for you than white bread, and eat only white bread at meals when there is plenty of milk, fruit and leafy vegetables.

Sweets: Puddings, pastries, sago, sponge puddings are all starchy foods and should be ordered carefully unless you are anxious to put on weight.

A certain amount of starch is necessary, of course, but too much prevents your other foods from doing you any good.

In any case, it is essential to eat at the same meal as puddings things like tomato, celery, lettuce, cabbage, spinach, salad, eggs or liver in order to get any real nourishment.

Fruits: These are among the best of all foodstuffs, and you should eat as much as you can. Fruit prevents the blood from becoming acid, keeps your skin clear and your inside working properly.

But eat your fruit without sugar! Seemingly, acid fruits like oranges, grapefruit, etc., do not have an acid effect if they are unsweetened, but the addition of sugar sets up acid and has the same result as if you'd been drinking port wine!

Prunes soaked and stewed without sugar are good for you, so are all fresh fruits.

High Seasonings and Soups: Highly-flavored seasonings like pickles, ginger, and vinegar are not nutritive food and are best avoided if there is any tendency to indigestion. For the same reason be careful of rich soups and very hot soup.

Beverages: Coffee and tea are not foods so much as stimulants. Barley water, tomato juice, and orange juice without sugar are all good for you.

LIPSTICK
BY
GUERLAIN
PARIS

SIX VERY MODERN SHADES
LIGHT - MEDIUM - DARK
ORANGE - TROPICAL - MANDARINE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4622807

FOR YOUNG *Wives and* MOTHERS

Important Foods in the Babe's and Toddler's Diet

By A TRUBY KING EXPERT

VITALITY and good health depend on fresh fruit and vegetables. They are the sources of two essential food-elements:

1. **Vitamins.**—The absence of which in our diet has been definitely proved to cause certain deficiency diseases.

Even the vitamins that are found in animal-foods—in milk, butter, cheese, eggs, cod liver oil, and such—have their source in the **green-leaf plants** which the animals have eaten as food.

2. **Mineral Salts.**—There are more than 20 of these required by the body to keep it in good health.

It has been discovered that our bodies can make better use of these very valuable mineral salts when we obtain them **through vegetable sources.**

Thus milk, fresh fruit, and vegetables (especially green-leaf vegetables—spinach, lettuce, cabbage, and so on) yield a much better mineral supply to our bodies than the taking of lime-salts in the free mineral state, such as in lime-water.

Another interesting point about these most intriguing food-factors is that our body cannot make good use of the mineral matters without the presence of vitamins.

Good bone-formation, for instance, depends upon the presence of both calcium and Vitamin D in the body.

For all of us, at all stages of life, are these two elements in our foods necessary, and **doubly** so are they to the expectant mother and to the rapidly-growing babe and toddler.

They must be assured foods with the best vitamin and mineral content.

There are two ways in which the value of these important food accessories can be impaired:—

1. Lack of freshness.
2. Wrong cooking.

Young, fresh vegetables contain more vitamin content than old, stored, stale ones, and freshly-picked fruit more than stored.

What an argument here for a vegetable garden-plot in every home in which there is a babe or toddler.

Much more **can** be done than is done in securing the freshest of green vegetables for our babes and toddlers.

Much of the vitamin-value of the freshest vegetables is lost, however, in prolonged cooking, and in the use of soda, which also interferes with the mineral-content.

Many do not realise that in pouring away the water in which vegetables are cooked they are throwing away most of its real food-value.

It is best to steam all vegetables: If this is not done they must be cooked **quickly** in as small an amount of water as possible. There are specially-prepared waxed waterproof papers now in which vegetables can be encased and can be either steamed or placed into boiling water and cooked, and the natural juices retained.

NOTE CAREFULLY

To Cook Young Beans and Peas: Have saucepan with **well-fitting** lid. Prepare beans or peas. Barely cover the bottom of saucepan with water, and put in **small** pat of butter; wash and throw in a few lettuce leaves if available. (Lettuce leaves are not necessary.)

Allow the leaves to simmer until cooked, then put in peas and beans. Add sufficient salt and put lid **tightly on.** Turn gas very low or use asbestos mat and allow to steam for about ½ hour.

When cooked, do not throw away any liquor, but add a little thickening (cornflour or flour blended with a little milk), stirring it into the liquor that vegetables have been cooked in. This makes vegetables very tasty. Do not use soda.

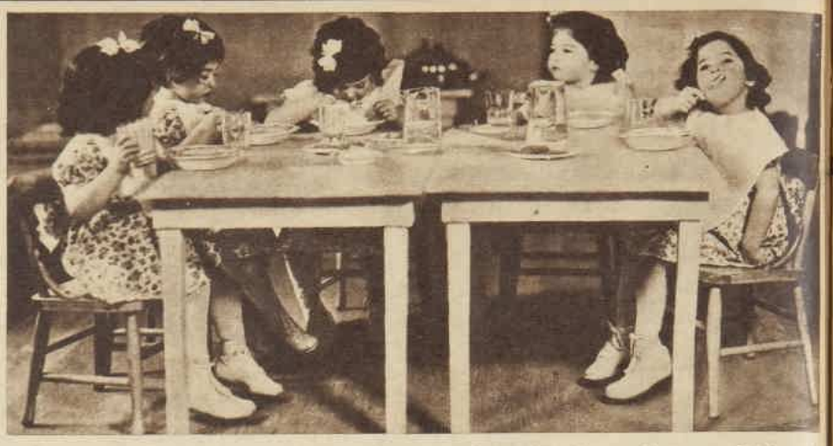
N.B.: If vegetables are not young, a little more water must be used, but this will be reduced in the cooking.

VEGETABLE BROTH

One carrot, 1 small potato, 3 or 4 leaves of spinach or silver beet (be sure to use small, young tender leaves), small piece cauliflower, sprig parsley, and tablespoon pearl barley or rice.

Grate vegetables; cut greens very fine. Simmer for about 20 minutes, just covering vegetables with water. Put through sieve.

(Note.—At first, strain the broth clear; later, press the cooked vegetables through the sieve.) A little scalded milk may be added to increase food value.



HERE IS THE latest picture of the Dionne Quintuplets. Busy eating their vegetable soup are Emilie and Yvonne; Cecile, Annette, and Marie have finished theirs. Next dish on the menu will be liver served with spinach (which they adore), string beans, grated carrot, lettuce, and tomatoes.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

By A DOCTOR

PATIENT: Is it true that many infectious diseases are spread by the hands?

WE have been brought up on the saying that "cleanliness is next to godliness." But how many disregard its truth? It is amazing what neglect there is of this fundamental fact.

In pioneer days, soap—"soft soap"—was made at home. There were not available the many brands of excellent and inexpensive soaps that we enjoy. Good soap and hot water are now within the reach of everybody. Their abundant use promotes good health.

Do you know that many diseases can be traced to dirty and contaminated hands? Our hands come in contact with dust, dirt and germ-laden objects.

It is very simple for those soiled hands to carry germs to nose or mouth.

This danger is a menace particularly to children who play in dirt and are very likely to carry germs to their mouths. Germs of disease which may be harmless to the adult are sometimes very dangerous to the young child.

All the health authorities agree that clean hands help to prevent colds. It is the opinion of specialists that soap and water, lots of soap and water, are among the best of weapons in the battle against colds and influenza.

The germs of disease are often breathed upon you, sneezed upon you or otherwise transmitted to you by one who harbors them. The germs may be left with you after shaking a germ-laden hand.

Frequent Washing

AVOID the use of a common towel, drinking cup or other utensil, because it may be contaminated by dangerous germs. Guard yourself by the practice of careful personal hygiene.

Too much cannot be said about the importance of frequent hand washing.

This should always be done before eating or handling food. But let me point out that it is not enough merely to dip the hands into the water.

Actually to clean the hands, it is necessary to scrub them in warm water, using an abundance of soap. A nail-brush should be used, if necessary, to remove the grime from around the nails.

Children should be taught at an early age the importance of clean hands. Routine instruction in this hygienic habit is sure to help in preventing the so-called childhood diseases.

TO KEEP hands immaculate and free from dread germs it is essential to scrub them frequently in warm water, using plenty of soap. A nail-brush should be used, if necessary, to remove the grime from around the nails. Little ones should learn to use a brush.

Mothercraft Advice Coupon

IF you wish to get advice on your mothercraft problems, fill in the following particulars and post the form, together with a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft," and the letter will be forwarded, unopened, to Miss M. Truby King.

Baby's Age . . . . . .

Birth Weight . . . . . .

Present Weight . . . . . .
(without clothing).

Have you written before? (Yes or no) . . . . . .

You call her **DELICATE** –
but the Doctor says . .

FAULTY ELIMINATION

It's a dangerous mistake to imagine that faulty elimination is mere constipation. Constipation is easy to recognise and remedy, but faulty elimination is far more insidious. It means that unsuspected poisons are absorbed instead of being removed from the blood stream by those vital cleansing organs—the kidneys, liver and bowels. A child who is partly poisoned becomes pale and delicate—health, happiness and character are seriously affected. The poisons left in the blood stream cause sluggishness, loss of appetite crankiness, etc. These are warnings that genuine Laxettes—the cleansers which promote complete bowel action and relieve the over-worked liver and kidneys too—are needed. The only treatment that will gently, completely rectify faulty elimination is a course of Laxettes. They are just as good for adults. And kiddies are eager for their delicious taste. All chemists and storekeepers stock genuine Laxettes—6d. for the sample tin and 1/6 for the large tin. Warning: unless they're in a tin they are not genuine Laxettes.

LAXETTES
Rectify Faulty Elimination

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Planned for HEALTH and HAPPINESS

NEWEST nursery furniture is cleverly designed. It embodies every need and requirement for healthy child development

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London

NATURAL OAK day nursery furniture, all made with rounded corners. Wooden dishes are shown on the table. Amusingly decorated pottery stands on the shelves.

THEIR MAJESTIES — the children! How right it is that they should no longer be relegated to the back bedroom, and have to be content with the least attractive spot in the house as nursery or playroom.

Modern child psychology has made royalty of the youngest members of the household, and as a result youngsters grow up in an atmosphere carefully planned to give them the right start—a mental outlook that will help ensure happy, balanced, normal reactions to life as they mature.

Experts have thought out to the last detail every need and requirement for healthy child development, and since the material essentials are based upon utmost simplicity and practicability, they are within the scope of a modest purse.

Take the ideal nursery, for instance:

A well-known London firm which specialises in this type of thing recently held an exhibition devoted entirely to nursery furnishings, accessories, educational toys and outdoor play equipment.

Night nursery furniture is for the most part painted, as color plays an important part in child training and develops a love of beauty. New types of hand-done decoration are replacing the old stereotyped flower and "pretty-pretty" designs.

Wardrobes and cabinets contain every conceivable sliding drawer and shelf for the nurse's or mother's convenience, and also include low shelves so that from an early age baby learns to look after some of his things himself.

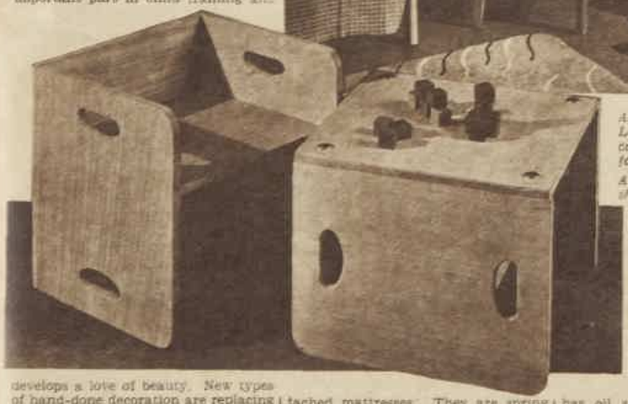
For cleanliness and practicability, the new nursery couches have square cushions instead of permanently attached mattresses. They are spring and hair stuffed, and have fabric coverings fastened with zippers, so that they may be easily removed at any time. Chair cushions are also made this way, and covered chair-backs may be removed easily for cleaning, for they are attached with press-studs.

A new nursery screen replaces the old folding one which was always toppling over. It is made on a wooden S-shaped frame (note picture), and has oil silk (waterproof and washable) curtains—ideal for use at bath-time or to put in front of a window on a rainy day.

Children's day nursery furniture includes pieces in natural oak, all made with rounded corners. Stools or benches are used with the dining-tables, and there is an excellent nursery food cupboard with a removable sliding enamelled tray fitted into the main shelf, so that anything spilled may easily be wiped away.

Wooden dishes and amusingly decorated pottery are used for meals in these smart surroundings.

Outside, children's playtime furniture rivals that of the nursery, and with any one of the pieces no mother would have any difficulty in seeing to it that the kiddies got their full rations of sun and air.



ABOVE: Cellulose-pink nursery furniture by Heal's, London. The day bed and high-backed chair covers can easily be removed for cleaning by means of zip fasteners. Note the upholstered baby-size easy chair.

AT RIGHT: "Pearl" pine furniture, and the new S-shaped screen with waterproof oil silk curtain, from Heal's, London.

AT LEFT: "Fun Chairs." They can be used as chairs, tables or benches, or built into trains or houses, or anything else the young imagination invents.

Pictures by courtesy Heal's, London.

Walls and Lighting

SOFT, pastel colors are favored for walls. Delicate primrose-yellow is used a lot in nurseries where the aspect is not so bright. Soft blue is a favorite in warmer, sunny rooms.

Diffused lighting is considered best for small folks' rooms. Glaring light does not tend to create an atmosphere of peace and calm at nightfall.

Cradles and "cosy-byes" are decked in the prettiest manner.

Charming though the cradle trimmed in pale pink or pale blue undoubtedly is, it is not the only choice nowadays. A delicate primrose or tender leaf-green is considered just as appropriate.

ABSOLUTE PROTECTION and COMFORT...COSTS LESS

MODESS

Only this SANITARY NAPKIN has this moisture proof backing, ensuring perfect protection.

WA. PRICE, 1/1 PER BOX

1/- BOX OF 12

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Help Women's Skins More Directly

Lady Margaret Douglas-Home says this about Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams. "They have improved my skin noticeably," she says. "Made it finer, smoother and younger, and made the color fresher within just a few weeks."

A few years ago doctors learnt that a certain vitamin was a special aid to the skin. When they applied it direct to burns and wounds, they found the skin healed more quickly—and better! For over three years, Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's creams. And to-day you can have its benefits for your skin—in Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream (for cleansing), and Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream (a grand powder base).

And remember, Pond's Creams cost no more than ordinary creams. In handy tubes for your handbag, and large and small jars for your dressing table.

● Listen to "Your Cavalier," 2CH at 11.00 a.m. every Tuesday; 3KY at 3.30 p.m. every Thursday; 3UR-LK at 3.30 p.m. every Tuesday; 3AW at 3.45 p.m. every Thursday; 4BK-AK at 10.30 a.m. every Monday; 5AD-5KO-PI at 10.30 a.m. every Monday; 6ML-WB at 11.30 a.m. every Monday.

Now—with the active "Skin-Vitamin."

TRIAL OFFER: Mail this coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two "Skin-Vitamin" creams—also a sample of Pond's new Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) ( ), Light Cream ( ), Rose Cream (Natural) ( ), Naturelle (Light Natural) ( ), Rose Brunette ( ), Dark Brunette (Sunset) ( ).

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Personality Hand-Knit in a DIAMOND DESIGN

Knitting needles will click with pleasure in the making of this smartly-styled jumper. Why not start it at once?

EVERY week a personality garment is featured on this page for discerning knitting lovers—for all those who seek a touch of originality in their woollies.

The styling of the jumper pictured on your right is clever.

It is a versatile affair. It would flatter the woman who wants to look her smartest when serving tea to her guests. It would look distinctive peeping from under a top-coat, or two-piece. It would look most engaging when the coat was removed by the wearer, whether indoors or out-of-doors.

The original garment was knitted in natural and brown 2-ply. Follow, or substitute colors that strike your fancy or—should we say?—flatter you more.

You can rely on the accuracy of the directions for making, given herewith:—

Materials: Paton's "Rose" fingering wool, 4-ply, natural 8oz., brown 2oz.; "Beehive" knitting needles, 1 pair No. 8; 2 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20 inches; width all round at underarm, 32 inches; length of sleeve from underarm, 17 inches.

Tension: It is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 7 stitches to the inch.

Abbreviations: N., natural; b., brown; k., knit; p., purl; tog., together.

THE FRONT

Using the natural colored wool, cast on 88 stitches.

Work in rib of (k. 2, p. 2) for 3 inches, increasing once at the end of the last row, so that you have 89 stitches.

Work 2 rows in stocking-stitch, continue in pattern as follows, using 4 balls of brown wool:

1st Row: K. 12 n., * then using a ball of brown, k. 1 (always twist the two colors when changing over), k. 20 n., repeat from * to the last 13 stitches, k. 1 b., k. 12 n.

2nd Row: P. 12 n., * p. 1 b., p. 20 n., repeat from * to the last 13 stitches, p. 1 b., p. 12 n.

3rd Row: K. 12 n., * (k. 1, p. 1, k. 1 b.) into the next b. stitch, k. 20 n., repeat from * to the last 12 stitches, k. 12 n.

4th Row: P. 12 n., * p. 3 b., p. 20 n., repeat from * to the last 12 stitches, p. 12 n.

5th Row: K. 12 n., * knit twice into next b. stitch, k. 1, k. twice into next b. stitch, k. 20 n., repeat from * to the last 12 stitches, k. 12 n.

6th Row: P. 12 n., * p. 5 b., p. 20 n., repeat from * to the last 12 stitches, p. 12 n.

7th Row: K. 12 n., * knit twice into next b. stitch, k. 3, knit twice into next stitch, k. 20 n., repeat from * to the last 12 stitches, k. 12 n.

8th Row: P. 12 n., * p. 7 b., p. 20 n., repeat from * to the last 12 stitches, p. 12 n.

9th Row: K. 12 n., * knit twice into next b. stitch, k. 5, knit twice into next stitch, k. 20 n., repeat from * to the last 12 stitches, k. 12 n.

10th Row: P. 12 n., * p. 9 b., p. 20 n., repeat from * to the last 12 stitches, p. 12 n.

11th Row: K. 12 n., * k. 2 tog. b., k. 5 b., k. 2 tog. b., k. 20 n., repeat from * to the last 12 stitches, k. 12 n.

12th Row: Like the 8th row.

13th Row: K. 12 n., * k. 2 tog. b., k. 3 b., k. 2 tog. b., k. 20 n., repeat from * to the last 12 stitches, k. 12 n.

14th Row: Like the 6th row.

15th Row: K. 12 n., * k. 2 tog. b., k. 1 b., k. 2 tog. b., k. 20 n., repeat from * to the last 12 stitches, k. 12 n.

16th Row: Like the 4th row.

17th Row: K. 12 n., * k. 3 tog. b., k. 20 n., repeat from * to the last 12 stitches, k. 12 n.

18th Row: Like the 2nd row.

These 18 rows form the pattern, and are repeated throughout with 22 rows of stocking-stitch in natural wool between each pattern.

When first pattern is completed, work 22 rows plain, increasing once at both ends on every fourth row, then work pattern again; there will be 14 natural stitches at each end, because of the 2 increases.

In the second pattern after the tenth pattern row has been worked, increase once at both ends of the next row, until 94 stitches are on the needle; when pattern is finished, work 22 plain rows, increasing once at both ends of the 5th row and every 4th following row, then begin the 3rd pattern (*still* increasing in every 4th row, until there are 104 stitches).

After 6th pattern row has been worked, shape the armhole.

Cast off 6 stitches at the beginning of the next 2 rows.

Decrease once at both ends of every row (still keeping pattern correct) until there are 78 stitches on the needle and work measures 13½ inches ending on the wrong side.

Divide for front opening.

Still keeping the pattern, work across 39 stitches; place the remaining stitches on to a spare needle.

Work on the first 39 stitches as follows:

Complete the 3rd pattern, and work without shaping, until opening measures 4 inches, then decrease once at the neck edge on every row until there are 32 stitches, ending at side edge. Now cast off 16 stitches on next 2 rows.

Join wool to neck edge of other stitches and work other side to correspond.

THE BACK

Work exactly as given for the front to the armhole shaping.

Continue, without shaping, until the work measures 19 inches from the commencement.

Cast off 10 stitches at the centre for the back neck.

Work on last stitches only and decrease once at the neck edge in every row until there are 32 stitches on the needle, ending at the side edge.

Cast off 16 stitches in the next 2 rows.

Join in the wool at the neck edge and work the other side to correspond.

THE SLEEVES

Using the natural wool, cast on 88 stitches.

Work in rib of (k. 2, p. 2) for 2½ inches (59 stitches), increasing once in the last row.

Work 4 rows in stocking-stitch.

Work in pattern as given for the front, but working only k. 8 at each side instead of k. 12.

When 4 rows have been worked above the ribbing, increase once at both ends of the next and every following 8th row, until there are 87 stitches on the needle, working extra stitches in stocking-stitch at both sides of the pattern.

When work measures 17 inches from the commencement, proceed as follows:

Cast off 2 stitches at the beginning of every row, until there are 59 stitches (still working in pattern). Work 6 inches, without shaping. Cast off. Work another sleeve in the same manner.

WOOLLY DIAMONDS can be most effective as decorative motifs—don't you agree? And, as you will observe, they are by no means overpowering; they are subservient to the clever styling of this distinctive hand-knit. If you would like to make yourself this garment, secure the wool and follow with ease and confidence the directions given on this page.

THE PLAIT

Take three lots of 4 strands of brown wool and make a plait 40 inches long.

Fasten off the ends securely.

TO MAKE UP

With a damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Sew up the side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in the sleeves, making an inverted pleat at shoulder seam and a single pleat at 1½ inches either side of shoulder seam.

Sew the brown plait round back of neck, down 1½ inches of front opening, across straight 2½ inches of front and then slope down to 2 inches below the armholes.

Sew a button on each front, and sew two small buttons to the inside of opening with 2 loops on other front to correspond.

It means a lot to your Mother

Mother's Day on May 8th . . and a remembrance *from you* will mean a lot to your mother. Best of all, she'll like a fragrant gift . . the sweet scent of Potter and Moore's Mitcham Lavender . . the delicate freshness of Potter and Moore's "Blue Ribbon" Eau de Cologne. You can get these two favourite Potter and Moore perfumes in a special Mother's Day selection of toilet waters and gift sets at any store or chemist's.

Potter and Moore Gift Set containing Mitcham Lavender Water and Complexion Soap, with special Mother's Day cover. Priced at 2/6.

Potter and Moore's silk sifted Talc Powder perfumed with Mitcham Lavender. Special cover for Mother's Day. Priced at 3/6

Potter and Moore's Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne with Mother's Day cover. Priced at 2/6 and 3/6.

Toilet Preparations by **POTTER & MOORE** *For over Two Hundred Years London's House of Quality*

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GROW FLOWERS for MOTHER

Because this Sunday is Mother's Day, I want to have a heart-to-heart talk with children.
—Says THE OLD GARDENER.

CHILDREN! This Sunday, as you know, is the day set aside to do reverence to all mothers—and it is for your mother, too.

Do not forget that little present, no matter how small it may be.

If you have a garden, pick for her on waking the best that garden contains.

Make a nice basket or bunch of flowers and attach a card to it, saying: "To my mother, the greatest friend and pal in the world." I am sure her eyes will sparkle! She'll love and cherish every one of them. And do any other little thing that you can to show your appreciation for what she has done for you in the past.

Do not forget to wear a white flower. A white carnation is the real emblem for that day, but any white flower will do to show that you have remembered.

HERE are two little friends of yours working away in a tiny garden of their own. It is not a big plot to be sure, but with care and attention, plus enthusiastic consistency, it will yield much.

One thing, children, that you can do for your mother in your spare time is to make a garden, where you can grow all kinds of good things for her.

Select a position in some corner of the home surroundings, see that there is plenty of sunlight, morning sun for preference, and there make your garden.

Dig the ground well, make inquiries from some of the gardeners in your district as to the best plants to grow, and how to grow them. Then, every spare moment you have, spend the time in that garden. Take mother along from time to time; let her see and enjoy the progress you are making.

How exciting for you each day to note the flowers or vegetables forming, growing, and maturing under your experienced hand. And when they are ready for picking, how nice to be able to select a little surprise for mother.

Gardening is a wonderful hobby, and such a useful occupation, too.

I know many boys and girls who have their own little garden plots, and are real experts in growing flowers and vegetables, and I often go along to help them. So if you are intending to commence a garden plot, and are at a loss to know how to start, just write in to me, and I will write back and help you.

Grow Carnations

YOU remember last year, children, our talk on growing carnations, especially white ones, so that in the coming years we should have a white carnation to wear in mother's honor, and also so that we might be able to cut a bunch and present them to her as a further tribute?

How many of you children have grown them?

If you would like to try them this year, here is help for you:

The soil should be fairly light, but not too sandy—medium soil suits them admirably.

If the soil is very heavy or clayey, break it down by adding sand to the proper texture, and mix in plenty of leaf-mould or well-rotted cow manure.

Should the soil be sandy, a good dressing of cow manure will bring it to the proper condition.

Carnations are lime lovers. Sprinkle the lime around the plants and fork lightly in. On no account use fresh manure. A sprinkle of bone-dust is beneficial.

The main thing in all plant life is to keep them healthy and vigorous.

Healthy plants can fight against all diseases.

Carnations may be planted almost the whole year through, but if you require them to flower through the winter they should be planted in the spring and kept pinched back until they are well established. If this method is adopted, very little staking is required.

There are three methods by which we can multiply carnations, and once you have one plant of each kind you desire, in a very short space of time you can have as many young plants as you require.

Propagation is done from seeds, cuttings, and layering.

Growing carnations from seed is very interesting—you may so happen to raise one that has not been known. If so, then you are the proud possessor of a new flower which, if up to standard, will be sought after by all carnation growers, and you will find it very profitable.

High prices can be obtained if you have the good fortune to produce a new variety.

Growing from cuttings is a very simple method.

Make a nice little bed in a sheltered corner. Have the soil friable and easy to work. Then take off those little grasslike shoots on the side of the old plant.

No, don't cut them—just break or tear them off. Place them in rows about one inch each way; press the soil firmly around the base with the two thumbs. Cuttings like firm planting. Keep them moist, but not too wet. Then in about six weeks they will be ready to move to their permanent positions.

Layering requires a little more skill, but with practice one can soon become proficient.

Layers are usually made of tufts of "grass" which come up once the flowering ends.

Make a small slit in the stem, near the parent plant, and peg it down with a piece of wire, bent to keep the stem in position. Cover with soil, leaving the tops of the "layers" above the ground. In this manner the young plants will be ready in about four weeks. I have secured as many as twelve young plants from one layer.

Do all your propagation now, and next Mother's Day you will have a grand collection of carnations for mother.

Remember, the carnation bed must be well drained. If not, all kinds of diseases will attack them—collar rot and mildew especially.

Too-frequent watering is also a mistake.

MAY-PLANTING

SOW seeds of antirrhinum, aquilegia, coreopsis, candy-tuft, carnation, eschscholtzia, godetia, larkspur (annual), linaria, linum, lupin, mignonette, nemophila, pansy, sweet pea (spring flowering), stock (ten week).

Plant the following bulbs and tubers: Ixias, lilies, montbretia, nerines, scillas, tuberose, watsonias, zephyranthes, Spanish iris.

Plant roses, carnations, shrubs and trees.

'Just sniff that Stew'

There's "GRAVOX" in it! The delicious appetiser that turns plain stews, soups, pies, puddings, and all meats into prime dishes. "GRAVOX" makes the richest gravies, and

SALTS, SEASONS, THICKENS and BROWNS in one blending

Send 1d stamp to Klembro for a FREE SAMPLE.

Gravox
The Ideal GRAVY MAKER
MADE BY KLEMBRO PTY. LTD. RICHMOND, VIC.

Nurse says—

"If there's anything better than HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE I have yet to find it. I have never found anything so amazingly effective for Coughs, Colds on the Chest, Croup, Bronchitis, etc. No morphia in it either." 2/6 and 4/6.

Always insist on . . .

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

special stranded cotton for . . . . . .
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. . the thread used successfully either as a whole or divided in one or more of the six strands. Supplied in a wonderful range of graded and fast shades making it possible to produce the most artistic effects in blended color combinations . . . . . .

high quality fast colours

. . . . can be procured from all art needlework stores . . . . . .

EUCRASY Banishes All Desire for Drink

IT is a priceless boon to all who use it, for their relatives or friends. If you suffer in any way through the liquor habit, let the voluntary testimonials of actual users convince you that EUCRASY will soon sober the drinker and make you happy. EUCRASY is guaranteed harmless and can be given SECRETLY or Voluntarily. NOT COSTLY. Call or write today for FREE SAMPLE, Booklet, and Testimonials. Dept. B., THE EUCRASY CO., 297 ELIZABETH ST., SYDNEY.

STOP *Serious* DANGER *of*

WEAK KIDNEYS

Quick Relief—Lasting Benefit

It will take you only a few minutes to read the following letters telling of kidney trouble, rheumatism, bad back, completely conquered by De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Here one-time sufferers tell you of the quick relief and lasting benefit these famous pills bring you. Here is proof positive that you, too, can end your down-dragging, strength and vitality-sapping pains at once.

BACKACHE
INSTANTANEOUS BENEFIT

Mr. W. Monaghan, of 2, Raglan Road, Auburn, Sydney, writes:—"For the past two years I have suffered from severe backaches and pains in the limbs. After trying many medicines and liniments I was finally recommended to try De Witt's Pills. I received almost instantaneous relief and shall always be grateful to your famous pills."

Pains in Back
ENDED

Mrs. O. Curran, 125 Bellevue Street, Cammeray, N.S.W., writes:—"After suffering for a number of years with agonising pains in the back and joints, a relative persuaded me to try De Witt's Pills. After taking the first few doses I was greatly benefited and soon regained my former energy."

URIC ACID TROUBLE
BANISHED

Mrs. R. Wall, 94, Wells Street, Newtown, Sydney, writes:—"I am 43 years of age and suffered constantly for 10 years with uric acid troubles and pains in the joints. It was not until I took De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills that my trouble was completely banished. I am very thankful for this marvellous remedy. My pains have vanished like magic."

RHEUMATISM
& KIDNEY TROUBLE GONE

Mr. G. Coleman, 73, Oxford Street, Lansdowne, Masterton, writes:—"I used to be troubled with rheumatism and kidney trouble, but since taking De Witt's Pills I am a new man. I am 67 and without an ache or pain. I can safely recommend your pills to anyone, for they have done me such a lot of good."

WEAK KIDNEYS
3 DOSES OF De WITT'S—
GREAT BENEFIT

Mrs. A. Hargreaves, 170 South Terrace, Fremantle, W.A., says:—"For over 30 years I suffered from weak kidneys and urinary disorders. I tried many remedies but obtained no permanent relief. A friend recommended De Witt's Pills and after three doses I was greatly benefited. I was very grateful and will never be without these pills."

IT IS DANGEROUS TO NEGLECT
KIDNEY TROUBLE

Why will you stay in pain and danger when here is given complete and convincing proof that no matter how long you have suffered, no matter what remedies you have tried without success, here in De Witt's Pills you have a remedy that acts quickly and gives lasting benefit? Many one-time sufferers write years after saying there has never been a return of their old trouble.

De Witt's Pills make you well and keep you well because they clear from the system the poisons and impurities that cause your awful pain and weakness.

Stop the danger of neglected kidney trouble to-day by starting with De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Your pain will go. You will feel better and look better. In 24 hours from the first dose you will see how this fine remedy is once again prompting weak kidneys to healthy action. Persevere for a little while, and you, too, as those whose reports are given above, will be glad to recommend this tried and trusted remedy to other sufferers.

DeWITT'S KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS

Sold everywhere at 1/9, 3/- and 5/3. The finest remedy for kidney trouble and all its symptoms, bad backache, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, joint pains and urinary disorders. Tried and tested the world over for 50 years.

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Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

Choose Your New Winter Outfit From These

SMART DAY WEAR

WW2236.—A very smart afternoon frock for informal occasions. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4 to 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SPORTS CULOTTES

WW2237.—Smart attractive culotte suit for snappy holiday wear. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3½ to 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

DEMURE

WW2238.—Contrast collar and shaped pockets add chic to this charming day frock. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

DRAPED BODICE

WW2239. — Softly draped bodice gives a luxurious effect to this daytime frock. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4 to 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SKATING OUTFIT

WW2240. — Charming outfit for skating with novel bodice and sleeves. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WEE DRESS

WW2241.—A warm and comfortable design for the little tot 2-8 years. Material required: 2 to 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

EVENING MODE

WW2242.—Very becoming evening gown with folds of satin as trimming. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 6 to 6½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

LOVELY LINGERIE DESIGNS

Patterns Cost 3d. Post Free.

OUR three-in-one concession pattern this week provides for a charming lingerie set, as illustrated at left.

Pattern is cut in sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust, and in each one size costs 3d., post free.

To obtain, fill in coupon below, enclose 3d. stamp, and send to our offices.

Material required, 36 inches wide: No. 1 bloomers, 1½ yards. No. 2 pantees, 1½ yards. No. 3, nightdress, 3½ yards. No. 4, petticoat, 2½ yards.

PLEASE NOTE

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should (1) Write your name and full address in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.

Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at left, fill in the coupon and post it, with 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE—Box 388A, G.P.O. MELBOURNE—Box 185, G.P.O.
BRISBANE—Box 409P, G.P.O. NEWCASTLE—Box 41, G.P.O.
SYDNEY—Box 4290YY, G.P.O. PERTH—Box 481Q, G.P.O.
If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street.
TASMANIA—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEW ZEALAND—Write to Sydney office.
Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on page 5.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .. ..

ADDRESS .. ..

.. ..

STATE .. ..

Size .. .. Pattern Coupon, 7/5/'38

MATRON'S STYLE

WW2243. — Fashion-wise matrons will appreciate this charming style for day wear. Sizes, 38-inch to 44-inch bust. Material required: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

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TO WORK *in* VIVID COLOR

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Gay Tyrolean belts in linen traced for embroidery or in felt with buckle and transfer included

THE quaint Tyrolean belts shown here, introducing brilliant color in Austrian peasant fashion, will give an exotic touch to a simple frock—will be a novel note for your new winter ensemble or give a completely different air to last year's model. You may have them traced in a genuine Tyrolean design on linen or in felt, with buckle and transfer complete.

TYROLEAN DESIGN, traced on fine-quality linen for embroidery, costs 1/3 post free. Belt also obtainable in felt with buckle and Tyrolean transfer complete for 1/9 from our Needlework Department.

Design is traced on cream, white, blue, pink, yellow or green linen, ready for working and making up. The belt is fastened with a press stud.

Price, 1/3.

Fine quality felt belt complete with buckle and transfer for working, obtainable in red, brown, saxe-blue, green, yellow, black, and white, ready to wear after embroidery is finished, is finished with a buckle.

Price 1/9, complete with transfer.

Materials required for linen belt: 1 skein each Anchor stranded cotton F.524 (mid-jade), F.733 (old-gold), F.769 (pastel-blue), F.798 (dark church-gold), F.816 (mid-terra). One spool Coats' super sheen to match linen. Two press studs. The stitches used are button, chain, outline and satin.

When the embroidery is completed on the linen belt, press with hot iron and damp cloth, then place petersham between the linen and slip-stitch along edge on wrong side. On the right side work a row of chain-stitch all round and close to the edge with mid-terra. Fasten with 2 press studs.

ILLUSTRATING some of the linen pieces available in our chrysanthemum set. Details and prices given at right.

FINE LINENS

Chrysanthemum trails traced on fine linens, specially designed for dinner table and the teapot hours.

AS the days shorten, it is a good plan to have ready new linens to embroider on those frequent occasions when an evening before a cosy fire is more appealing than any invitation out.

And here are some lovely linens that will give pleasure in the working and the using for you to choose from.

Flower motifs are still first favorites for linens, and give a special grace to suppers and afternoon teas.

Chrysanthemums, taken direct from nature, are the exquisite motif for this distinctive all-purpose linen set.

And worked in the semblance of nature, in natural colors of brown and gold, or in rust to pale shades of pink, what could be lovelier adornment to the tea table?

It is obtainable in pure quality Irish linen in white, cream, blue, pink, or green.

36 x 36 inch cloth. Price 7/6.
45 x 45 inch cloth. Price 8/9.
54 x 54 inch cloth. Price 11/6.
72 x 72 inch cloth. Price 22/6.
11 x 11 inch serviette. Price 1/-.
5 x 11 inch sandwich d'oyley. Price 1/-.
8 x 8 inch d'oyley. Price 1/-.
14 x 25 inch traymobile cloth. Price 1/6.
13 x 10 inch tea-cosy. Price 3/6.
Postage is free.

The flowers are satin-stitched, the stamens stem-stitched. The small daisy flowers should be worked in either satin or lazy daisy stitch. The edge is spoke-stitched for crocheting.

YOU MAY obtain this lovely cloth traced with chrysanthemums, on fine linen, in four sizes, from our Needlework Department, at the prices quoted.

FREE To Housewives Send us your name and address and we will send you, postpaid, a trial bottle of the world famous Liquid Veneer.

LIQUID VENEER For Dusting Polishing and Preserving. Pianos Furniture Woodwork Automobiles

Fassett and Johnson Ltd., Dept. 16, 38/40 Chalmers Street, Sydney. Please send me, post free, sample of Liquid Veneer.
Name .....
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SPARKLING whiteness—without effort—that's the Rinso 2-Minute Boil Method! It cuts out all hard rubbing; ends tedious washing-through. By cutting down boiling time from 30 minutes or more to just 2 *minutes*, it saves all that much fuel . . . and gets the washing out to dry hours earlier. Think of the spare time you'll have on washing-days! Change to the Rinso 2-minute boil—the scientific short-cut to a whiter wash!

Use lukewarm Rinso suds for colours, silks and woollens and give them a few minutes' gentle run-through *without rubbing*. Dirt and dullness are swiftly coaxed out by the rich Rinso suds—and after a good rinse colours come out bright and brilliant, woollens fleecy-soft, silks looking new and lovely.

A LEVER PRODUCT 4.242.15

A MEAL IN A MINUTE WITH

A cube makes a cup of delicious chicken broth for one penny.

AND

A high quality favourite for 30 years. Delicious for sandwiches and cocktail savouries.

MADE BY HARRY PECK & CO., LTD., LONDON

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They will help you to . . .

SOLVE the *School-Lunch* PROBLEM

Prizewinning recipes from readers for sandwich fillings

A FEW weeks ago we asked our readers for sandwich filling suggestions for children's lunches.

From the hundreds of recipes received, we have selected these as the best. They include, besides sandwich fillings which will also be helpful for afternoon teas and suppers, further suggestions for varying the luncheon box.

Each week we give £1 for the best recipe received from a reader, and other 2/6 consolation prizes.

Here follow some of the prizewinning recipes. The balance will be published at a later date.

Apple Sandwiches.—Peel an apple, cut into thin slices, chop small; lay evenly and fairly thickly between slices of bread, sprinkle generously with seedless currants or raisins, and dust on a little castor sugar

Apple and Chocolate Sandwiches.—Mix together some powdered or grated chocolate and butter in about equal quantities. Add very small amount of vanilla essence. Spread generously, and add very thin slices of uncooked apple, cut into small sections.

Banana and Cheese Sandwiches.—Mash up banana and spread on one of the slices of bread. On the other slice sprinkle generously some grated cheese.

Celery and Almond Sandwiches.—Wash some young sticks of celery, shred and chop finely. Steep a few almonds in hot water for a second or two, and remove skins, chop finely. Mix the two together. Spread on bread. Sprinkle with a little salt.

Celery and Raisin Sandwiches.—Take one or two stalks of celery, remove green part and threads, chop up not too finely. Chop an equal quantity of seedless raisins. Mix well together and spread on bread.

Cheese and Celery Sandwiches.—Grate cheese, mix with an equal part of chopped celery. Add a little salt and sufficient salad oil or sauce to hold ingredients together. Spread as desired.

Cheese and Walnut Sandwiches.—Grate cheese finely and make into a paste with a little milk. Use only a little milk, or the bread will be sodden. Peel a few walnuts and chop into a pulp. Mix with cheese and spread.

Date Sandwiches.—Stone and chop dates into a pulp. Squeeze a little lemon juice over and spread on brown bread.

Egg and Cheese Sandwiches.—Scramble two eggs, and as they are becoming firm pour in grated cheese about a quarter of their quantity. Spread on bread when cold and set. Do not spread too soon or bread will be sodden.

Ginger Sandwiches: Cut up preserved ginger into thin slices and arrange on bread. Over this sprinkle a few currants or seedless raisins.

Nut Sandwiches: Chop up mixed nuts (almonds, walnuts and Brazils are best), mix with salt and butter. Spread on bread fairly thickly. A little black currant jelly may be added.

Marmalade and Coconut Sandwiches: Spread brown bread with a layer of marmalade, and sprinkle well with desiccated coconut.

Bacon Sandwiches: Chop up finely slices of lean bacon and spread. Flavor with tomato sauce.

Banana and Nut Sandwiches: Mash up two bananas, and add ½oz. sweet blanched almonds, chopped up finely, and one teaspoon sugar. Mix well. Spread on bread.

Ginger, Walnut and Cheese Sandwiches: Mix 1 cup grated cheese with

FROM BOB TO BETTY (aside): Did you bring any more of those nice sandwiches to-day?

1 tablespoon finely chopped preserved ginger and ½ cup chopped walnuts. Moisten with 1 tablespoon cream and spread on thin slices bread.

Chocolate Peanut Butter Sandwiches: Melt two squares sweet chocolate in a pan over hot water. Add 1 cup peanut butter. Cream together until smooth and well blended and spread.

Honey and Nut Sandwiches: Half cup honey, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, enough finely-chopped nuts to form a stiff paste. Use on wholemeal bread.

Bacon Pasties: Cut rind off bacon and soak in boiling water for five minutes. Line small patty tins with pastry and put in each small pieces of bacon, 1 raw egg, finely chopped onion, and then more bacon. Cover with pastry and bake ½ hour in moderate oven.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. O. Jones, Croyde Orchard, Amiens, via Cottonvale, Qld.

THESE delicious sandwich fillings will add spice to the picnic-box as well as to the tea-table.

Prawn Paste: 1 pint shelled prawns, season with cayenne pepper, salt, a little mace and grated lemon rind. Put all into a saucepan with a large tablespoon of butter and let it get really hot—do not boil. Pour quickly into glass jars and cover with clarified butter.

Anchovy Paste: Yolks of three hard-boiled eggs beaten to a paste with 2 tablespoons butter and 2 tablespoons anchovy sauce. Beat all with a wooden spoon until a smooth paste, then put into jars.

Tomato Paste: Slice half dozen ripe tomatoes (after scalding and skinning) into an enamel saucepan with a small minced onion; flavor with salt and pepper, and add a teaspoon of butter. When quite cooked, add a well-beaten egg, stirring constantly until thick. Take off fire and add cup fine breadcrumbs and a little grated cheese. Store in covered jars.

Cheese Paste: Mash ½lb. cheese to paste with 2 tablespoons butter; add salt, cayenne pepper, mace, and celery salt to taste. Press into glass jar.

Curry Paste: Beat 4oz. butter to a cream, add 1½ tablespoons curry powder, a little cayenne, and a squeeze of lemon juice; add some finely-chopped celery.

Lemon Cheese Filling: Put yolks of 2 eggs, 4oz. sugar, 2oz. butter, grated rind and juice of 2 lemons into a saucepan. Stir over fire till thick, put into glass jars and cover.

Rainbow Sandwiches: Take a condensed loaf of bread, cut crusts off all round. Cut into 4 equal slices the whole length of the loaf. Spread first slice with butter and then tomato; butter the next slice on both sides, and place over tomato. Cover this with egg and lettuce, then add the third slice of bread buttered on both sides. Spread thin slices of cooked beetroot on this and lay on it the fourth slice of bread buttered on one side only. Wrap firmly in a slightly damp cloth, place a weight on top for an hour, then slice down with a very sharp knife.

Spicy Filling: Scramble 2 eggs with a pinch of mixed herbs, some chopped celery, salt and pepper. Place between thin slices of brown bread and butter.

Raisin and Nut Paste: Equal quantities of seeded raisins, sultanas and shelled peanuts, put through a fine mincer and spread between thin slices of bread and butter.

Shelled Peanuts: Put through a mincing machine with a little salt added, mashed bananas with a little cream and sugar added; sliced apples and celery mixed, hundreds and thousands sprinkled between. Home-made lemon cheese.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to M. I. Bottom, Son Hill, Berridale, via Cooma, N.S.W.

To vary out lunches, purchase a dozen "dixies," cost about 3d. dozen, to make individual salads.

Monday: Hard-boiled egg, folded in lettuce leaves, with sliced beetroot and shredded onion. Buttered raisin bread, fruit, bottle milk.

Tuesday: Ham fingers (minced ham, knob butter, 1 hard-boiled, minced egg, teaspoon tomato sauce, mixed together; roll into finger-lengths), with lettuce leaves, slices of tomato; cake, orange, nut-loaf slices.

Wednesday: Raisin-cheese rolls, meat extract, crackers, apple, biscuits, bottle milk. To make rolls, mince ¼lb. raisins with ¼lb. cheese, ¼ cup nuts; bind with lemon juice. Roll out thinly some shortcrust, put raisin mixture on, roll up like a long sausage roll, cut into 2-inch lengths, and bake 10 minutes. Meat extract, crackers. Spread thin water biscuits with butter and meat extract and place two together.

Thursday: Apple, celery, and cheese salad, dixie jelly and cream, raisin bread, bottle milk. Dice ½ cup apple, celery, and cheese, sprinkle with lemon juice, little salt, and mix with mayonnaise. Line dixie with lettuce leaves, heap salad in centre.

Friday: Sardine cigarettes, dixie of fruit salad and cream, biscuits, milk. Mash 1 small tin sardines with knob of butter, 1 hard-boiled egg, pepper and salt and teaspoon vinegar. Roll into cigarettes; fold each in lettuce leaf. With all salads give 2 slices of brown bread and butter.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. S. Jukes, 62 Simpson St., East Melbourne C2, Vic.

Meat Sandwiches: (1) Boiled ham, chopped finely, mixed with a little dry mustard and tomato sauce, spread on thin slices of white bread and butter. (2) Cold chicken cut very thin, spread a little mayonnaise dressing over with salt to taste. Put between thin slices of bread and butter. (3) Marrow from soup bones, mashed, seasoned with salt, with shredded lettuce spread between brown bread and butter.

Savory Sandwiches: (1) Hard-boiled eggs, mashed, seasoned with salt, with a little french dressing spread between white bread and butter. (2) Baked beans, mashed, with a little lemon juice added, spread between white bread and butter. (3) Mix equal parts of peanut butter, cream cheese and tomato chutney, spread between thin slices of bread and butter. (4) Prepare prawns, chop, mix in a little french dressing. Spread over thin slices of bread and butter. Add thin slices of tomato.

Salad Sandwiches: (1) Shredded lettuce mixed with a little french dressing. Add a few drops of lemon juice and salt to taste, spread between bread and butter. (2) Lettuce chopped with a little cream cheese, lemon juice, and salt to taste. Spread between slices of bread and butter.

Sweet Sandwiches: (1) Chopped dates, moisten with a little cream, and spread between white bread and butter. (2) Figs and nuts chopped together, spread between white bread and butter. (3) Nuts and raisins chopped. (4) Prunes chopped with peanuts. (5) Orange marmalade.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Mabel Stewart, Belmore St., Mittagong, N.S.W.

Windsor sausage with chutney: egg creamed with butter, curry powder and a squeeze of onion juice; brains mashed with tomato sauce; scrambled eggs with chopped bacon; hard-boiled eggs, sliced with grated carrot; beetroot, with shredded lettuce; apple and celery, with grated cheese and mayonnaise; fillet steak minced and spread with Worcester sauce; stuffed roast rabbit sliced with lettuce.

Ham paste with mustard and chopped parsley; minced crumbed cutlets with tomato sauce; beef with chutney and shredded lettuce; ham spread with mayonnaise, and lettuce leaf; sliced sausages with mustard pickles; cooked beans mashed with sardines and lemon juice; cooked peas with mayonnaise and chopped walnuts.

Smoked fish with egg-sauce; white fish moistened with parsley sauce; chopped egg with chopped olives; grated chocolate, creamed with butter and chopped preserved ginger; prunes, drained and mashed with grated orange rind.

Raisins, minced and mixed with coconut and moistened with lemon juice; chopped mushrooms, with lemon juice, salt and pepper; spaghetti, spread with tomato sauce; anchovies, blended with chopped gherkins and mixed with cream cheese; anchovy puree, blended with chopped tomato.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Goodsir, 34 Cornwall St., W. Moreland N12, Vic.

Nut and Orange: Mix ¼ cup chopped nuts with ¼ cup orange marmalade. Spread on slices of buttered brown bread.

Sardine Savory: 6 sardines, 4 small pickles, teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon made mustard (this can be omitted), yolks of 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon olive oil, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste. Bone and tail sardines, mash them with chopped pickles. Mix to a paste with other ingredients, spread on buttered bread.

Devilled Ham and Cucumber: Cover one slice of bread with devilled ham. Mix slices of cucumber and some finely-chopped onion with a little mayonnaise and spread on other slice. Press both together and cut in triangles.

Cheese and Celery: 1 tablespoon cream cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped nuts, 2 tablespoons chopped celery, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Mix all together and moisten with a little olive oil.

Scrambled Eggs and Cheese: Spread bread with butter, then a good layer of scrambled egg and sprinkle with cheese.

Bacon and Egg: Finely-minced bacon mixed with chopped hard-boiled egg.

Mock Crab: 4 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 tablespoon creamed butter, 1 teaspoonful anchovy paste and a dash of pepper.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. Dawson, 9 Winchester St., Mayfield West, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Glorious Flaky Pastry!

Light, Fluffy Cakes! Brown, Crunchy Scones!

Can be made by every housewife. The secret is "FOUNTAIN" BRAND PURE CREAM OF TARTAR BAKING POWDER Prove it for yourself!

Make this practical test in your own home!

COFFEE CREAM CAKE

½ lb. plain flour	¼ lb. butter	¼ lb. sugar	¼ pint milk
1½ teaspoons "Fountain" Baking Powder	3 eggs	Walnuts
1 tablespoon "Planet" Coffee Essence	Mock Cream	Coffee Icing

METHOD: Cream the butter and sugar well and gradually add the well beaten eggs. Add the coffee essence, and lightly stir in the well sifted flour and "Fountain" baking powder alternately with the milk. Cook in two well greased bar tins in a moderate oven (Temp. 350°F.) 25 to 30 minutes. When cold join together with mock cream, flavoured with "Planet" coffee essence, and chopped walnuts. Ice with coffee essence, and decorate with walnuts.

Save on every Cake you bake!

Collect "FOUNTAIN" COUPONS for Lovely FREE Gifts

Write for Illustrated Catalogue of Lovely Free Gifts exchangeable for Coupons. — Box 218 D, G.P.O., Sydney. Enclose two 2d. Stamps.

EVERY TIN IS FULLY GUARANTEED — SATISFACTION OR MONEY REFUNDED

FOUNTAIN KITCHEN-TESTED **Baking Powder**

ALSO USE "FOUNTAIN" SELF-RAISING FLOUR—It's Kitchen-tested

The above reference to free gifts does not apply to States where free gifts are not permitted by law.

Sausages are much more tasty served with thick, rich Bisto gravy

Ah! **BISTO**

Distributed by Cerebos Limited, 79 Pitt Street, Sydney

Printed and Published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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NOVEL WAY of serving vegetables—carrots heaped in a bed of potatoes, garnished attractively. Serve peas, cauliflower, or other vegetables in the same way.

POTATO SOUP, a delectable introduction to a good, hot winter's dinner. It is very easily made, and is decidedly inexpensive.

DELICIOUS SALAD fare, and an attractive way of serving it: beetroot cooked, topped, and filled with savory potato mayonnaise. Serve separately, garnished with parsley.

POTATO SALAD, decorated with olives and parsley, is a firm favorite for Sunday night's tea.

BREAKING *New* GROUND With POTATOES

Delicious ways of serving them with lunches, dinners, or as savory supper additions. Try them!

AT LEFT: Potato pie, family favorite, has mashed potatoes heaped over meat and browned in the oven. Above: Pastry cases, filled with potato, a mixture of sliced onion, and cream cheese.

By MARY FORBES, Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

POTATOES are the most popular of all vegetables, and the housewife's ever-ready standby. For they are "in season" all the year round, nourishing, liked by everybody—and cheap to buy.

So many people, however, serve them without imagination—just boiled, baked or fried—so that even they become tiresome.

Yet this humble, nourishing vegetable lends itself to being cooked in many different and delectable ways.

Just glance over these recipes—and then surprise family and friends!

POTATO DUMPLINGS

One cup cold mashed potatoes, 1 cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 egg, salt and cayenne, chopped parsley.

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and cayenne. Add potatoes and paraley. Mix to a paste with beaten egg. Drop by spoonfuls into the boiling stew about 20 minutes before serving. Serve round the dish of the stew.

POTATO SPECIALS

Two large potatoes, 4oz. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon custard powder, 1½ gills milk, frying fat, salt.

Sift flour, blend custard powder with a little milk till quite smooth and free from lumps, then add remainder of milk. Make a well in the centre of the flour, add a little liquid and mix well, adding more liquid as required. By the time all the flour is moistened the milk should be used, then beat well, add remainder of the milk, cut the potato into very thin slices, dip each slice into the batter, cover well, then put into boiling fat. Fry till a golden brown. Drain on white paper. Serve piled high on a paper d'oyley. Sprinkle with salt.

POTATO SALAD

One pound* cooked potatoes, salad dressing, chopped parsley, salt, cayenne.

Choose waxy potatoes. When cold cut into thin slices, place in a salad bowl. Sprinkle with salt and cayenne. Add chopped parsley to dressing, and pour over potatoes just before serving.

ESCALLOPED POTATOES

Parboiled potatoes, ½ pint white sauce, 1oz. grated cheese, 1oz. breadcrumbs, salt, cayenne, butter.

Cut cold potatoes into slices, place in greased piedish. Pour over white sauce to which salt, cayenne, half cheese and breadcrumbs have been added. Sprinkle with remainder of crumbs and cheese and a few pieces of butter. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Serve at once.

POTATO TART

Potatoes, onion, butter, chopped parsley, grated cheese, 6oz. short-crust.

Line a deep sandwich tin with short-crust. Place in a layer of sliced potatoes, then onion, and so on till dish is full, finishing with potatoes. Add salt, cayenne, butter, cheese and parsley. Cover with the pastry, pinching edges well together. Glaze with egg. Bake in moderate oven ½ to 1 hour. Serve hot with tomato sauce.

POTATO PUFF BALLS

One cup mashed potato, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, salt.

Mix potato, flour, salt and baking powder well together. Add beaten egg and milk. Mix well. Drop a tablespoonful at a time into deep boiling fat. Fry till a golden brown. Drain. Serve on a paper d'oyley. Garnish with sprigs of parsley.

POTATO ROLL

Pastry, 6oz. cold, cooked potatoes, 3 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, lemon juice, yolk 1 egg, 2 tablespoons currants or sultanas.

Mash potato well, add yolk, butter, currants, or sultanas, sugar, lastly lemon juice. Mix well. Roll pastry out into oblong sheet. Spread with potato mixture. Roll up. Brush over with melted butter. Sprinkle with sugar. Bake in greased piedish 40 to 45 minutes. Serve with custard.

POTATO PANCAKES

Two cupfuls raw potato, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons flour, ½ cup milk, salt, pepper, onion juice.

Make a batter with the well-beaten egg, flour, milk, salt, pepper, and onion juice. Add raw potato, which has been finely grated. Drop spoonfuls of this mixture into boiling fat. When a light brown all over, drain. Serve very hot with cheese sauce as a savory.

POTATO SCONES

One pound wholemeal self-raising flour, 1 cup mashed potatoes, 2 dessertspoons butter, 1 egg, cup milk, salt, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Put wholemeal flour into basin (not necessary to sift it as the best part is left in the sifter), rub in butter, add salt, sugar, potatoes. Mix into a stiff dough with egg and milk. Turn onto a floured board. Knead. Roll out. Cut into shapes with knife. Place on tin. Glaze. Bake in a quick oven till brown. Turn on to cake cooler. Split and butter. Serve at once.

POTATO BALLS

Cold mashed potato, salt, cayenne, flour, egg glazing, breadcrumbs.

Mash potatoes well with milk and butter. Add salt and cayenne. Make into balls, using a little flour. Dip in egg glazing, then toss in the breadcrumbs, firming them on well with a broad knife. Place in a frying basket, then lower into the boiling fat. Fry till a golden brown. Drain on white paper. Serve on a paper d'oyley. Garnish with sprigs of parsley.

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Rogue's Moon

By Robert W. Chambers

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ROGUE'S MOON

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

THROUGH a crack of the pantry door the guest was visible. He sat in a window-corner, elbows on table, face crotched between both hands.

Sunset glow faded in till and taproom. Winds went down with the sun.

Through an open casement behind him came the steady roar of ocean, seeming to grow louder as the still world darkened. Aromatic odors of cinnamon, lime-juice, malt, of spirits, of brown sugar, hung heavy in taproom and till, tinctured by freshening fragrance of mounting seas.

After a while the young man turned and closed the window behind him.

"Boy!" he called.

Now I chance to be a girl and no boy; nevertheless I answered him.

"Boy," said he, "fetch a light!"

"Two, sir?"

"No; one."

"Very good, my lord——"

"Why do you call me that!" he said in a startled voice.

"Because you look it, sir——"

"Darnation, I'm Jack Ross! See that you remember!"

I went to the till-shelf and took a candle in a pewter stick. When I had set it aflame from a kitchen coal I carried it to the young man in the taproom. Noticing that his leather jack stood emptied I laid one hand on it, inquiringly.

"Yes," he said, "your New Berne brew again."

"Will you sup, sir?"

"Not yet."

When I returned with the slopping jack he took it from me, blew the foam till it flew like spindrift all over the table.

"Come here, you freckle-faced pup," said he, "and wet your lips like a true man!"

I thanked him, tasted the brew, and set the jack between his spread arms which clutched the table's edges as though he would break the top into two halves.

"How old are you?" said he, a-staring at me as though thinking of something else.

"Seventeen, sir."

"Have you ever been at sea?"

"Yes, sir."

"With Tom Cocklyn, eh? Before he turned honest innkeeper?"

"No, sir."

"I think you lie, you little beast," said he; "you've sailed already On The Account, and you know it!"

"Would you make of a young boy an old pirate, sir, just because he is servant to Tom Cocklyn of Topsail Inlet?"

"Come," said he, "admit that you've sailed in the Red Sea trade!"

"Shall I take you, then, for a pirate, sir, because you bait here at The Lost Ship?"

"You had better not," said he, staring at me out of sea-grey eye

After a pause: "A long clay," he said, "and some Charles-Town, scented."

I fetched him a new clay pipe and the Chinese jar of tobacco which was scented with vanilla bean and mixed with orange flowers.

"Will you sup, sir?" I asked again.

"That's twice you ask. . . . Yes, I will sup when the gentleman I am to meet arrives."

"You say his name is Captain Death?"

"It's spelled that way, but pronounced Deeth. . . . An old English name, I believe."

"Yes, sir. And when this captain Death——"

"Deeth, I tell you!"

"Yes, sir. . . . When he of the ominous name arrives I am to show him into the back parlor and come and notify you, my lord."

"And if you call me 'my lord' but once again, I take the flat of my sword to you. Do you understand that, you girl-faced gaby?"

I told him I understood.

"Then get out," said he, "and leave me in peace."

First I retired to the till and, through the wicket, considered him intently where he sat morose. Then, satisfied, I took a lighted candle from the buttery, went into the hallway and out by the back door to the mews. From the stable, where I had led his hard-run horse an hour ago, I took a lantern faced with green glass. This I lighted; then, covering it with my jerkin-flap, I sped with it across the dunes to the edge of the tall pine forest.

There was a dead tree there. Upon a crooked stick I hoisted my lantern and hooked it on a stark limb where it swung, burning with a clear, green light like a flame o' witch-fire above a bog.

When I returned to The Lost Ship Tavern I crept behind the till where, seated upon a high stool, I peered, sometimes through the spindles at the young man by the window, sometimes out at the moon which now was become the Sea-Rogue's Moon, so called, and was full; and drew heavy surf that thundered ceaselessly beyond the inlet.

My meditations were stealthy, dark, and merciless, born of deathless patience. I knew what there was to be done with this young man, but not yet whether I could accomplish it.

I slid off my high stool and went into the kitchen where Herith, the black cook, sat asleep; and roused him and made him mend the fire against the coming of Capt. Death.

We had no other guests at Lost Ship Tavern.

As for Tom Cocklyn, my master, and host of this solitary seaside ordinary, he had gone to Edenton in Albemarle, which lies within the Chowan Precinct north of Sound and River; and is the capital of our Proprietary of North Carolina.

He had told me that his business lay with Charles Edene, Esquire, our Governor, concerning the constantly increasing swarm of pirates of which he said there were more than two thousand cruising now betwixt Cape Breton and Cape Florida.

But Tom Cocklyn usually lied to me, though he did not suspect I knew it; and I wondered where he really had gone, leaving the lonely tavern to me and to Molly Fair, the chambermaid, and to our black cook, Herith.

Molly Fair came to the kitchen presently—a yawning young wench—and a-tying of her dirty apron.

"Freckles," says she, "does that glum young gentleman bed here this night?"

"I know not," said I.

She went into the pantry and took a peep at him.

"A handsome devil," she whispers, "but a sullen one . . . You think him a Red Sea Trader or a highwayman out o' Charles-Town, Freckles?"

"Do his business and his good looks concern you?"

SHE gave my ear a hearty pinch, then flounced off to the kitchen where, I doubt not, she laid herself upon the settle and fell asleep.

I went into the dark till and looked through the spindles.

The solitary figure in the corner had not stirred. Candle-light cast his distorted shadow on the plaster wall behind him. Through the small thick windowpanes moonlight splintered into a kind of iridescent web across the darkness.

In another web of my own weaving this dozing, unstirring fly was to be caught, perhaps.

As I stood peering in at him who said he had a rendezvous here with a gentleman called Death—and he spoke truer than he knew—he lifted his brooding face and stared around him out of shadow-eyes.

"Boy!" he called harshly.

I ran to him. He commanded a noggin of cold pineapple rum, and bade me line the glass with limepeel and lay a small stem of cinnamon on it.

When I fetched his grog he had thrown himself back on his chair, his spurred and muddy boots extended, his laced riding coat flung wide, showing a flapped, flowered silk vest, and blond lace, and a pair of horse-pistols.

"Boy!"

"Yes, my lord——"

"You pup, will you bridle your loose mouth!" he interrupted savagely, catching me by the arm in a grip of steel.

"I'm sorry, sir—" I whimpered: but he nearly jerked me off my feet, and I thought he'd crush my arm bones ere he had done with me.

D SEEK SCREEN FAME. the top for a long while

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ROGUE'S MOON

"Curse you," he said, "if you call me 'my lord' before Captain Death I'll wring your girl-like neck for you!"

I snivelled.

"Understand this," he added, "I'll not have Captain Death know— mean suspect —that I am other than I seem—I mean, other than I am—which is Jack Ross, come to Carolina out of Virginia . . . And so into Albemarle, where is the refuge of all mean whites and runaway servants and—ruined men." He gave me another and fiercer shake:

"That's who I am—Jack Ross, gentleman, ruined by gaming . . . If you want your curly yellow head knocked off, call me 'my lord' in his presence!"

I said that I never should have called him "my lord," only that he seemed like one of our great folk.

"For whom, then, do you take me, that you blab and chatter of lords and great folk?" he demanded, with a new and uneasy note in his anger.

In my secret mind I thought to myself that somehow, by accident, I had pricked the truth in him, and the explosion revealed it. But I only gaped at him like a gaby.

He looked at me narrowly for a moment or two before his gaze began to soften.

"Come then, my lad," said he, "did I frighten you?"

"Not very greatly, sir."

"Why, that's well. Come, you young rascal, you shall have a pull at my grog. Old Vernon's famous grog. Here's to you, then!"—he drank—"and now, you to me!"—he thrust the glass toward me.

I wet my lips and returned it.

"No 'stomach' eh? Why, then? You are a tall lad, after all—though slim as a girl."

He laughed: "Now I wonder," said he, "what Tom Cocklyn pays you to rub down horses and draw small-beer in this dingy taproom. Eh?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Indentured?"

"Yes, sir."

"To old Tom Cocklyn! How is that then, you young rogue?"

"Mr. Ross," said I, "my father was Captain of the Fancy Nancy, East Indiaman, out of New York for Cadiz . . Two years ago . . Well, he lost his ship one day . . . And died because of it. So did my mother. . . . What becomes of destitute children? Is this world tender toward them?"

"HAH!" said he, "why not revenge yourself on the world then?"

"I have no quarrel with the world, sir."

"Tell me," said he, "are you ambitious to become a real man?"

"I do not believe I could become one," said I.

"Nevertheless, you shall," said he heartily. "And mend your fortune, as I shall mine. Come, you rogue. Play the man! What matters a thin and spindle body if the heart be stout?

"Any lad of spirit can learn to use a lighted linstock, or be taught to swing a hanger or fire a pistol! And that's all you need learn to seize that light-o'-love we call Fortune, by her wanton leg and trip her up till she spills a golden harvest out of her dirty smock!" He waved his hand. "Pick up the gold, lad, and that's all there is to it!"

"Mr. Ross," said I fearfully, "have you ever sailed On The Account?"

"Not yet." He gave me a sharp look, caught my arm again and pulled me into the candle-light. "Look me in the eye," said he, "or I'll murder you!"

I squeaked and made terrified eyes at him.

Said he: "You young buttery rat, I've told you enough to hang me in any other tavern save The Lost Ship. Do you know what a wagging tongue would cost you?"

"A slit throat, sir!" I whimpered.

At this his grim look softened, and presently he laughed again.

"Well, boy," said he, "will you sign a man's articles and sail with Death and me?"

"Whose articles, sir?"

"Captain Death's."

"To take all flags and be darned to them!"

"Would Captain Death sign a boy aboard for the Red Sea Tr—"

The loud clanging of the tavern door bell cut my words. I turned, sped through till and pantry, out to the hallway, and unbarred the tavern door.

Two men stood outside. The stout one—he of the pasty, caved-in face, pipe-stem legs, and dreadful bulging body—waddled into the hallway.

"Is Jack Ross here?" he asked in a hoarse and crummy whisper.

"Be pleased to name yourself, sir," said I.

"Tell him Captain Death is arrived."

"Who else, sir?" I looked at the tall, elegant, dandified man who lounged on the doorstep behind him.

"Francis Farrington Sprigg," said he in an affected voice, and sauntered across the threshold.

I looked hard at him, for his was a cruel name in the Carolinas.

He took snuff, then, regarding me with all the disdain and insolence in the world, and dusting his sharp nose with a laced handkerchief that smelled of a thousand roses, he whispered to the other.

"Dinner for three," said Captain Death in a hollow voice.

I led them to the back parlor; fetched a lighted candle to keep them company; ran to the kitchen; awoke Molly Fair and black Herith; and hastened on to the taproom.

"Mr. Ross," said I, "Captain Death is here—"

"Death, darn you!"

"And with him Mr. Francis Farrington Sprigg—"

"Oh . . . bring them here and lay a cloth." He got up and took me by both ears. "If you call me 'my lord' in their presence I'll break every chicken bone in your flimsy body!"

With that he turned me around and gave me a kick which sent me a-spinning.

I returned with Captain Death. Behind him strolled Francis Farrington Sprigg in his silks and laces and high-heeled boots, still a-dusting of his long, thin nose with scented snuff out of a golden box.

There was something dreadful to me about Captain Death, who was a sick man wasted to the bone; and the ghastly skin on his sunken visage revealed the skull's shape underneath.

But what was more frightful was his great bulbous body and his hollow voice, seeming to burst out from the bony cavern of his ribs—hoarse, horrible.

"Owls, snakes and lizards!" he growled. "If there's still rum in the world let me soak me to the bones! And here," said he, "is Mr. Francis Farrington Sprigg. A very dainty gentleman. Fetch him a plate o' cream and let him lap it!"

He burst into a jarring laugh, shook hands with Jack Ross, and Francis Farrington Sprigg did the like, looking at the young man down his long, pointed nose.

"Pineapple grog for three, boy," said Mr. Ross; and they all sat down together as I went into the till and became busy with limes, sugar and cinnamon.

I could not keep my eyes from Captain Death. He was like a swollen spider; and his candle-cast shadow was like one, wavering on the wall—as though he were a-dancing in his web—which fat spiders sometimes do.

They talked in low voices, all their snouts together, and three slopping glasses under their wet chins.

When Molly Fair laid the cloth, Captain Death caught her and pulled her to his bony knees, but the wench shrieked, tore loose, and ran, and would not again leave the kitchen, where she sat with a scared look while I fetched food and drink.

A dish of smoking fish, browned capons and rice—that was their dinner; and Captain Death spat out fish-bones and took a whole capon and tore it with his dirty, hooked fingers, cramming his jaws and making a hoarse and gobbling noise.

FRANCIS FARRINGTON SPRIGG ate like a cat, I swear, and daintily; and I even thought I saw his limber tongue travelling around his glass as though lapping the malt-brew foam.

Jack Ross ate not at all; but he drank enough, one elbow on the table; and ever his nervous fingers were in his disordered hair, or a-twitching and pulling at his hairless chin.

"That young lick-pot yonder watching us from the dark till," lisped Francis Farrington Sprigg, "is he to be allowed to listen, Mr. Ross?"

"Freckles!" called Jack Ross. And then, when I came to his side: "Do you mean to play the man? Yes or no?"

"Yes, sir—if you do."

"You cleave to me, then?"

"As close as may be, my—my friend and patron."

He shot a terrible glance at me, for I nearly had called him "my lord." Then the look of anger and fear faded in his reckless sea-grey eyes and clapped me jovially on the shoulder.

"Here," says he to Captain Death, "is a young recruit for you, and we shall make a man of him yet if you sign him."

"And what will Tom Cocklyn say to that?" lisped Francis Farrington Sprigg, "if we crimp his young dish-licker out of his till and kitchen?"

"Press, not crimp," protested Jack Ross, laughing. "To press is to persuade—with kind words, and gently—"

Francis Farrington Sprigg wiped his prim lips with his napkin and looked around at me. Never had I seen such bland, cruel eyes or so long and sharp a nose.

"Where lies the station ship?" said he to me in his precise voice.

"Inside Cape Fear, sir, and off Old Clarendon."

"Do you ever go aboard Sir George Sayles?"

"Every two weeks, sir."

"With fresh fish, corn and butcher's meat?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is his frigate off at Topsail Inlet?"

"Yes, sir."

"The Sea-Hawk her name?"

"Yes, sir."

Francis Farrington Sprigg turned to Captain Death:

"How shall we know that this young rogue is not a spy?" he asked in his mincing, affected voice. And there was more cold terror in it for the slight lisp—like the faint hiss of a white-mouthed snake.

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Captain Death's crummy voice was hoarse in my ears now; and he began a-cursing and a-damning, and promising that Tom Cocklyn would strip the skin from every bone for me if ever I turned false.

"Take him or leave him," broke in Jack Ross disgusted.

Sprigg's cold eyes turned on me. "Where is the Sea-Hawk's beat?" said he very softly.

"Between Cape Lookout and Cape Fear, sir."

"What signals does he set, off Topsail Inlet, to call Tom Cocklyn?"

"A reefed Jack and a Dutch ensign at the main, by day; three red lamps at the fore besides her riding lights, sir—until answered."

"How does Tom call the Sea-Hawk?"

I lied and said I did not know. Said Sprigg in his lisping voice:

"What is that green light on the wood's edge yonder?"

"Where?"

"Where the pines end on the dunes."

There was a silence; then Sprigg got up out of his chair. Under the flap of his laced coat a heavy pistol sagged. He pulled it free, cocked it, and I thought he meant to blow my brains out.

Stiff with terror I stared back at him, but his calm, pale murderous eyes were fixed upon Jack Ross, not on me.

"Have I seen you before?" he lisped.

"Have you?" asked Jack Ross, coolly.

"At Port Royal?"

"Possibly."

Sprigg's eyes never left Jack Ross, but he said to Captain Death:

"I told you so. We are come into a trap. This rake is youngest son of Lord Cardoss, and a ruined man, who sells us this night to Sir George Sales!"

"A lie," said Ross in a quiet voice; and lifted his glass and slowly emptied it. Then, looking up at Francis Farrington Sprigg: "I would not betray a guilty mouse that trusted me. . . . As for the rest—yes—I am John Ross. And I am ruined. And seek the sea to mend me."

"I told you so," lisped Sprigg to Captain Death. "Are we to be taken in a trap set for us by this penniless gamester and Tom Cocklyn——"

"Have done a-fiddling with your pistol!" said Ross contemptuously; but Captain Death shoved away the table and straddled to his feet.

"What do I care what his name may be?" he roared out in his windy voice. "If he means to sign articles with me let him clap on his hat and come aboard with me now!"

At that Ross turned, took his hat, shoulder-belt and sword from the peg where they hung, and, calmly smoothing out the plume, clapped the laced beaver upon his head.

"I am at your orders, Captain Death," said he gally. But, even as he spoke, over his shoulder through the window I caught a glimpse of men moving like shadows under the cedar trees by the kitchen garden. And I knew that these three were already doomed.

"Light us out," said Mr. Ross pleasantly.

So I took the candle to light them on their way.

They followed me along the passageway to the barred door. Death, that was pronounced as it was spelled, awaited them outside. I led them lightly to their end.

By the dark back parlor Sprigg stopped, and, in his cold, fastidious, lisping voice, repeated his distrust of young Ross, of me, of Tom Cocklyn, and of The Lost Ship Tavern.

"All these smell of treachery a thousand leagues," said he, lifting his cocked pistol to fold his arms and rest it across his left wrist. It pointed at Mr. Ross.

"You murderous, milk-lapping leopard," growled Captain Death, "if you meddle with my recruits you'd best look to your rotting ship when I hail you."

Young Ross only laughed at Sprigg, careless of his horse-pistol and his pale, small eyes; and we moved on again toward the tavern door.

"Unbar it," growled Captain Death to Francis Farrington Sprigg. As he spoke, Jack Ross passed his arm around my body and drew me against him.

"Do you come with me, then, freckle-face——" he began in his careless, bantering way, and suddenly became silent. The next instant he jerked me around to face him, and saw the hot blush mounting from my throat to the roots of my yellow hair.

For a second our eyes met; then I dropped the candle, and, at the same instant, Captain Death unbarred the door and flung it open, and strode out into the moonlight, followed by Francis Farrington Sprigg.

Before Jack Ross could stir I sprang ahead of him, slammed the door, and shot the great bolt of iron clanging through both staples.

"Bang!" went a musket outside, followed by a shattering shot from a horse-pistol. "Bang-bang!" went the muskets.

I heard a loud voice crying: "It's Captain Death of the Black Bee!—dead as bloater!"

Another shouted: "Sprigg's up again and running for the woods where the green lamp burns! After him, my bullies! Take him, my hearties! Tallyho! Stole away! Stole away!—"

I caught Mr. Ross by the sleeve and dragged him back through the parlor, through pantry and till and into the tap room.

He was deadly white, but calm.

"You treacherous young wench," said he, "—so you've done our business for us, have you?"

"Not yours," I panted.

"What! Do you not mean to sell me to George Sayles?"

"I sell nobody. I punish."

He glared at me in bitter contempt: "A taker of blood money," said he. "Fly your trade now, and end it!"

I came close and stood before him and spoke in a voice that trembled with passion:

"Say what you will of me, my lord, but I have promised God to help rid this world of the murderous gentry called pirates, who put my young mother to torture and outrage. . . . And left her dead; and my father tied alive to a hatch on his own deck. . . . And so set his ship afire in mid-ocean. . . . And so left them."

He stared at me.

"Nevertheless," said I, "I shall not deliver you up who have not yet signed these articles nor ever sailed On The Account. Follow me, if you please."

As he stirred not a finger I led him by the hand to the foot of the dark stairs, drew him up after me to the garret above, and so into my little chamber in the loft.

As he stood there, dumb, with shadowy, haggard gaze fixed on me, suddenly such a rage possessed me that I struck at him with clenched hands and gave him so violent a push that he stumbled backward and fell upon my trundle bed.

"You are more fool than knave," I cried in a choking voice, "or you should hang at Charles-Town between high tide and low!"

He raised himself on one elbow and lay looking at me out of his shadow-eyes like a damned man.

"Keep my chamber and stir not," said I, "until the Sea-Hawk's men depart. Then get you back into Virginia where you ought to belong, and not in this Albemarle where live only mean whites and slaves and thieves!"

He thanked me very quietly. After a brief silence I heard men at the barred door below, and went down and opened. They were the Sea-Hawk's men with their first mate, Mr. Wemyss.

He came in, closed the door, shutting out the crew, and, grinning, whispered to me:

"We shot old Captain Death to death, but Sprigg got away. Were there others?"

"None."

"My lads thought they saw three in the taproom——"

"I was the third."

"Oh . . . Well, Sprigg had a long-boat and crew inside the race-way. He's gone, curse him. His ship, The Delight, cannot be far off the inlet."

"Heaven forgive you for letting him go, Mr. Wemyss," said I, trembling all over.

"I know," he said. "He took a Portuguese barque a month since and murdered all. He took a sloop belonging to Barbados, a Martinico man, and one, Hawkins, with logwood; and on the twenty-seventh, a Rhode Island sloop—and he tortured and murdered all . . . Where is Tom Cocklyn?"

"Gone to Governor Eden in Edenton—he says."

Says the mate very solemnly: "Sir George Sayles bids you watch Tom Cocklyn for your life's sake."

"I have long believed that two masters pay Tom Cocklyn, and that he betrays both," said I wearily. "I am sick of men and their ways—sick to the bones . . . Will your men drink a draught before they go?"

But he said he must get back to the Sea-Hawk with no more delay; and added that they were taking Captain Death along to hang him in chains on Execution Dock in Charles-Town.

When he went out I stood at the open door and watched the long-boat's crew from the Sea-Hawk disappear into the night, lugging a corpse.

After they had gone I ran out along the dunes to the dead tree where hung my green lantern. With my crooked stick I unhooked it, lowered, extinguished it; and ran back to The Lost Ship.

In the kitchen was Molly Fair, too scared to speak; but black Herith sat asleep in the chimney seat. He had sailed On The Account in years gone by, and a shot or two from a musket was of scant interest to him—so that he fed fat and slept snug.

"A sailors' quarrel," said I to Molly. "Get you to bed."

She went, all a-shiver, whimpering at every step; and I at her heels; and shut her door tight after her. Then I went to my attic chamber where young Ross was lying as I had left him, resting on one elbow, his face in his hand.

"Come, sir," said I; "saddle your horse—for I do no more for you than I have done and have no kindness in my heart for you; and so pray that I never see your face again as long as ever I shall live!"

He rose and followed me down the stairs, through the door, and out into the moonlit mews.

"Good-bye," he said in a gentle voice.

"Heaven keep you from the gallows, my lord," I replied bluntly.

He stood silent for a moment. Then:

"What is your name, Freckles?" he asked.

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ROGUE'S MOON

"Nancy Topafield, my lord. And if ever any murdering pirate learns it I shall know he had it from you!"

He gazed upon me in silence. He was the handsomest young man I ever had beheld, and very beautiful in the moonlight.

NOW it was in the dark of the Rogue's Moon, that month when affairs were brisk at The Lost Ship Tavern: gentlemen travelling overland from Charles-Town to Bath-Town, and even as far as Tyrrel Precinct.

Tom Cocklyn, my master, and host of The Lost Ship Tavern, served his guests with his own malt brew and West Indian spirits in the taproom.

I was kept busy running hither and thither between till, kitchen, and stable, what with helping black Herith, the cook, to pluck capons, and Molly Fair, our tavern maid, to wash dishes; and also caring for the gentlemen's nags, to bed, rub, water and feed them; and avoid their teeth and heels.

The talk—as always in these times in North Carolina—was of piracy and pirates; for old Providence Island, or Skulltown, as some called it, was not so far off; and it swarmed with sea-rogues; and, year after year, they continued to sail the coast and the high seas despite Spanish Garda del Costa, and station ships of the Royal Navy on guard, here and there all the way from Nova Scotia to where the Spanish Grants begin.

So, when travelling gentlemen, who gathered in taverns, discussed not rice, indigo, and tobacco, their talk usually was of pirates.

Now, one of our travellers was Nicholas Trott, Esq., chief justice of North Carolina; and his visit frightened my rascal master, Tom Cocklyn. With the old judge were two assistant judges, whose names I do not recollect. But were bound for Bath-Town where a court of admiralty was holden, and there to try some wretches taken in plain piracy near Currituck Inlet, who belonged to Captain John Rackham's crew, who had been mate in Vane's ship; and these were surprised inside the inlet ransacking a pink by Sir George Sayles' station ship, the Sea-Hawk.

Tom Cocklyn, serving out Vernon grog to our guests, broke a tray of glasses—he having but a thumb and forefinger on his left hand and never would tell how he lost them—and bawled to me to come from the kitchen and sweep broken glass from the taproom. Which I did do presently.

As I was serving the gentlemen with flip, Judge Trott, a gaunt and owlish man with the pale eye of a starved hawk, shook his snuff-stained claw at Tom Cocklyn, and, says he:

"You may take my oath of office on't," says he, "they shot Captain Death through the body, and they took him by one of his spider legs and dragged him to the water's edge. And when they shoved off their longboat and were come again for his dead body to hang it in chains, according to law, dammy, the dead body was up on its spider legs and went a-waddling and a-straddling away across the seaward dunes; and they never did catch him, what with the pine woods and a blood clot on the moon!"

He blew his snuffy beak, swallowed half a tumbler of grog, pulled at his long clay pipe, and looked palely at Tom Cocklyn.

"And that's the story Sir George Sayles tells in Charles-Town, Tom Cocklyn. What do you know about it?" he croaked.

Cocklyn said with an oath that he had been in Edenton on that night.

"Yonder lad," said he, "was alone here with Black Herith and Molly. Tell the gentlemen what you know about it, Preckles."

I had both hands full of empty leather jacks, to fill them, but I paused on my way to the bar, and turned to face the several gentlemen at table.

"Sirs," said I, "Captain Death and Francis Farrington Sprigg had been drinking here, and when I led them out, Francis Farrington Sprigg went first, then Captain Death. Then—bang! went a musket!"

"And what next?" croaked Judge Trott.

"Why, then, your worship, I pushed the bar through the door-staples and went very softly to bed."

Several gentlemen laughed, and one said.

"You went very softly under the bed, I suppose, Preckles."

"Boy," said Judge Trott, "is that all you know about it?"

"Except what your worship is pleased to have told us."

"Hum-hum! Exactly. You—ah—say you were quite alone here, and Tom Cocklyn absent?"

"Mr. Cocklyn says so, sir."

Tom Cocklyn turned around in the till, and says he to me in a noisy voice:

"Was I in Edenton or was I not, you little beast?"

"You said you were——"

"Damnation, was I here or was I absent?" he roared.

"Were you present but concealed, Mr. Cocklyn?" I asked innocently.

TOM COCKLYN was certainly startled at my query as to whether he had been present but hiding at the shooting of Captain Death.

"That lad," remarked one of the assistant judges, "would make an excellent witness at law to hang anybody."

"He'd make a confounded impudent witness," growled Tom Cocklyn. "Get away from here," he added, aiming a kick at me—which I avoided and shrank aside into the pantry, where I remained until the several guests began to demand their cloaks and boots; and then their horses.

So to the stables again, and there saddled their nags and fetched them around, five at a time, to the tavern door; and had a little money of my gentlemen for my pains as they mounted, one by one, and took the rutted road to Bath-Town.

When, finally, the last guest had drained a stirrup-cup and departed and the three magistrate in their sombre cloaks had ridden away flapping like three huge and black-pinioned birds, Tom Cocklyn went out to sit on the settle under the tavern window where he could have his pipe and grog and spy-glass, and bathe him in the crimson rays of the declining sun.

He was a dirty man, seldom shaven, and wore a scratch-wig, a soiled red neck-cloth and a cocked beaver with grease spots on it, pulled low over one eye—the yellow one. The other eye was a pale bottle-green in hue.

Nights are chilly at Topsail Inlet. I was splitting fat lightwood for the kitchen when Tom Cocklyn called to me:

"Come here, you spindle-legged, knock-kneed rogue!" And, when I came to him: "Do you want me to skin you alive? Hey?"

"No," said I. "I don't."

"Then mark me well, you yellow-headed rascal, when I say I'm away from home, you say so, too! Do you hear?"

"I don't wish to lie——"

"Lie! Why, you kitten-faced lick-pot, what d'ye mean? Was I here the night they shot Captain Death?"

"Yes sir, you were."

"What! Do you pretend you saw me?"

"Yes, sir. I did—among Sir George Sayles' men."

"You're mad," he shouted at me; "what was I doing, then?"

"I don't want to tell you——"

"Answer!" he yelled in fury.

"You shot Captain Death through the body."

The silence frightened me; but I could not have replied otherwise, for my tongue is so oddly-fashioned that it utters untruths with difficulty. And some day is like to undo me."

"Come here," said Tom Cocklyn.

He beat me very often and kicked and cuffed me about; and it always hurt, for I was thin and a girl—though he did not know that, nor did anybody else on earth excepting only one young man. And he in Virginia, I hoped.

So I went reluctantly and stood in front of Tom Cocklyn, where he was squatted on his green-painted settle and sucking his long clay. There was ferocity in his face, but he spoke quietly enough:

"You've come to learn too much," he said, "and you suspect more. Very well, here's the rest of it: I serve who pays me best—Sir George Sayles, Governor Eden, or gentlemen who sail On The Account . . Who bids highest wins me."

He gave me a terrifying look out of the greenish eye; the other in shadow, shone dimly like an animal's eye in the dark.

"Now, you mewling little devil," said he. "I'll strangle you with this"—he thrust his hairy, mutilated hand towards me—"and I'll chop you to pieces with that axe if ever you spit a word o' this to any living soul."

I was so frightened that I could scarce speak: "I shan't tell anybody," said I.

"That's better. Is your mind and your disposition firm in my service? Or would you snap at the kind hand that feeds you?"

I said: "If you shot Captain Death I care not."

"Why, that's better still," said he. "All you have to do is to mind your own business and I'll attend to mine. And if ever you see me a-doing of queer things, just you take no notice, like a good boy, but go right on a-washing of them pewter dishes. You understand me, Preckles?"

"Yes, sir."

"And when I tell you, go show a green light in the woods, it's none o' your cursed business why—is it?"

I shook my unkempt head.

"Or if you think you see me hereabout when I tell you I ain't here but I'm to Edenton—is that your business?"

With the only finger on his left hand he poked the ashes in the bowl of his pipe:

"Moreover," said he, "if you think you seen me a-shooting of anybody, whosoever, why, is that any o' your rogue's business?"

He took a pull at his grog, then at his pipe, then put up his spyglass and levelled it at the horizon.

He continued to squint through his glass, and I continued to look at him. I knew he'd been a pirate. Doubtless a cruel one. Black Herith told me so. Said he'd sailed with him. Yet Sir George Sayles and Governor Eden paid him to inform on pirates.

And for this reason I never had attempted to run away. Because pirates had made me an orphan; and I had promised God to help rid the world of these cruel and wicked men.

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The sun was nearly level with Tom Cocklyn's spyglass now, and how he could look into the red eye of it I do not know.

"A sail," said he, "hull-soused. Topsail schooner. Bound for Bath, I guess. Naval stores . . . What the devil are you about? Carry that splinter-wood to the kitchen!"

The firelight in the dusky kitchen gleamed red on the gold hoops in black Herith's ears. He gave me a hot hoe-cake and a slice of bacon for my supper.

I carried it out to the barn, but the chickens kept jumping and flapping to seize it, so I ran out across the dunes and half a mile beyond the pine woods, and sat me down near the water which was at flood and stained blood red by the sinking sun.

Now, as I sat there all alone on the sands, eating my hoe-cake and bacon, and licking the crumbs from my rough, thin fingers, something—some subtle sense of another presence, caused me to peer around over my shoulder.

A man stood there, looking at me. The shock of it made me feel faint with fear.

"Freckles," he said.

At the sound of his voice I got up on trembling legs, still weak from fright. But I knew him. He was the Honorable John Ross of Virginia, youngest son to my Lord Cardross of Port Royal.

"What are you doing here at Topsail Inlet?" said I. "Are you coming a-pirating again?"

"I came to see Nancy Topsfield."

"Have a care what you say, sir," said I in a low voice and glancing fearfully about me. "If you reveal to Tom Cocklyn what I am heaven only knows what treatment might be mine."

"Do you think I would serve you such a trick, who had saved my life—and honor."

At that I looked at him very hard.

"Yes," he said, "I came here one night in April last, a ruined man, to meet Captain Death. And to sign his shameful articles and go aboard with him to sail with him under a black flag or a bloody one, and take all nations."

He came nearer: smiled kindly at me. His was a strange smile that surprised with its candor. I had not before seen this young man smile.

"Freckles," said he, "they shot Captain Death, and, I think, Francis Farrington Sprigg. And would have taken or slain me, also, had you not saved me. And shamed me back to manhood."

"Then you are not come here a-pirating, sir?"

"I am aboard Sir George Sayles——"

"What!" I cried joyfully.

"—And command the Moth, sloop-tender to the Sea-Hawk . . . To take no flag only if it be a black or a bloody one. Will you be friends with me now, Freckles?"

"Sir," said I faintly, "I praise God that I drew you in the door when the muskets fired upon Captain Death."

"For that reason," said he, "I come again to thank you, Freckles. And never again shall be tempted to so base a design as was mine that April night."

JACK ROSS took a purse from his pocket—a very lean one—and offered it to me.

"I have drawn a month's pay in advance," said he with his candid smile; "not much—but, one day, please Heaven, I shall reward you suitably——"

"If," said I, "I would not sell a known pirate for blood money, shall I take pay for kindness done a friend?"

"I wish it! Lord," says he, "you are in rags, poor child——"

"I will not have a penny of you if I must run naked!"

After a silence he took off his laced hat, lifted my hand in his, kissed it.

"Then—thank you," said he gravely. And put away his purse.

"You are welcome, sir," said I, laughing of a sudden—not knowing why I laughed at all.

"And one matter I must make clear for you," said I. "Captain Death shammed death—and presently got himself to the pine woods, and has never been retaken. And Francis Farrington Sprigg was neither wounded nor taken."

In the dull red light of sunset I saw him knit his brows.

"That's bad," said he.

"Have a care, sir, that neither of these fierce men ever take you."

He smiled. "My only care," said he, "is that I shall take them——" His smile faded; he said, bluntly: "What would they do to you?"

I shuddered: "How came you into Topsail Inlet, sir?" I asked.

"The Moth lies below—to the east of the wooded point, yonder. My shallop is beached below. I walked hither."

I said nothing. I began to feel confused. He seemed, all at once to me, so grand a man, tall and handsome, and so mighty a gentleman—who once had called himself Jack Ross, bent on the vilest purpose ever man might hatch and entertain. And now, suddenly, he had become as beautiful to me as a vision.

Presently he looked down at me.

"Once more," said he, mischievously, "you shall draw me a jack of malt-brew, Freckles."

"Tom Cocklyn is at home," said I, "so have a care, my lord."

"What of it?"

"Nothing, sir . . . Only he has never heard of Jack Ross from me."

"I understand . . . Go you in advance, then; and in half an hour I shall drift in, as it were, on this flood tide out o' nowhere."

Now, as the woods ended, we stopped. He retained my hand a little in starlit darkness, then released it; and I clapped wings to my heels and flew to outstrip the swarming thoughts that whirled like a fiery cloud o' bees to frighten me.

I had run nearly half a mile, and was climbing the dark dune through sweet-bay and sea-grape scrub, when I saw a green light at the water's edge near to where Tom Cocklyn's boats were beached.

This amazed me, for we set a green lantern at Topsail Inlet only to signal to Sir George Sayles in his station-ship, the Sea-Hawk. And why Tom Cocklyn had done this I could not guess.

So I ran down across the dunes toward the beach; and when I came very near to the green light I heard a man groaning; and then, in the green glow of the lantern, I saw a man's head—only his head—sticking out of the sand.

I stared at it in horror; and, as I stared, the head groaned; and I saw it was Tom Cocklyn's head, there on the beach, as though severed from his body.

Then, up out o' the shadow of a beached boat, rose two men and seized me by either arm.

I fought, twisted, writhed, kicked, bit—all in utter silence—but they began to run across the sands toward the tavern, dragging me between them. And, coming to the open door, pulled me inside, through the back parlor, hallway, and flung me headlong into the tap-room which was ablaze with candles and noisy with shouting men.

I had fallen on both knees, but was on my feet as swift as a cat.

And found myself facing a man with spindle legs and a great, bloated torso, and the pallid, caved-in features of a skin-stretched skull.

The man was Captain Death.

"Why, curse it," says he in his hoarse and crummy voice, "here," says he, "is the starving, girl-faced boy who betrayed me! Why, curse by lights and liver——"

Noisy voices were stilled; his sea-rogues in their soiled silks and gaudy sashes stuck thick with knives and pistols, came from the rifled till, from bar and pantry, to gather around me where I stood terrified.

Captain Death's voice became a hoarse and windy roar—for he had been shouting curses at me all the time.

"You knock-kneed rascal. You mewling lick-spit!" he yelled. "You lit a green light for the Sea-Hawk's men to take me; and when they were come you let me out the door into a blaze of musketry!"

With that he pulled a brass horse-pistol out of his silken sash and laid it on the table and sat down, trembling all over, and showing me his crooked teeth.

WITH an oath he seized his pistol in ungovernable fury and fired at me; and the ball clipped a curl of yellow hair over my right ear.

Through the swimming, choking smoke, I saw him get to his legs and tug at his hanger to pull it from the scabbard; but his sea-wolves were yelling and pushing close around me, now, and clamoring to make sport with me before they slew me.

"Very well," he said hoarsely, "tie him to the table-top, and fetch that big trapped rat in the cage-trap from the pantry! And fetch from the kitchen a small iron pot!"

Some of the men began to laugh, and seemed to know what was to be done to me.

Struggling helplessly I was carried to the table and roped flat to the top of it so that I could not stir a finger.

One of the men crowding around me put a small iron pot, upside down, on my stomach. Another showed me a great, bright-eyed rat in our cage-trap, which I myself had set in the pantry that very morning.

Then they lifted the iron pot a little, and let out the rat to scramble from the trap and hide under the pot on my stomach.

"Fetch a pan o' hot coals from the kitchen fire!" roared Captain Death.

I had not uttered a sound and now my tongue froze stiff with horror as I felt the rat under the iron pot, running heavy over my body and beginning to scratch at my skin.

"Dump the fire on top o' the pot!" cried a voice.

Then I screamed. And, at the instant, such a crashing blast of musketry blazed through the open window that it stunned me for a moment. There came a trampling rush of cursing, bellowing men; the table overturned carrying me with it. And I fainted.

When I came again to my senses I lay deep in Tom Cocklyn's great chair, my hair and face all wetted with chilly water, and my fingers tight hold of Mr. Ross, clutching his strong hand with both of mine.

"Cheerily," said he, seeing my eyes open. "All is well with you, Freckles."

After a little while I whispered: "Yes, my lord."

Then I saw Tom Cocklyn, his head in a

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bandage. He stood near his robbed till, drinking with some men-o'-war's men, and cursing and damning and voicing a ferocious joy that Captain Death and his sea-rogues, at last, lay dead or taken every one.

TOM COCKLYN, landlord of the Lost Ship Tavern, sat on the settle under the taproom window, nursing an inextinguishable rage.

Since Captain Death, the pirate, had buried him to the neck in the sand to die by the mounting tide, Tom Cocklyn nursed his wrath against all sea-rogues, brooded, moped, lived only to do some of them an ill turn.

He saw enough of them, for these wolves of the ocean frequented his tavern at Topsail Inlet when driven to Carolina for wood or water or other provision.

Also they knew him for an old pirate; and some among them had him in their pay; yet he also was paid by our Governor of North Carolina, the Honourable Charles Eden, and by others, perhaps.

Such customers as came to The Lost Ship I served, now. He would have none o' them, scarcely return a civil greeting, scarcely speaking to anybody.

One day two of Vane's men, escaping, came ashore seeking the King's pardon; and Tom Cocklyn took them to Judge Nicholas Trott, and they were tried and hanged. And Heaven knows what evidence Tom Cocklyn gave against them to rob them of benefit of the proclamation which I, with my own hands, had nailed up in our taproom for all to read according to law.

We have, in Carolina, a thick and bloated kind of snake which is as deadly as it is sudden, and made me think of my landlord and master.

For, one day, I saw a man and a boy land at the inlet from a shallop, and shout to us to fetch a side o' butcher's meat to Calico Jack, who was John Rackham, the pirate, master of the Kingston, prize ship.

And I saw Tom Cocklyn take a butcher's cleaver and run towards them. I know not what frightened them or seemed to warn them of his purpose unless it was the way he ran, crouching and leaping like a panther.

But they became, suddenly, panic-struck, and ran towards the pine woods; and Tom Cocklyn ran after them.

That night he took a spade and a lantern and was in the woods for three hours. I heard him come in where I lay shivering on my garret bed.

We had no guests that day. There was no sound, no movement in the tavern save buzzing and circling flight of flies. Black Herith sat dozing in the kitchen chimney corner where, on the white ashes, a single coal lay like a glowing eye.

Molly Fair slept on the pantry bench. I had washed her pewter dishes for her, fetched light-wood and water, trimmed candles, and cleaned crumbs.

Eggs I had fetched. I cooped two broody hens. I fed the sow.

Now, with time to myself, I took my schoolbooks to the back door and there seated myself upon the warm stone. Now, very earnestly, I fell to learning what I could out of these same books which I had as a gift of Mr. Ross of Sir George Sayles' company—who commanded His Majesty's station-ship, Sea-Hawk; and Mr. Ross commanded her tender the Moth, patrolling the North Carolina coast from Old Clarendon to Currituck Inlet.

After a while I heard Tom Cocklyn bawling: "Boy! Here!—you lazy rogue!"

Neither he nor Molly nor anybody ever had suspected my real sex, save only Mr. Ross, who had surprised it.

I ran with my books through the tavern and out of the front door; and saw Tom Cocklyn lumped upon the green settle in the sun.

"Here," he growled, "look through my spyglass, for my good eye fails, what with the sunglare and floating specks——"

One of his eyes was yellow, the good one was greenish-grey.

I took the glass, levelled it.

"A tall ship," said I.

"Dammy," said he, "I can make her out, too. Does she carry colors? I can't see that very clearly."

"Not a shred."

"What do you make her, Freckles?"

"A large merchant out of England, inward bound—yet—how can that be, for she rides light—unless in light ballast——"

"Hell's roaring headwinds!" he growled, "does a tall ship arrive in the plantations in ballast? . . . Or some sea-rogue has taken and plundered her and put guns and crew aboard, or she's traded in the Indies and sails to Virginia for tobacco . . . What's her bearing, now?"

"North-west by north."

"No colors?"

"No, not a rag."

"Guns?"

"If she triced up her ports I could tell you better. I see none—not even a swivel."

"What sail?" he grunted.

"All set, I think."

"What speed?"

"Scarce any . . . None, sir, by her bow-teeth. Taken aback, now——"

"Teeth all pulled?"

"Clean. Her sails all shake. She gathers sternway. I think she is in irons, sir——"

"Give me my glass—— By heavens, she's in irons!" . . . After a long silence: "She misses stays. What animal handles yonder helm? . . . Now! They pay her off to starboard. Now they trim her. Starboard helm! So! She's under way again—on the larboard tack——"

As he spoke she passed from sight behind the pine woods.

"Who is the great fool who thinks he is sailing yonder ship, I wonder?" growled Cocklyn . . . "And what is she? Out of her course? . . . A tall ship, hey? A-sailing around Hatteras . . . Yes . . . Perhaps . . . Calico Jack sails a tall ship, too. . . . Jack Rackham and his companion, Bonnie Anne Bonny."

"Anne Bonny?" I repeated.

"The female pirate. There's five hundred guineas posted for her, dead or alive . . . And the same for Mary Read, her ogre comrade. Mary Read; six feet o' bone and muscle and a man's beard on her chin! Yonder ship may be Rackaman's. The Kingston . . . On a larboard tack, too."

After a silence I said to him in a low voice: "What you did that day in the pine woods you and God only know . . . But if it be truly John Rackman in yonder ship, perhaps he will anchor and send a boat to ask questions of you."

Then Tom Cocklyn began to curse and grind his raging teeth and fling his spyglass one way and his long clay pipe another. When he had done with his rage:

"Nevertheless," said I, "you had better consider what countenance to make him if he lands and comes here. Or else you had better take horse and go to Bath-Town or Eden-Town."

"Boy!" he roared, "d'ye think I'm afraid of Calico Jack?"

Then he fell into such a fury that I drew away and stared at him as I might at a dog in a fit, and he a-swearing and a-cursing me and John Rackham and every living creature that came into his furious mind.

That storm passed, too. He made me fetch his pistols. I picked the flints for him; loaded both and primed the pans with dry, bright powder. Then he shoved them into his belt and buttoned over them his dirty surtout.

"Freckles," says he, "you take your slate and chalk and your two books and run along the dunes and through the woods to the hill above Hangman's Point where the wreckage beacon stands. And you can keep one eye on your book and t'other on yonder ship to spy out what may chance. And if aught happens to awake your distrust you shall leg it back to me. You understand? Hull down, and you may take a nap if you choose. At anchor, you stand watchful guard. A boat, you lie flat in the beach-plums and observe. And if any men land and come this way, run swift as a dune-fox to carry news of it to me!"

I promised. I left him there on the settle, cursing, grumbling, and fondling his loaded pistols, his green eye glaring at the sea.

When at length I came to Hangman's Point and sat down on the hot sand among the beach plums, I saw that the ship was nearly naked of canvas and lay at anchor above the wrecker's beacon.

There was no beacon, now; only a dead and twisted cedar with a horse's skull nailed to it—the skull of a blind, grey mare used by rogues for carrying a lantern to lure ships to the sands.

Nothing was happening aboard the anchored ship. I opened my book and read very slowly in it how to spell properly in our English language. Then, with slate and chalk and my other book I set down figures to add, multiply, and subtract—always keeping one eye on the distant ship.

It was pleasant; for I loved hot sand and a good hot sun, perhaps because I was thin, and young and not well nourished; and a man's work I did kept a girl's slight frame very meagerly covered.

Nestling there in my sand-nest among bayberry and beach-plum, where hundreds of big, wind-blown butterflies, yellow and orange, fluttered and drifted westward—arriving from heaven knows where and journeying I know not whither, I contrived to cipher, with chalk and slate, and still keep an eye on the ship.

NOTHING stirred aboard her that I could see where she rode at anchor.

Sand, wind, and sun were hot, and the water of the inlet invited me. So presently I laid aside slate and book and, still keeping the seaward dune between me and anybody aboard the ship who might be observing this coast through a glass, I quickly took off my small clothes, stockings and shirt and ran down to the water.

And there I lay and splashed in the cool delight of it—running up to the top of the dune to take a peep at the ship now and again—but noticed nothing extraordinary and returned to my crystalline bath.

Out into the deep bluish-purple current of the inlet I swam, and there sported and floated—how long I did not realise, until, suddenly remembering the ship, I swam to shallow.

There, rising and wading toward the sandy shore, I had nearly reached the beach when, to my amazement and fright, I saw a figure, suddenly dark against the sky, rise up above the dune and come over it and straight down to the shore.

The figure was that of a young woman, though clothed in a strange and wanton

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fashion. For she wore a scarlet silk vest, open to her belt, and very wide breeches of scarlet silk that fell only above her naked knees; and, around her hair—which was brown, and blew loosely about her face—was bound a gold and red figured handkerchief of Barbary tinsel stuff.

I STARED at her in fear and astonishment—at her sunburned body and her legs in sagging boots of soft grey leather, at her belt of shot silk which bristled with pistols, and daggers, at the short, heavy, guardless sword which she carried in its silver filigree and crimson velvet sheath.

It was not until she had arrived nearly at the water's edge that she lifted her brilliant dark eyes and saw me. And plainly was as astounded as I.

Then, of a sudden, she began to laugh; and called out to me in a pleasing and merry voice:

"Well, then, what are you, little one? A sea-sprite?"

I knew not what to answer, and stood there ankle-deep in water until, smiling still, she bade me come ashore and fear nothing.

"For," she says, "you may take me for a female pirate, and you may be right, but I am a very gentle one to children and would do a harm to no living creature only if driven to it."

So I waded timidly ashore; and there knew not what to do, for I did not wish her to see me dress in my boy's garments, yet did not desire to remain naked.

"Well," says she, watching me with her frank smile, "if you mean to bathe again, sit here and clothe yourself with good hot sand and while you tell me your name and your quality—for," says she, "you are a pretty child and daintily fashioned, body and head, hand and foot, but seem cruel thin in rib and limb."

So I made for myself a hollow and clothed myself in hot sand.

"What is your age?" said she. "Fifteen—or less?"

"Seventeen."

"Heaven have mercy—do they starve you then?"

I lowered my head and made no answer for a moment, then, looking up at her:

"Madam," said I, "are you Anne Bonny?"

At which she clapped her hands, which were small, brown, and pretty, and burst out a-laughing.

"And where did you hear of Anne Bonny?" says she.

"Oh, madam, there are ballads and broadsides enough."

"And printed bills of reward," she said. "You've seen and read them?"

"Yes, madam."

"Five hundred guineas, dead or alive? For Anne Bonny, the female pirate? Is that it?"

"Yes, madam."

"Come, then, and what further?—so you should know her and carry news of her to Nicholas Trott, and deliver her, and become rich and marry a prince!"

"She sails with John Rackham in his tall ship, the Kingston, they say; and is his sweetheart."

"True. What else?"

"But—she is said to be no older than I, and small and light-haired, with very large blue eyes . . . And I think you must be nearly twenty-one, madam, and are tall and brown."

"All that you say is very true, my child; and, as you see, I am not Anne Bonny. But am comrade to her; and Jack Rackham is my captain, and the Kingston is my ship. Now, then, who am I?"

"Madam, I do not know."

"Why, then, I'll tell you: I am Mary Read . . . What! You never heard o' me?"

"Yes, madam. But they say of you that you are six feet high and man-like and fierce of visage, with a sprout o' hair on nose and chin——"

Her uncontrolled laughter rang out in the silence, and so wildly she laughed that she pressed both pretty hands to her bosom and sat there rocking and gasping and the tears starring her dark eyes.

"Child," said she, "listen to me—for I shall sail again in two hours and never return; and it makes no odds to me that you know the truth and tell it—though nobody is like to believe you. Shall I reveal myself as I am?"

"If you please, madam."

"Well, then, give me your hand, there!—and look me well in the eyes—so! Do I seem very fierce and murdrous?"

"No, madam."

"Cruel?"

"No——"

"Degraded? Debauched? Shameless?"

"Oh, no——"

"Have I bristles on my nose and chin——" She choked with laughter and laid a delicate finger on the tip of her beautiful nose.

"No," I said.

"Yet," said she, "I am that same Mary Read; and I am, as they say—a pirate; and very visibly a female."

After a while I asked her in a low, embarrassed voice, why she followed so violent a career who was young and handsome and in her early youth.

"My child," said she gaily, "I shall answer you the exact truth. My poor mother, to gain an annuity, promised by my grandmother to any grandson, passed me off for a boy. Always I wore boy's dress as a child. And ever after, too. When my mother and my grandmother were dead in London-Town, I thought a lonely boy had a better chance in the world than a girl. So I listed and served; and in the horse and in a foot regiment; and nobody ever suspected my sex. I desired to have a commission; but such are always bought and sold, and I had no money. So I went to sea as a foremast man; and, on the first voyage, the ship was taken by pirates, and I pressed by Calico Jack, who was mate aboard Vane. I have sailed since with Jack Rackham, after he bade Vane go to the devil and took the Kingston. And always was hoping to escape—until——"

She fell silent, and I saw a strange and tender look come into her brooding eyes.

"Child," said she, giving me an odd glance, "it is love that holds me aboard Jack Rackham . . . Believe me when I tell you that Love, and her twin sister Hate, govern all the world."

Her brown eyes grew remote; she sat playing with my hand in silence for a while. Then caught my eye and smiled.

"A strange world, my pretty," said she. In April last, Jack Rackham chased the Blue Dove, galley; and coming up with her took her by the board off French Hispanola. And pressed the likeliest men aboard . . . And among them a young man—pleasant, gentle, very honest . . . Paul West, his name . . . And Calico Jack gave him choice—or sign articles with him or die with the others aboard the Blue Dove."

She took my hand and laid it on her heart: "Do you feel the beat, little one? That is love, ever babbling in my breast when I speak this young man's name.

"Do you wish to hear how well I love him? Well, then, last night Paul West quarrelled with Dick Corner, our quartermaster, who is a very powerful fellow; and Paul is peaceable and unskilled in arms.

"By our articles the law is this, that all such quarrels must be settled the following day ashore.

"Jack Rackham named the hour as 5 o'clock this afternoon . . . What time is it now?"

She pulled from her silken vest a gold watch: "Two o'clock," she said gally, "and in a little while you shall dress and hide yourself among yonder bayberry bushes; and you shall see a girl-pirate fight with Dick Corner for her beloved's life!"

"M-madam," I faltered, "what are you saying to me!"

"What is true. For I knew this quartermaster bully would kill my Paul. And I went to him in Jack Rackham's cabin, and struck him and cursed him and flung a can of rum in his face, and spat upon him. And I said to Jack Rackham, "Three o'clock ashore to-morrow, or Paul West robs me of my pleasure!"

"'Dammy,' says Jack, a-roaring with laughter, 'if you have not frightened poor Dick to death you shall use him as you can at three o'clock, you pretty devil!'"

"Madam," said I, turning ill with astonishment and fear, "is it your present and instant purpose to bare that tender woman's body to this ruffian's sword and pistol?"

"To what purpose should I live if he killed my Paul?" said she, calmly. "But now Dick Corner must first slay me."

I began to cry, silently, the hot tears running down both cheeks.

"Hush," said Mary Read; "there was no other way, my pretty." She put one strong, beautiful arm around me and drew me to her.

"Presently," said she, "you shall rise and creep up the dune and lie perdu among the shrubs." She kissed me, smilingly—"And there, my pretty, you shall witness to what lengths a pure love may go . . . And if it end badly for me, well, I shall see my Paul very soon again . . . God knows his heart and mine."

"Madam, does your lover know of this terrible adventure?"

"Heaven forbid!" Presently she looked at her watch again, then spfang to her feet and drew me with her out o' my couch of sand.

"Come," says she playfully, with a gentle slap on the back, "run to your hiding place, if you would see the sport, for I think their shallop is already on its way ashore."

SO sudden and deep and tender a spell had this young woman already woven about my heart that my tears blinded me, and I could scarce find my way up the dune and discover my clothing and make out to dress me.

Shivering there under the bayberry bushes I lay and looked at Mary Read.

She paced the firm strand, up and down, with light, springy step, swinging her Barbary sword in its velvet and silver sheath, and humming aloud a song in a gay, contented voice. God give me such a courage as was this woman's, to whom the world have given so infamous a name.

It seemed to me a very long while before I saw her halt and turn her head very quickly toward the seaward dunes which lay piled like snow mounds between the ocean and the sound.

Over these duns came a huge, hairy man, all alone. Yet there must have been a

SEEK SCREEN FAME.

the top for a long while now. But she would have

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ROGUE'S MOON

boat's crew below him on the sea-beach, because he turned and shouted back to his fellows who were invisible to me:

"She's here! I'll not keep you five minutes' waiting!"

Now, this vast, hairy bulk of a man drew a pistol from his belt and cocked it, and began to run toward Mary Read, yelling foul names at her and cursing her at every stride.

When he came nearer he presented his silver pistol and fired at her. Not hitting her he flung it on the sand, pulled another pistol, and ran toward her—a dreadful, monstrous sight in his green velvet, plumed hat, and naked feet; and a heavy gold chain dangling and tossing about his thick neck and huge and hairy chest.

The second time he fired upon her, Mary Read shot him, so that his hat with the red plumes fell from his head, and a wash of bright blood bathed his left cheek and his bearded jaws.

Never had I heard such awful cursing as burst from the wounded man's distorted mouth. He pulled his hanger from his sash and leaped at her; and I saw her Barbary blade flash as it met his, cling to it, twist it, force it down, down, lower, ever lower, till, as he disengaged it, she slashed him twice like lightning, and he let out a roar that might have been heard at The Lost Ship.

Now he went at her in such a blind panic and fury that she gave ground and ran like a fawn. But ever—when he stopped to slash the empty air baffled and in check—instantly she turned upon him and bled him anew with her quivering, reddened point, so that he screamed at her in crazy rage.

It may have been the salt and sand in some mortal wound he had got that suddenly set him death-howling where he stood, naked blade quivering in his fist.

Instantly she glided toward him. He saw her coming, light-footed, shod with velvet, and paused very close to him, near, smiling, motionless.

Then with infinite effort, he struck at her face with wavering sword, inarticulate, dying on his feet; and Mary Read passed her Arab blade through his body, whipped it free and cut him across the neck. Down he came in a drenched heap of soiled silk and jewels and blood-wet velvet.

I saw his thick, hairy fingers move on the sand a little, squirm in a spasm as his lost soul passed. Then the air sighed and whistled from his collapsing lungs and the heap of flesh flattened and lay red and soaking under the mid-day sun.

MARY READ looked down upon him; lifted her head and her brilliant eyes to me; slowly held up her Barbary sword in the fierce white sunshine.

Then, in silence, she turned and moved leisurely across the sands towards the sea-dunes where, by their long-boat, unseen men were awaiting her dead body.

I stood among the bayberries and watched her passing slowly out of my sight; and it seemed as though I could not endure that she pass so utterly out of my earthly life, so strangely and passionately tender the chord she had touched deep—deep in lonely and unmothered depths within me.

I gazed after her, dumb, with quivering lips, throat tightening under the unuttered cry.

The first woman ever who had touched me, looked upon me in kindness since my mother died of her martyrdom aboard my father's burning ship.

Now Mary Read had reached the crest of the seaward dunes, and there stood poised an instant, scarlet, hardy, graceful against the burning sky.

A great sob wrenched my chest, torn from my throat the strangled cry of desolation.

It was too far; she never turned her head; and, in a moment, was gone, leaving my straining vision empty save of the vast solitude of sky and sand.

Suddenly the wild onset of grief overwhelmed me, frightened me, and I began to run toward the tavern. And as I ran I sobbed drearily and wept aloud, and my feverish voice calling upon my dead mother, sometimes, and sometimes upon Mary Read.

NOW, Tom Cocklyn, although landlord of the Lost Ship Tavern, no longer paid any attention to his proper duties, and ended by leaving it to me to serve guests, make purchases and settle accounts and all reckonings.

All day long he sat on the old green settle under the tap-room window a-spying out with his brass spyglass what distant sails passed on the horizon, and ready to send word to Sir George Sayles in his station-ship, the Sea-Hawk, or to Mr. Ross in his guard-sloop, the Moth, tender, to chase and take any ship which seemed suspicious.

He was brutal to me; often threw an empty jack, or a bottle or even his clay pipe at me, and kicked or struck me very frequently so that often I had cuts and greenish bruises on my face and body; and once a painful burn between my shoulders where his lighted pipe hit me and spilled burning tobacco down my back.

I do not know whether he would have treated me so heartlessly had he known I was a girl and not the thin, freckled, starveling lad I seemed; for he never kicked Molly Fair, our slatternly maid, but only cursed her and abused her with his venomous tongue when angry.

At times I thought he really meant to kill me, such devil's malignity distorted his features when enraged.

One night, in particular, when he thought to have taken Francis Farrington Sprigg, the dandy of all sea-rogues, who anchored at sunset off Topsail Inlet and came with a wolfish crew to carouse at our tavern. For no sooner did Tom Cocklyn's seaward gaze discover the ensign flying aboard Sprigg—which was a black flag with a skeleton on it, and called by Sprigg the Jolly Roger—that he bade me saddle and ride to Cape Lookout where, he said, Mr. Ross should be cruising with the Moth.

I rode willingly, having promised my blessed Saviour to help destroy all pirates who so wickedly had used by mother and father and left me orphaned in the world.

So when I flogged my gasping horse up over the sea-dunes at Cape Lookout, and saw no riding lights inside, nor any trace of Mr. Ross, I made a beacon of drift, and laid pine boughs on it to make it burn redly.

And all that night I fed my fire and waited and prayed. Then, with dawn, I looked out over an empty sea; and so abandoned hope; and got on my horse and jogged back to slavery at Topsail Inlet.

Francis Farrington Sprigg and his sea-rogues had gone; and Tom Cocklyn was in such a rage with me that he fired a pistol at me when I came into the stable-yard, and ran after me with his butcher's cleaver which streamed with blood from a calf he had been vealing.

And I dared not venture near the tavern until, after candle-light, Tom Cocklyn was abed. Then black Herith heard me at the kitchen door and let me in, a-grinning, where I had a crust and a rind o' cheese, the first mouthful in forty hours.

Still, there have been worse masters to indentured servants sold into service for redemption. And I, a castaway child, had so sold myself pretending to be a boy. And Tom Cocklyn bought me where I wandered, starving, on a Charles-Town dock, after the Anguilla, Indiaman, had picked me up a-riding of a charred spar near to our burning ship on which my mother and my father perished.

The morning after Tom Cocklyn fired his pistol at me he came from the shore into the taproom, wearing wet sea boots, where, with a pail o' water and a mop I had been washing the floor. I was now sanding it and making designs of rings and stars upon it with the white seasand, which he kicked at and spoiled.

I flinched and shrank aside, expecting a blow, but he only growled at me and drew himself a morning draught. Then he went into the till and got upon the high stool there, grunting, cursing and with laboring breath, he wrote a letter; and sanded and sealed it.

"Ross is off the inlet," said he to me, "in the Moth, and is bound for Edenton. Here is a letter I have writ to our Governor Eden; and you shall go aboard Ross and so to Edenton, and there deliver to the governor this letter. D'ye understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"And when Ross sails again for Topsail Inlet, you return with him."

"Yes, sir."

"And what the governor gives to you to fetch to me you answer with your life."

He glared at me as he handed me the letter.

"You're but a dead rogue if you lose a farthing!" he said.

"Am I to fetch money to you from Governor Eden?" I asked in a fright.

"Aye." He stared at me under scowling brows out of his two strange eyes which were of different colors—the one yellow, t'other pale and greenish.

"You've been honest—I'll say that much," said he, "though you're too puny to pay for your keep, more like a scrawny girl than a stout, strong lad . . . Well, then, get you aboard Mr. Ross. There's a shallop awaits you."

I HAD no preparations to make save only to draw a patched jacket over my ragged shirt and put on a pair of shoes with pewter buckles—too big for me, and one o' them gaped and showed my scarred toes.

I had a gentleman's old beaver hat from which somebody had long ago stripped lace and feathers. This I pulled over my curly yellow head and ran down to the inlet where was a shallop and two men-o-warsmen to row me to the Moth which lay out a little way where was anchorage and good riding. We were soon alongside her.

When I climbed like a cat to her deck I heard the mate order her under way. Then he shouted to me to go to Mr. Ross in his cabin.

So I ran below where an armed sailor showed me the master's cabin, and I went in.

"Well, Freckles," said he, rising from the table and handing me to a chair, "I am contented to have you as supercargo. Are you also pleased?"

I felt my face heating and looked away from him, murmuring that I was happy to sail aboard him.

"Freckles," said he in that gently jesting, charming voice I never had forgot, "you

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are a very ragged—well, let us call you a boy—"

"Have a care, in heaven's name, my lord—"

"Nobody is listening. And, moreover, I am not anybody's 'lord.' Why do you call me that, Freckles?"

"I once told you why. You look like one of our great folk."

He laughed. Then he got up and, from a locker, took a new suit of grey wool—breeches, jerkin and a new shirt, a cravatte of fine stuff with tiny laced edging, thread stockings of grey, and two pretty buckled shoon.

"Nancy Topsfield," said he in a smiling whisper, "if you must be a boy, then you shall be a proper one."

At that my face flamed and I lost my tongue and manners.

But he seemed to understand, for he merely smiled and laid the clothing upon the table, and bade me strip and dress again.

When he had gone away I locked the door, flung from me my rags and clothed me swiftly in these new ones. Then I ran to the door and looked out, and, seeing him in conversation, waited until he noticed me.

He came into the cabin pretending astonishment at my handsome appearance; and I laughed in my excitement and begged of him a comb.

So before the little looking-glass nailed to the cabin door, I combed and arranged my short yellow hair, and tied my cravatte to my liking.

"Now," says he, "you are a pretty ambassador, and they must treat you with consideration in Governor's Eden's kitchen and not send you to sleep with the swineherds."

He invited me to sit, and took a chair beside me, and took one of my rough, scarred hands.

"Poor little hand," says he in that sweet voice of his. "Too young to toil so heavily . . . Yet slim and prettily fashioned for all their roughness . . . Where got you that bruise?"

"Which one, my lord?" said I innocently.

"Good Heavens, have you others on your body?"

I laid my hand over the one on my cheek bone and remained silent, ashamed to tell him I had been ill-used.

After a silence he said carelessly that he would have a word or two with Tom Cocklyn concerning me.

"My lord," said I, smiling, "you yourself once kicked me."

"What!" says he, reddening to his hair.

"What of it?" said I gaily. "You took me for a tapboy—"

"Nancy," said he, holding my hands very tight, "you shall instantly stand up and kick me on the shins!"

At that I laughed so that he also began to laugh; and we were very merry there in the cabin until, being close together, he kissed me, and the shock of it was so deep and sudden that I sobered instantly and tore free of him and lay back on my chair staring at him in silence.

Mirth died as sunshine dies out in a room when a cloud passes. After a little he got up and went to the port and looked out.

"Are you hungry, Freckles?" said he, without turning around.

"Yes, sir."

"You mess with the men forward," said he. "I dare not ask you here lest suspicion stir and it be discovered that you are not the boy you seem."

"I had not thought to break bread with you, my lord."

"Well, then, I had thought of it."

He began to pace the floor, casting a moody look at me from time to time, then curtly bade me go forward and satisfy my hunger.

And so I left him.

I never suffer any illness from the sea. There was a fresh south-west wind, and we scudded before it. Green water came aboard us at times, drenching the gun-deck and the cannon; and the scuppers foamed.

Mr. Ross was on deck now, and he beckoned me aft where he stood near the tiller. And there I bided until sunset made of sky and water a gold and crimson fairyland. The red orb went down behind the bank of haze which was Pamlico, as we passed in Hatteras Inlet.

We sailed through the spectral moonlight over Albemarle. While Mr. Ross had the tiller he neither noticed nor spoke to me where I sat huddling my knees under the after swivel.

But, when our quartermaster, Mr. Drere, took the tiller, he came and leaned on the stern-chaser, gazing in silence at the wake flowing from us like tarnished snow. And, after a while, I ventured to rise and lean there beside him on the long gun.

"Freckles," said he under his breath, "what countenance to his saving angel should a man make—who once was all but damned?"

I did not know how to answer this young man who had been the first man ever to speak to me with kindness since my father died and his crew perished under dagger, shot, and sword.

"If," said he, "I had money, I would buy you of Tom Cocklyn."

"To what purpose, sir?"

"To no ill one. Did you think that, Freckles?"

"No, sir. But to buy my indenture of Tom Cocklyn—why?"

But he only shook his head, saying, "The money I've wasted!"

After a moment—for he looked very sad—I ventured to touch his arm.

"You are kinder to me than ever any living man has been. I scarce know why . . . And ask nothing of you——"

"You are ill found at The Lost Ship, Freckles."

"I am well enough——"

But he shook his beautiful young head: "Had I a household—and a house to house it"—he laughed drearily—"and if I had money, too, why, I would place you in it and pay Cocklyn for his pound of flesh——"

"There are one hundred and six pounds, sir, including my bones."

We laughed together. Then he, swiftly savage and impatient:

"Damnation," says he. "I should have money enough to buy you if only I might lay a rich sea-rogue aboard! . . . I should have four shares, Freckles, if the Court of Admiralty adjudged the ship to me."

What he said stirred me deeply, but to no happiness; because, for the first time, a fear concerning this man began to creep into my mind and slowly possess me. And yet, to risk death was his trade; and I had known it; and the thought had not consciously disturbed me until now.

"Well," he said, "take heart, Freckles, for I shall comb this coast till I discover means to free you of The Lost Ship."

WHEN Mr. Ross had said he would comb the coast to discover means to free me from the Lost Ship and Tom Cocklyn, I was troubled. I replied innocently:

"I had rather do with Tom Cocklyn all my life than you should come to a harm through any care concerning me."

"Why?" says he, laughing; and I felt his firm hand closing over mine.

"Because, sir, the world would be dreary to live in—lacking you." Suddenly tears filled my eyes—I don't know why.

"Lord," said he, "what tender souls dwell sometimes in young and humble bodies!" Then he placed his lips to my ear and whispered: "Until I redeem you, Nancy Topsfield, how can I redeem the rogue I was?"

"Sir," said I, looking around at him in the foggy moonlight, and the tears hot on my cheeks, "I tell you again and again I ask no pay for kindness done, and you are ever seeking to reckon with me. Sir, you anger me; and if ever I swore at all I would swear now and say damnation!"

I was so hotly aroused that I was astonished when he laughed.

"Very well," said he, "the little daughter of Capt. Topsfield shall continue to hold the son of Lord Cardross in her debt."

"You owe me nothing!"

"I know what I owe you, Nancy Topsfield . . . And here's one item on account."

His lips rested lightly as a moonbeam on my tear-stained cheek—an instant—

"Good friends," said he; "say it, Freckles!"

"Yes—good friends, sir."

"GO below," said he; "there is a bunk for you in the flag locker."

So I bade him good-night, still confused and a-quiver with emotions vague and unfamiliar; and nearly crooked my thin legs in a curtsy, but bethought myself in time; and so turned and ran below to the flag locker, and there lay in privacy and happy content.

I awoke in a fright and sat up naked in my bunk, and pulled the blanket up to my throat, for Mr. Ross stood by me saying:

"We must have our flags and instantly. Dress swiftly, Freckles, for I think we have a sea rogue under out larboard bow."

He took some folded flags from the locker and passed them to somebody outside, then with a gay and mischievous glance at me he went away in a hurry.

My clothes I seized and flew into. As I ran out I noticed buckets of water near the magazine, and, not heeding the armed sailor on guard, doused my face and hands in one, and so, still wet, hastened on deck where the sun nearly blinded me.

Mr. Drere had the tiller; Mr. Ross stood with levelled glass abaft the mast. High on the shrouds above a sailor clung looking out to the westward; and a lookout overhead was gazing too.

Powder-lads ran to and fro between gun-deck and magazine; men appeared who served out cutlasses, pikes and muskets.

I looked at Mr. Ross, but he did not notice me, so I made my way forward to the long gun in the bows. And from there saw a brig, under full sail, and so near that I was startled.

She was a dirty-looking craft with patched canvas, battered, rusty, and sailed with a foul keel and seemed deep-laden.

She had been painted green and white, but I saw no ports, no guns aboard her, nobody stirring, no flag.

Now, from the after deck, I heard Mr. Ross shouting orders in his clear, powerful voice which seemed calm yet charged with gaiety.

I saw the gun-crew of bow-chaser looking aloft; and I looked up and saw the Cross of St. George break out overhead.

Bang! went a swivel aboard us to confirm our ensign.

Then all eyes turned to the laboring brig; but she drove heavily on, showing no colors, taking no notice.

O SEEK SCREEN FAME. the top for a long while now. But she would have

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Then we dropped our ports and ran out our guns; and, under my feet, the deck jumped with the explosion of a heavy gun from our larboard battery. I could see the spray tower and spout up where the round-shot went a-skimming across the strange ship's bows.

Now I saw Mr. Ross climb into the shrouds to hail the brig.

"Ahoy!" he shouted. "Will you show your colors?" And as nothing stirred aboard her: "Will you answer?" he cried, "or will you take a shot amidships? For," cries he, "you look like a pirate and behave like a fool; so, for the last time, ahoy! and what ship are you and from whence do you hail!"

Then a shocking thing occurred; for, suddenly, the dumb stranger dropped her ports and her dirty sides yawned with guns.

At the same moment, upon her quarter-deck, men swarmed; a mighty roll of drums broke out aboard her and came loudly to us across the sparkling water.

Now, before my frightened eyes, a sombre flag crawled aloft, its dark, heavy folds unrolling slowly from her masthead; and there stirred and flapped. It was a black flag and it bore a human skull.

"Drums and black colors!" bawled our first mate. "Let her have it, my bullies!"

"Down with your helm!" shouted Mr. Ross; "all guns for a broadside! Fire!"

The terrific out-crash staggered me; I clung to the rail in the stifle of swirling smoke. Through it a red flame lashed out at us from the pirate's broadside, and an iron storm swept through our sails and rigging.

Buried in smoke we then tacked; the pirate dropping astern; and we bore away before the wind, clapping on every rag o' sail we could bend. The pirate did the same, floundering to leeward, for she was as deep laden as she could swim.

When again we came within gunshot we had shifted our after guns, and now we raked her poop and cabin. Then came alongside and gave her our smoking guns, and took her broadside to lay her aboard; but could not come to it, so mangled and torn and splintered were we already afire in two places, and our sails very badly riddled.

A shot struck our mast, shivered the hounds which fell and broke the bitts off Another shot smashed the hatchway, starting planks under the gunwales and dismounting a port swivel.

So distracted was I in the swimming smoke and the shocking detonation of the broadsides that I staggered and groped about like one blinded, slipping up and down on the heaving deck where dead men rolled and wounded crawled away from the crash ng guns.

Near to a young man who lay in the scuppers I saw a pistol and a cutlass, and, taking the pistol, cocked and aimed it and fired upon the pirate ship as we hedged upon her once more to take her by the board.

MR. ROSS, hatless and coatless, his shirt sleeves rolled and a heavy hanger in his hand, stood coolly directing the helmsman while the brig's forward guns were being shifted aft where we had been a-raking her.

Now, alongside of the rover we let go our great mainsail so that the long spar swung athwart the pirate's mainmast carrying away stay and ratlin, and became locked with spar and rigging.

So deeply swam the pirate that from our larboard rail our bullies leaped forward on to the brig's deck, which was a welter of blood, top-hamper, and splinters.

Now when I saw Mr. Ross run out over our locked boom and spring upon the brig's quarterdeck I ran after him as nimbly as a cat on a tree limb; and, seeing a great, naked, hairy fellow striking at Mr. Ross from behind with a pike, I gave him so hearty a cut with my hanger that he screamed out, and his pike fell from his fist; and a man-of-war's man near me shot his head to fragments with a musket.

Our men had gone over with a cheer. They were still cheering as they boarded the brig, but never have I heard so horrid an uproar as the sea-rogues made, cursing and screaming like crazed women as our rush crowded them forward.

Suddenly in the smoke and flame and tumult I saw their captain with his brawny back against the mainmast and his little eyes glittering at me.

Instantly I knew him; and so great a horror overwhelmed me that I near lost my senses with the shock of it. For he was Benjamin Hornygold's brother, Israel, who had been quartermaster aboard Low; and he had murdered my father and my mother and burned them, dead or yet alive—I know not—in my father's great ship the Fancy Nancy.

He had but just slain one of our bullies with an axe when my eyes caught and engaged his . . . do not think he knew and remembered me, but saw only my feeble youth and stark horror blanching my features.

Instantly his whole visage writhed at me and he opened his awful mouth like a huge snake at me, showing two fangs in dreadful silence.

So stunned, so nerveless was I that he could have made but a step and sheered my head from my body with his broad-axe.

As he gripped the weapon with both hands to swing it, Mr. Drere came running on the other side and caught the broad-axe and struck Hornygold with a pike.

With that the huge seawolf let out a howl and slashed at Mr. Drere, but missed him and drove his axe deep into the mast.

Then blind fury seized me and I ran to him and took my heavy cutless with both hands and gave him a stroke which cut through his left arm so that it broke the bone.

Yelling like a damned man, with his huge right hand he tore the broad-axe blade from where it stuck in the mast and swung it to cut my body from my legs. And at that instant Mr. Ross ran up and shot him with a great horse-pistol.

So terrible the blow of the swinging axe that, missing me by a hairbreath, it severed the halliards and nearly sheered away the mast again.

Then I drove my sword into him; and Israel Hornygold dragged a silver pistol from his sash to slay me. But as he cocked it the great black flag with its death's-head fell from the several halliards and enveloped him; and, as the wretch floundered in its sombre folds which blinded and stifled him his pistol exploded, set the dark ensign afire, and our men ran in and captured him

Now, through the noises of exploding muskets and grenades, I heard the pirates bawling to one another that Israel Hornygold had struck, and, to us they yelled from cabin and forecastle, shouting up at us from below decks and calling upon us to give them good quarters.

Suddenly their drums sounded, and three rogues in gaudy finery marched out upon the quarter-deck and beat a parley with all the impudence in the world.

But I had turned sick with it all, and was too weak and ill to notice what was being done and what I was about, only that I lay for a time against the gunwales and close to swooning.

Then Mr. Ross' voice was in my ears, and I opened my sickened eyes, and he bent over and took me up in his arms.

I heard him tell Mr. Drere to take command of The Happy Parrot, and choose six foremast men and carry her into Bath-Town anchorage, following him in the Moth.

Then, I lying in his arms, he stepped from the prize to his own ship and carried me below and laid me on the bunk in his own cabin.

There, looking down upon me: "Are you hurt?" said he.

"No, sir. Sick and frightened."

He began to laugh: "Frightened! Why, you fought like a wildcat, Nancy Topsfield! Do you not know that it was Israel Hornygold you fell upon with your little cutlass and frail arm!"

Feeling faint again I closed my eyes:

"It was he," I whispered, "who took the Fancy Nancy by the board, and murdered my mother and my father and burned them in my father's ship."

After a long silence, lying with eyes closed, I heard Mr. Ross' grave voice:

"Hornygold is dead; and you shall think no more of far-off sorrows and the grief of days that Heaven alone shall mend."

"I am very weary, sir," I said, "and would be well dead."

"Would you hasten God's purpose, Nancy Topsfield?"

"No, sir. But—I am very lonely . . . I think I am the loneliest among all on earth."

There was another silence; broken by the sound of hurried feet on the companion, and Mr. Drere's voice loud in excitement:

"Lieut. Ross. Best news for you of The Happy Parrot prize!"

"What is it, Mr. Drere?"

"Sir, her hold is crammed with African and Spanish plunder—silks in bales, madras, East India silver and spices, gums out of Africa and ivory; and bar silver piled like Holland bricks——"

"Very well, Mr. Drere. Go aboard, sir. I follow to set your course."

Then, seeing me staring at him with wide eyes, he began to laugh; and laughing, leaned over and kissed my tangled yellow hair.

And so left me lie and wonder and remember. And sometimes close my eyes to think of him.

I KNOCKED at Governor Eden's door. A servant in yellow livery, turned up with purple, opened the door a little way. When he beheld what he supposed was a boy carrying a sealed letter, he offered to take it out of my fingers.

But I told him politely that I was pledged to deliver it to Governor Eden into his proper hands; and, after a sharp dispute, he let me in and left me standing alone in an elegant hall full of fine pictures in golden frames and beautiful polished tables and chairs of walnut with very slender spiral legs.

When he came again he bade me follow him, and led me through the hall to the rear where pillars framed a view of a most lovely garden. O heaven! angels! What a fountain of clear water was a-playing there amid such flowers as I had glimpsed only in Charles-Town where I once wandered a motherless, fatherless girl and a starving castaway.

I heard the servant say to somebody: "If it please his Excellency, here is the boy from Topsail Inlet with a sealed letter for the Governor of North Carolina."

Then I saw a pale gentleman with hag-

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gard, handsome features, seated at breakfast by a table beneath a huge live-oak tree.

He wore a laced coat of thin grey silk, breeches and stockings of the same, with a waistcoat of ivory satin delicately embroidered in pink rosebuds. And clasped across the filmy blond lace at his collar was a pin set with a great jewel that took the sun like a giant dewdrop.

"Well, boy?" he inquired gently.

"Sir," said I, "are you the Honorable Charles Eden, Governor of North Carolina?"

"Yes," said he with a faint smile.

So I bowed and offered my letter from Tom Cocklyn; and he broke the seal and read it, bringing it up very close to his worn-out, handsome eyes.

As he read, tracing the scrawled lines with thin forefinger, the little color in his face was fading to a pallor.

When he had read Tom Cocklyn's letter again he folded it and placed it in his pocket. After a moment he stirred the bowl of chocolate with a spoon and lifted his haunted eyes to mine.

"You lodge at the Eden Arms," he said pleasantly.

"Yes, your Excellency."

"Lieut. Ross waited upon me last evening after putting you to bed," said he, smiling.

I blushed hotly. "Did he say that, sir?"

The Governor laughed in his gentle way: "You are too tall a lad to be put to bed by anybody," said he. "Well, no; he said that you had behaved very gallantly aboard the Moth when she was locked with the pirate Israel Hornygold . . . I think you are a young, frail lad to show such determination and courage in action."

I did not know what to say, and stood restless and abashed upon the soft carpet of English grass.

Said he: "Mr. Ross tells me that your father was Capt. Topsfield of the Fancy Nancy."

"Yes, sir."

"A sad affair," says he kindly. "—and Israel Hornygold murdered your parents and burned them in the Fancy Nancy."

"Yes, sir."

"And what became of you?" he asked.

HORNYGOLD'S mate, Dick Greensnarl, noticing there were sharks about us, lashed me to a spar and towed me astern for sport."

"My heavens!"

"I got my legs free and then my arms; and I gnawed through the tow-rope . . . They fired muskets at me until I had drifted out o' shot behind their wake . . . And so, towards sunset, was discovered afloat by a ship and carried into Charles-Town. . . . and there, being destitute and very hungry, sold myself for redemption to Tom Cocklyn. And am indebted servant to him in his taproom at Topsail Inlet."

"He uses you cruelly?"

"Not very gently, sir."

"You do not love Tom Cocklyn?"

"No, sir."

"Then—would you lay information against him?"

I reddened at that: "No, sir."

"Why not?"

I shook my head and said that I could not do that merely because he sometimes abused me.

"Yet you are secret and active against any sea-rogue," insisted the Governor, watching me.

"That is not private vengeance alone, sir, but in behalf of all innocent folk who live in dread of these wicked men."

He considered me out of his weary eyes, then the kind smile lighted them, and he bade me seat myself upon a settle where lay his spectacles and an open book.

When I had done so, he made me eat, filling a bowl with chocolate and bidding me satisfy my hunger: "For," says he, "all boys are always hungry, and I make no exception of so slim and pretty a lad as you who have behaved so well in combat."

So I ate bread with golden butter on it and spread it with honey, too. And there was a salad of palm tops, and cold fowl, and a dish of sugared cakes and another of white mulberries—which Mr. Eden told me to drench with cream.

Never had I so banqueted in all my life before, and ate until I could not hold another mouthful.

"What is your name?" said his Excellency, looking up at me through his spectacles, and closing the book he had been reading.

"I have taken my father's name, sir, which was Annan Topsfield."

"Annan," he repeated. "Am I to call you Nan?"

That startled me, but I saw he had no suspicion of my true name and sex.

"Usually," said I, "people call me Freckles."

"That will do very well," said he, smiling. "So Freckles, I shall send you back to Tom Cocklyn with a small leather bag in which is tied several pieces of minted Spanish gold worth a hundred pounds. And, with this, I send to Tom Cocklyn a letter, saying that I desire to purchase of him your articles of indenture and take you for my servant and page. . . . Does it suit you, Freckles?"

I could scarcely speak and was terrified lest tears betray my sex and weakness.

"Yes, sir," I gulped. "I would serve your Excellency very faithfully—and die very happily in your service—" I could not go on, so turned my head to look across the garden which seemed to swim like a tinted dream through my tears.

"Well," said he, "go you and stroll about the lawn under the pleasant trees, and presently I shall think what I am to write to Tom Cocklyn, and compose a letter for you to carry to him when again Mr. Ross sails into Edenton anchorage."

"Has Mr. Ross sailed, sir?"

"In company of Mr. Rhett in his sloop to take Charles Vane, the pirate, who is said to have passed in the Virginia Capes."

"Another saa-battle!" I faltered, thinking of Mr. Ross.

But the Governor did not understand my concern for he smiled and said: "Hornygold's ship, The Happy Parrot, should make of Mr. Ross a wealthy man, and enrich all his crew when the Court of Admiralty sits. And if Mr. Ross and Mr. Rhett take Charles Vane, they may find him as rich as Hornygold . . . Now go and wander where you will, Freckles; your bed and board are paid at the Eden Arms Tavern until such time as Mr. Ross returns."

So I made him a bow and then drew on my new beaver hat, and walked for a while among the flowers.

I went out the garden gate and walked about the town of Edenton—a pretty place of some seventy houses or less and no church, but ordinaries a-plenty by the river. Everywhere tall glossy magnolia trees and oaks and sweet gums, and the scented air heavy with jasmine, white and golden. Everywhere birds—mockers singing loudly, and wrens, and blackbirds with crimson epaulettes chattering among the river-reeds.

Few folk were abroad; many blacks hauling tobacco and naval stores; and a lad fishing on a wharf where was a gallows.

"Have you pirates in gaol here?" I inquired of a woman.

"Six, and all condemned. Judge Trott departed yesterday; and six of Jack Rackham's rogues are to hang. You shall see a rare sight, my lad, twixt high water and low this pleasant afternoon."

I SHUDDERED and went on along Fish Street, and then by Charles Street and Princess Lane. Beyond lay Carteret Road, and I could see the gaol there near the woods. So then to the Eden Arms, by Rosebud Lane, where it stands pleasantly above the river with water-stairs and a fleet of shallops, pinnaces, and dories below.

In the tavern taproom there was not a soul save the boy asleep behind the till spindles, and a puny youth sprawling by the window, his death-white visage framed in both hands, and staring up at the sky like a lost soul in the pit gazing out towards Heaven.

I know not whether it was that my heart was very sore and lonely because Mr. Ross had gone again into battle that this sickly young fellow's white and tragic face stirred me to curiosity and pity.

As was customary, I bade him good-day when I came in; and he started and looked at me with so hopeless a gaze that I walked to where he sat and asked him kindly if he were ill.

"Ill at ease," he said.

"I am sorry, sir."

But he covered his face with both hands and remained silent.

Twice I spoke to him, gently; and my voice is somewhat soft and girlish, and I think the tone of it stirred his desperate and overwrought senses to the breaking, for he lifted his tear-marred features in a panting, pitiful manner:

"Oh, Heaven," says he in a dreadful whisper. "I cannot bear it longer and be dumb and silent and with no pitying soul to listen . . . Boy—such sorrow is mine—such terror—and Heaven abandons me——"

A sob shook his bony frame. I took his trembling hand and covered it with both of mine.

"Sir," said I, "you may speak fearlessly to me who never have betrayed any creature that trusted me, and have, this day, a sad and sore and very suffering heart of my own."

"Are you also unhappy?" he asked, lifting his head from his arms.

"Deeply."

"Why?"

"Because," said I, "the only being on earth whom I dearly love is in danger of death at sea."

"Boy," said he hoarsely, "you seem tender and merciful, and I must speak—I must! —this loneliness and silence is slaying me with each choking breath I draw——"

"Can I help, sir?"

"Oh, no . . . No! . . . Only——"

I waited.

"Boy," said he, "they hang six of Jack Rackham's company an hour before sundown. . . . Do you swear secrecy?"

"Heaven hears me swear it."

"Then—I was of that company!"

"You! A pirate!"

"No; and never was. And thus it befell me, and the others: A month ago Jack Rackham took a sloop off Ocracoke. Then he put me and six others of his company into the pinnace prize and sent us ashore inside Hatteras for to fill our water casks.

"Boy, I had been pressed aboard Rackham, and for three years awaited opportunity to escape.

"So when we were to arrive inside Hatteras at the springs by The Cedars on the main, I and a comrade planned to escape.

O SEEK SCREEN FAME. the top for a long while now. But she would have

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ROGUE'S MOON

"But it was not to be, because Mr. Rhett in his sloop saw us, and chased us, and took all in the pinnace excepting me who had gone into the woods to look for the springs.

"And to-day," says he, wildly, "all six are to hang. And among them my comrade who is guiltless and was pressed as I was, and is dearer to me than life——"

He made a desperate gesture and got up out of his chair, but I pulled him back with all my strength, whispering that he should have a care lest the sleeping lad behind the till notice him and listen and inform against him.

"What is your name then," said I, "who sail aboard Calico Jack and are no willing rogue?"

He gave me a look, then: "I am carpenter aboard Capt. Rackham—and my name is Paul West."

"Paul West?" said I, "where have I heard that name . . .? Where—from whose lips——"

Suddenly I knew that Mary Read, who was called the Female Pirate, had told me of Paul West. And this was the same man!

"Paul," said I in a frightened voice, "answer me on your life and truthfully before Heaven. Is Mary Read among those taken?"

"Yes."

"You mean—you mean that my pretty Mary Read is to hang?" I whispered.

"Heaven pity us," he breathed, "she was found guilty with the rest and must hang with the others this day betwixt high tide and low on Eden sands——"

As he spoke there was a noise in the entry and there came into the taproom a heavy, red-faced, vulgar fellow wearing a very dirty neck-cloth and dangling some keys on an iron ring.

"Noah Gullet, the Provost Marshal," whispered Paul West.

The Marshal went to the till and awoke the boy.

"Matt Sallam, our clerk, is taken with the fever," said he, "and I desire to have my bill made out if there is anybody in this tavern who knows how to write and figure with an inked pen."

The tap-boy knew of nobody. The Marshal turned and looked at Paul West and at me.

"If you can write my bill for me," says he, "there's a shilling for you, young man. Can either of you write and cipher?"

"I can," said I.

So he bade the tap-boy fetch ink, sand and paper, and mend a pen for me. Then he went to the door and called out: "Come in, Jack Ketch!"

There came, then, out of the dark entry, a little man enveloped in a long black coat, who wore a sun-mask of black velvet tied over his features. And we knew we were looking upon the executioner.

The Marshal said to him: "I have a lad here who shall make out your bill and mine. Are you satisfied?"

The executioner said he was in a low, husky voice which he seemed trying to disguise.

"Well," said Mr. Gullet, "here are the gaol keys"; and handed them to the masked creature. "Will you go and look over your prisoners now?" he added.

The executioner murmured that he desired to sleep first for an hour because he was very weary for his long journey.

The Marshal nodded. "To turn off five men and a woman," said he, "is no easy job; and if you have come a-horse from Virginia and have travelled all night, you had best bespeak a bed-chamber and sleep until I summon you."

THE tap-boy came with materials for writing, and the Marshal asked him where the executioner might find a bed for an hour's repose.

Instantly it came into my mind to contrive some way of using this dreadful fellow; yet had no clear purpose in my thought when I offered the executioner my own chamber and my own bed to lie on if he would pay me sixpence in silver.

As I spoke I rested my hand on Paul West's knee and pinched it hard.

"Here," said Mr. Gullet, "is a silver sixpence, and a silver shilling in advance for your writing." And he laid the money before me, and I put it in my pocket.

So the tap-boy took the executioner away and up the stairs to my chamber while I made ready to write what Mr. Gullet might wish.

And this is what I wrote for him as he spoke it:

BILL OF NOAH GULLET

The Proprietary of North Carolina to Noah Gullet, Marshal, for sundrys by him expended by order of a special Court of Admiralty, for the execution of six Pirates, viz:

To the making of the chains for Pedro Sangsue, William Hope, Tom Gryme, Edmund Cawley, and Mary Read	£18	10	0
To the executioner for his services	20	0	0
To Uriah Hopes for cordage	3	6	6
To setting gibbets	1	9	10
To digging three graves (Hope, Gryme, and Sangsue to rot where they hang	1	6	0
To tavern expenses, for Provost, sheriff, constables, after the execution (allowed)	6	0	0

When I had written this I added the total account and offered the ink-wet sheet to Mr. Gullet.

So he sanded it and took it away with him to show to the governor.

Now, no sooner had he gone out of the tavern than I whispered to Paul West what plan I had designed while writing, and bade him go instantly to the mews and there hire two saddle horses, and pay for them, and ride one—leading the other—to the edge of the oak woods behind the gaol.

"For, by the martyrdom of my blessed Saviour," said I in a white heat of excitement, "I mean to take from the executioner his keys, though Heaven only knows how it is to be accomplished!"

Paul West was trembling so he could scarce stand, but I pushed him out of the door, then ran back and sped past the till where the fat tap-boy was again asleep, and so up the stairs, cat-foot, and stole swiftly to my chamber door and pried it open without a sound.

On my bed lay a little old, withered man, asleep in his shirt and breeches; and his crooked, naked feet sprawled across the blanket. He snored and snored, lying flat upon his back; and he did not stir when I took his great, black coat and his mask and the keys which lay upon a stool.

The next instant I was out o' the room, and had tied the mask over my face, dragged down my beaver, wrapped me in the cloak, carrying the ring with its iron keys, hastened down the stairs.

The gaol stood on Carteret Road. To gain it I passed by Rosebud Lane, by Charles Street, and into the gaol road where were only two houses and some barns besides the gaol.

The few folk I met abroad shrank away from me in my dark cloak and vizard; but it was in the heat o' the day, and people remained indoors for the most.

The gaol was small and built of peeled logs smeared with blue clay. It seemed no stronger than one of those jog forts which are built by the poor folk who venture to make homes for themselves in the Indian country on our unexplored frontiers.

The gaoler, with a musket on his knee, sat in the shadow of the front door, which was open to the breeze. A blanket divided the hallway midway between the front door and the transverse corridor.

When the gaoler saw me, he took his clay pipe from his mouth, laid the musket aside, bade me good day, and inquired how he could serve me best.

"By minding your own business," said I in a gruff and altered voice; and went into the gaol flourishing and clanking my keys and twirling them on the iron ring.

The cell corridor which ran east and west across the hallway was, as I say, divided from the front door by a dirty blanket which hung there, so that the gaoler could not see the rear door from where he sat on guard.

There were ten cells in the corridor, the doors of which were barred high up, so that I had to stand on tip toe to see into each cell as I passed along. And in the last cell on my left I discovered Mary Read, seated upon a truss of trampled straw.

She wore no longer her gay, scarlet vest and breeches, and her chains and kerchief and silken sash with its pistols and daggers. She wore a poor woman's dress of blue cotton cloth; her pretty hair fell thick about her face which was calm but very colorless. Upon her feet were Indian moccasins.

When she heard me trying the lock with several keys ere I had chanced upon the right one, her face altered and flushed; and she stood up quickly in her cell, staring at my masked visage through the bars.

The other pirates who, when I entered, had been very silent in their cells, now began to stir in their straw and stand up, hearing the noise of keys, and I heard them calling to one another by name to inquire what was to do, and if their hour had arrived.

WHEN, at last, I unlocked and unbarred the door, I stepped swiftly into the little cell.

"Mary Read," I whispered.

At that she gave me a wild look; and I lifted my mask a moment, then tied it fast again.

"Paul waits among the live oaks with horses," I whispered. "So get you to the woods . . . And carry with you in your heart the love of a young girl who always will pray for you and the man you love!"

Even then, where she stood at the very door of death, she revealed her true and generous self; for she took me into her arms and looked at me out of her beautiful brown eyes.

"And shall you come to harm for this, my pretty?" she asked. "For I will not take my life of you and injure yours."

I told her I was secure and drew her to the rear door where, on the wood's edge, I could see two horses standing under the live oaks and a man astride one o' them.

Then she turned and clasped me to her and kissed and kissed me, uttering not a word. And so left me and ran towards the trees where, in a moment more, she vanished.

Until I saw her mounted upon a horse, and galloping northward beside her beloved, I did not stir. Then I went swiftly and

Having Wonderful Time," which

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opened wide her cell door, while a dreadful stillness reigned among those lost men in their barred cells—all listening in breathless silence to learn if their doom already were upon them.

"Gaoler!" I shouted as harshly as I could force a voice which naturally is low and soft. And when he came a-clumping, and, pushing aside the blanket, discovered me, I bade him a sign for silence. Then, taking him by the sleeve, I drew him to Mary Read's cell.

"The five men are here," said I. "Where is the woman?"

He gaped at the empty cell like the dumb gaby he was; then stared at me out of round and frightened eyes, and his toothless jaws sagged wide.

"Where is your turnkey?" I whispered.

"Asleep in his quarters . . ."

I placed my mouth at his ear: "She's gone!" said I. "And lest there be a general gaol delivery planned at this hour, make no noise but rouse your fellow and stand guard by these cells until I come again with the Provost Marshal, Noah Gullet. Do you understand?"

He nodded, unable to utter a word.

So, leaving him, I went out again by the front door, and hastened through a cow lane into an alley which presently fetched me to the tavern mews, and so, by the rear door, into the Eden Arms.

Not a sound in the tavern; all was deathly still, and the tap-boy asleep behind the spindles.

Cat-foot I mounted the stairs. The door of my bed-chamber stood open. The hangman lay upon my bed as I had left him, unstirring in the deep stupor of his sleep.

I laid his cloak and vizard and keys where I had found them; then, on tip-toe, crept out, closed the door noiselessly behind me, and descended to the taproom and sat down by the table in the corner where I had sat but a little while before with the despairing Paul West.

And now, finally, I began to be frightened, and fell a-shivering where I sat, striving to consider what was to happen when the flight of Mary Read had been discovered.

I KNOW not how long I lay there upon my chair before I became conscious that, outside the tavern, the town of Edenton was waking up.

First, distantly, I heard the noise of an iron bell, not very loud, but it sounded sadly and at long intervals, and was tolling as though for a passing soul.

Presently there were voices in the street and along the water front; horsemen trotted past; folk spoke loudly; women called to one another; a noise of hammering came from the wharf below the water stairs.

Now, as I sat there, I heard men coming into the entry, and the sound of many voices and of heavy boots.

Presently, into the taproom stepped Noah Gullet, the Provost, and with him a large, fierce fellow and three others. These, I learned, were the sheriff of Albemarle and his constables, for, when Mr. Gullet awoke the fat tap-boy, he so addressed them.

"Now, my fat and porky lad," says Gullet, rubbing his large, flabby hands, "go you up and awake old Jack Ketch," says he, "for, dammy and curse my lights and liver," says he, "there is to be a very pretty hanging holden upon Eden sands this lovely summer day!" And, seeing me, he winked upon me.

So the tap-boy went upstairs to awaken the executioner and when he came back Mr. Gullet commanded a bowl of punch for all, and while it was a-brewing, a can of flip to stay the company.

To me he said: "You sleepy young rogue, you gouged a shilling and sixpence out o' me, and you shall pay for what you drink, and be darned to you!"

"Be darned to yourself," said I, "and take your money to buy you a little schooling—you letterless rogue!"

"Why, you impudent pup—" he roared, but I threw his money upon the sanded floor, and got up and went out the door.

On the sill, pausing to listen, I heard the executioner a-coming with his keys, clink, clink, down the stairs. It was time for me to go if I wished to avoid what must come very quickly, now.

As I stepped into the street I heard a drum beating, and saw, in Princess Lane, a company of soldiers wearing red coats, white breeches and black gaiters, and led by a drummer and an officer.

Everywhere, from every street, lane and alley, people were now arriving in flocks, all moving towards the river-front from whence came a steady and loud sound of hammering. Children crowded about the troops, running alongside the moving ranks and following the roar of the column where a small body of horse rode with their gorgets, spurs and naked swords shining in the rosy light of the declining sun.

As I went out and mingled with the increasing throngs, I saw the Provost Marshal, the Sheriff and the constables come from the tavern, all a-wiping off their lips and chins and smacking their tongues.

These fell in behind the horsemen. Then, dub-dub-rub-dub-dub! rattled the long, painted drum, and the procession set out up Princess Lane towards the gaol.

Some people followed; but the majority hurried to the river where they took places above and all around the execution dock where carpenters were still working upon the gallows.

As for me, I had no stomach left to endure so horrid a sight. To see living men turned off—even these sea-rogues — was more than I could stand.

So, not knowing what to do, and yet fearful of inviting suspicion, I followed the throng that was marching to the gaol.

It had already arrived there when I came up and instantly I saw there was a commotion at the gaol, and heard loud voices in anger and dispute. For the gaoler was swearing sacrament that the hangman had already been there that very day, and that he had discovered the delivery of the female pirate, Mary Read, and had ordered the gaoler and the turnkey to stand guard over the other pirates until the executioner returned.

To which the masked hangman gave him the lie in an astonished voice, and swore that he had slept at the Eden Arms upon a bed, and had never waked until the tap-boy summoned him half-an-hour ago.

Every instant the uproar increased, what with the angry bawling of the provost, who threatened everybody with the governor's displeasure; the profane abuse of the sheriff cursing the provost, the gaoler, the turnkey, and his own constables; and the stern and sarcastic voice of the captain of horse who offered his opinion regarding all Civil servants of government, and added that the only government for such a province as Carolina was a military one.

There seemed to be no clergyman there, only a kind of dissenting minister who strove to quiet the tumult and who went in, presently, to the condemned men followed by the cursing turnkey and the constables.

The prisoners were led out with their hands tied behind their backs, which, I heard people saying to one another, was unusual; and that their hands should be tied before them.

One of the condemned men shouted to the sheriff that he stood upon his rights and desired to be hanged fashionably.

At which a dreadful laughter arose; and the pirates as they passed under guard, jested horridly with the crowds, so utterly hardened and unrepentant were these sea-wolves of Capt. Rackham's company.

I stood and watched the shocking and contemptible procession pass; and saw it winding on far away in the red sunset light, and heard the distant throb of the drum timing that grotesque death-march.

Then, all alone, past houses emptied of their curious inmates, past silent lane and empty alley and still, deserted streets, I moved until I came to Eden Hall.

And there, by the rear garden gate, I went in, and stood among the flowers, silent, weary, wondering concerning God and the strange mystery of His purpose with men and with the sons of men.

From the tavern door I heard a voice, saying to the landlord of the Eden Arms:

"I AM looking for a thin, yellow-haired, freckled boy who came from Topsail Inlet to wait upon Governor Eden."

The burly landlord came to the taproom window, which was open, and poked his fat face inside.

"Freckles," says he to me, "Col. Rhett inquires for you."

I got up from the settle and went outside, and saw a handsome young gentleman, very elegantly dressed, sitting upon a fine grey mare by the horse-block. So I pulled off my new beaver hat to him and was very glad that it was new and thrice cocked.

I don't know why he was amused at me.

"Good morning," said he, gaily; "I regret that I forget your name, my son, but I remember your freckled description. You are the boy called Freckles, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Servant to Tom Cocklyn, landlord of Lost Ship Tavern at Topsail Inlet?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well," said he, smilingly, "hop you on my horse behind me and I will carry you to Governor Eden who has news for you."

He was so handsome, so gay, so fashionably attired, that, being a girl—though all the world supposed I was a lad—it pleased me to be seen riding pillion behind so gallant a horseman.

So I scrambled up behind him and clasped both my thin arms around his body; and the beautiful horse moved out along the river in a sort of dancing step as though happy to carry us.

"So," says he, "you are tap-boy to old Tom Cocklyn, who is the greatest rogue unhung between Cape Fear and Currituck."

He laughed when he said it, and I laughed too, as he turned his head to look at me over his beribboned shoulder.

Says he, speaking now more gravely: "Governor Eden tells me you are only child to the late Captain Topsfield whom Israel Hornygold, the pirate, murdered on the high seas, and then most barbarously burned, together with your mother and the plundered ship."

"Yes, sir," said I, in a low voice.

"Do you know who I am, Freckles?"

"Are you the same Colonel Rhett who sailed northward in chase of the sea-rogue, Charles Vane?"

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"I am. And your friend, Mr. Ross, in the Moth, sloop-tender, sailed in my company. And he told me of his esteem and affection for yourself."

I went hot, then cold, then became voiceless, choked with an emotion so new, so deep, that it left me dumb and bewildered.

"Charles Vane escaped us," said he. "I think he sailed south, and am following him. But if I do not discover him this side of Cape Fear, then I shall return to Ocrocoke Inlet and search for the great fool, Stede Bonnet, who is too ignorant to navigate and too vain to admit it."

"And—and Mr. Ross, sir," I ventured; "will he return here presently?"

"He and I parted off the Virginia Capes, and he stood for Maryland hoping to find Jack Rackham cruising in those waters. But I think Calico Jack sailed south again . . . And may even pay a call on your master, Tom Cocklyn, of Topsail Inlet."

WE now had arrived at the governor's mansion and I slipped off the horse and ran to hold Mr. Rhett's stirrup as he descended.

"You are a well-mannered youngster," said he, and gave me sixpence, for which civility I thanked him as politely as I knew how.

"Well, Freckles," said he, in his smiling way, "I know something of your history, and hope better things for you than to serve Tom Cocklyn as a tavern drudge. So fare you well, my lad, and serve God and Governor Eden and Mr. Ross; and between the three you should reap a reward of some kind."

He was laughing when he rode away. I took off my new beaver hat to him, and he waved his gloved hand—from the silken cuff of which floated ruffles of blond lace as exquisite as patterned cobwebs.

Being a girl and no boy, I notice such matters to admire them, and all apparel which is costly, which I conceive to be a very innocent inclination and not sinful vanity.

Well, I went to the door and knocked, and a servant in yellow livery, piped, faced, and turned up with purple, opened for me; and, no doubt having been instructed by the Governor, conducted me up the stairs and into a pretty bedroom.

"Master Topsfield," said he, "his excellency desires you to lodge here instead of at the Eden Arms, until such time as Mr. Ross can return in his sloop to carry you back to Topsail Inlet."

I was so astonished that I sat down upon the bed's edge and gazed dumbly upon the footman.

"His Excellency desires," he continued, "that you signify to me when you wish to eat; and your food will be served to you in your bed-chamber."

That was far too much for me who, when fed at all, had been contented with a crust and a cheese-rind in Tom Cocklyn's ratty pantry.

I muttered that any food would be acceptable; and then my eyes, travelling about the room noticed a Chinese box standing near the bed's foot; and could smell the perfumed lacquer of it and the sandalwood.

To this box the footman now walked majestically, opened it, and displayed, within it, a suit of silken clothing, shirts, drawers of madras, clocked stockings of silk, pretty buckled shoes and — oh, heaven!—a little looking glass, a cake of scented soap in a box, an iron to curl gentlemen's hair, a comb, scissors, and a box of pomade which, when opened, filled the whole room with an elegant rose-like odor.

Never before, I think, had any lad—much less a girl disguised as one—possessed so beautiful a wardrobe of clothing and such fashionable necessaries which were suitable for a young gentleman of quality, but scarcely for a ragged pot-boy in Tom Cocklyn's tavern.

I said to the footman in a voice which trembled a little:

"May I wait upon his Excellency Governor Eden to thank him?"

"His Excellency," said he, with his nose in the air, "permits you to approach him in his plaisaunce."

"What is that?" I inquired.

He gave me a glance of suffering patience. "His Excellency's flower-garden," he explained. And then he marched away down the stairs: and I fell upon my knees to examine and caress the clothing in this wonder-box.

On my wash-stand was a big earthen pitcher in a large glazed bowl. So I filled the bowl with water, stripped off my clothes, and, with my scented soap, bathed me until I smelled as fresh and sweet as a garden. Next I trimmed me and curled my hair.

Then, dressing in my silken suit, I ran down the stairs and out into the garden, where, beyond the drifting fountain spray, I discovered Governor Eden seated in a willow chair, reading a book called "The Art of War."

To him I went, trying not to run or hasten at any unseemly gait; and, when near him, removed my new beaver hat and made him my manners very carefully.

He looked up with that haggard smile of his; indicated a stool near him; and I bowed to him again and seated myself, and instantly expressed, as politely as I knew how, my undying gratitude for his bounty.

"Freckles," said he, wanly amused, "Colonel Rhett fetched that box of clothing in his sloop out of Virginia; and, for it, you are beholden to Mr. Ross, and not to me."

My heart began to beat violently, and I felt the swift heat burn my face at mention of Mr. Ross' name.

His Excellency said: "Mr. Ross seems very particular concerning you, Freckles; and he sends word to me by Mr. Rhett that it would infinitely oblige him if I offer you a chamber under my roo until he can return to take you aboard the Moth . . . And so I have done so."

I managed to thank his Excellency again, who looked at me out of kind but melancholy eyes in a sort of sad approval.

"Your manners are genteel, my boy," said he, "and do credit to the worthy sea-captain whose son you are. . . And also, no doubt, to the careful training of a devoted mother. . . . One matter is becoming clear to me—that to serve in the tap-room of The Lost Ship is not fit business for a lad like you."

He considered me in silence for a while. "Tom Cocklyn is a rascal," he said. "He is an old pirate, and took advantage of the Royal proclamation to receive the King's pardon. But old pirates never die honest men. Sooner or later Tom Cocklyn will take the sea again. As do all such pious rogues who once have seen the gallows' shadow, and have taken fright at it and crawled into sanctuary. . . . I know them, Freckles. . . . It is fear that turns them honest, not repentance. . . . Fear does not last. It cannot. Fear kills; or it fades, dies out, and is forgotten. . . . Freckles?"

"Sir?"

"Fear is the cruellest and most dreadful affliction that ever besets mankind. No suffering, no torture on earth, can compare to its atrocity. . . . Many will tell you that love is the most powerful of human emotions; others maintain that hate is more powerful still. . . . But I will tell you that fear is far more formidable than either, and rules more subjects than do love and hate . . . and is a punishment so terrible that no thread of hell hereafter is as awful as the hell in which man's living mind agonises under the grip of fear."

My curious gaze was fastened upon this man's strained and pallid face; and my natural surprise changed to consternation as I saw his worn features alter and become ashen and haggard while he spoke to me concerning fear.

I think his emotion carried him farther than he meant, and that he now read as much in my expression; for he checked himself and forced a mirthless smile; but I saw how painful was the effort.

"Well," said he, "this is a solemn discourse for so lovely a day under these soft skies of Carolina. So think no more of such ugly things as fear and death, Freckles, and let us employ these gentle hours in profitable pleasures. . . . For me, a book is the happiest refuge from care. In my library are books; and, if you are neat, and understanding, and handle them with caution and clean fingers, you may go thither and choose for yourself a volume to amuse you."

I promised fervently; and, asking his leave, jumped up and ran into the house, and came to the library where was an array of books that astonished and excited me.

After long search and delicious hesitations, I chose a book called The Secrets of Cathay; and crept to my bedroom with it; and there, seated upon the bed, very delicately opened and turned the wondrous pages.

IT was one of the happiest days of my life; and sometimes I read in my book and sometimes let my eyes wander over my new silken breeches and stockings, and, again, touched the silver buckles on my new shoes to admire them.

Thought wandered; my lost gaze roved about the sunny bedroom where flowered curtains stirred in jasmine-scented winds; and I thought ardently of Mr. Ross until, under my fine new shirt, my heart became very violent.

At noonday, feeling hungry, I went timidly to the lower floor and there asked a servant if I might have a little food.

Oh, heaven! They fetched to my chamber upon a lacquered tray a young roasted pigeon upon a couch of honeyed rice, a salad, oranges and guavas in thick cream, and a large canary-tinted goblet of cut glass full of white muscat wine called muscadel, and scented like a garden.

When they removed the Chinese serving tray I was completely full of this exquisite nourishment, and felt of my body complacently, hoping that I was becoming a little rounder, and ran a little less to ribs.

Hearing a man's rough and very vulgar voice in the garden below, I went to the window and looked down between the curtains.

There was the Honorable Charles Eden, our governor, seated under a magnolia tree; and, near him, upon the settle, squatted a huge and hairy man. He was the most remarkable looking man that ever I had laid

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eyes upon, brutally built, yet in shambling fashion and not well-proportioned. His legs seemed somewhat weak and short, but his arms were muscular and enormous. Above his torso, a mighty chest and neck supported a head which was much too small and wizened, and would have seemed like the hideous and withered head of an idiot only for the amazing growth of hair and beard upon it.

Never had I gazed upon a human creature so instantly and completely offensive to my eyes.

And that, although his apparel was truly magnificent. From his wide ears hung great jewelled hoops; his thick fingers were crowded with rings; fathoms of gold-linked chains embraced his neck. And, as for the rest, he wore a laced shirt of finest lawn, vest and wide sea-pants of cherry colored silk, and a kind of skirted jerkin of cloth of gold over a green and orange sash.

Into that sash were thrust two Moor's daggers in hammered gold sheaths; and these were the only weapons in his sash. But, from his shoulder-belt, hung six silk cords and from each cord dangled a pistol!

Now, there was no need for me to wonder who this fearsome man might be; I knew instantly and recognised him from descriptions upon many a tavern notice, and many a broadside and printed ballad.

For this monster could be no other than Edward Teach, sometimes called Ned Thatch, and known generally as Black-Beard, the cruellest, boldest, and most impudent pirate who harried Carolina.

NOW, what on earth was this great rogue doing in our Governor's garden?—talking to his Excellency with boisterous familiarity, roaring with mirth, devouring food, pulling at his long pipe amid vast clouds of smoke, cursing, spitting, using language so foul that I will not deprave my page by setting it down.

The Governor sat there, deathly white, sunk back deep in his willow armchair—a strange, crushed, tragic figure, striving to make some countenance to this impudent villain, even trying to smile.

Now, suddenly, both men turned their heads; and there came past the garden, along a gravel road, a company of sea-rogues in their gaudy finery, barefoot, half-naked, and every man rolling before him a great hogshead of sugar which they stowed in a storehouse near to the blacks' quarters—hogshead after hogshead, dozen after dozen, all of vast value in Carolina, until I had counted sixty.

When the last of the sugar was stowed away and the sea-wolves had departed along the gravel road, Mr. Teach got up out of his chair and clapped Mr. Eden upon his shoulder and seemed in a monstrous fine humor, though the Governor gazed at him like a dead man.

Then his Excellency also rose, and together they came towards the house. I heard them below, talking together; then up the stairs they came, still in conversation, and into the room adjoining mine, which was the Governor's privy study, although I did not know it then.

Whether the Governor thought I was in the library, or even remembered me at all, I do not know; for, although he spoke in a strained tone and low, Mr. Teach roared and bellowed with no discretion whatever; and, what was said, I could scarcely avoid hearing, even if I had wished to close my ears.

Never did I listen to such horrid cursing and damning and swearing and foul words as interlarded nearly every phrase this filthy pirate uttered; yet, he was not at all angry, but merely in most excellent humor—and seemed to banter Mr. Eden, jeating at his expense in a fashion which made me wonder if he had some dreadful kind of power over this pale and delicately nurtured gentleman of quality and refinement.

"Curse it!" says he, "why should I fear Alec Spotswood of Virginia when I have so staunch a friend in you, Charles Eden? Why should I concern myself with that old buzzard, Nick Trott—or with Rhett—or with Charles-Town!"

"I pray you, moderate your voice, Mr. Teach," interposed the Governor.

"Dammy, why should I? I care not who knows I'm here in Edenton—or who knows that my ship is here to take all flags! Why should I care when I am protected by the Honorable Charles Eden, Governor of——"

"Would you shout it from the housetops and bring me to ruin, Mr. Teach?"

"I ruin you!"

He was plainly in boisterous and mirthful spirits; he hummed, he spat, he burst out into vile songs and snatches, and made a shuffling noise with his painted boot-heels as though dancing.

"Well," says he, "I have fetched you sixty barrels of sugar, two pipes of Maderia, two of Oporto, twelve bales of figured, striped, and plain Indian silks, five bars of refined Arab gold, and fifteen kegs of Morocco silver."

"I tell you," said Mr. Eden in a low, tense voice, "I wish none of these——"

"And I tell you that you shall have them!" roared Teach, "because you have earned them; and I always pay my reckoning! It is too late, your Excellency, for you to sicken of our bargain, or ever to deny it. You shall hold fast to it; and so shall I. When I sail, I sail to take all flags! And you shall remember that any man who takes my ship and me, takes, with both these, enough evidence to ruin and beggar you and send you to London Tower!"

Mr. Eden said in the ghost of a voice: "I have no intention of playing you false. I ask only that you leave these parts and operate elsewhere——"

"Darnation!" yelled Teach. "I operate where it suits me!"

"Will you moderate your tone?"

"Listen, curse you! Two weeks since I took a Portuguese mulette, off the Virginia Capes. He had not offended me. Do you know what I did to him?

Such laughter I never before heard as the awful mirth which burst from the maw of Mr. Teach.

When he was a little recovered: "Well, says he, "I leave you, Charles Eden; but first shall tell you where I design to go and what I mean to do. I shall sail to Charles-Town in South Carolina to take all flags and all nations. And there seize upon such shipping as I discover in the harbor; and show to the city my four flags which are my black colors, a bloody ensign at the main, a black pennant, and a death-jack.

"Then I shall go ashore and ruffle it in the streets of Charles-Town; and I shall have out of that city a fine chest of medicines worth a thousand pounds or more; and shall not pay a farthing for it, but, if refused, will hang every man, woman and child aboard what prizes I have taken, and you shall hear Charles-Town howling a hundred miles as you sit below in your pretty garden!"

"If you do that," said the Governor in a ghastly voice, "all North America will rise against you."

"If you betray my purpose to a living soul," roared Black-Beard, "you share my fate! Otherwise," he cried with a dreadful laugh, "let all North America set sail and chase me and be cursed to them and to the whole world beside!"

I heard him get up from a chair, and the floor creaked under his weighty bulk as he walked to the door.

"Adieu, Charles," he said. "For your silence, when I come again to Edenton, I bring you costly presents. In two days more I shall marry my twenty-first wife—she is only sixteen—when I arrive at Topsail Inlet."

"You dog!" said the Governor, "who is it you mean to marry at Topsail Inlet!"

"Well, I'll tell you that, too, Charles. There's a yellow-haired and freckled tap-boy who serves Tom Cocklyn's guests in his tavern there; and Francis Parrington Sprigg had it from Israel Hornygold—before Ross took him—that this same tap-boy is no boy at all, but a girl in boy's clothing; and was Captain Topsfield's child, whom Hornygold burned in his own ship, the Fancy Nancy.

"And that's my twenty-first bride-to-be."

Never a word answered the Governor. And so, presently, and loud in mirth, Mr. Teach went a-clumping down the stairway, stamping through the hall below until the noise of him grew distant and died away when the front door closed behind him.

But, in the street outside, he paused to turn and yell back at the silent house:

"All flags, and all nations!"

Then silence fell upon that doomed mansion.

I would not vaunt myself, yet may say this much, that it was concern and fear and pity for Mr. Eden, and no terror for myself, that urged me to run to his Excellency in the adjoining room. Where I discovered him huddled in a deep chair, crushed, speechless as a dead man.

Down upon my knees I dropped and took his thin hand and kissed it; and he lifted his head to stare at me out of sunken eyes that seemed blinded.

"Sir," I said, "what indiscretion you may have committed I know not, and am very ignorant of; but I know that you have been loved by our good folk of Carolina in days gone by, and are reputed to be greatly approved by his Majesty the King of England; and therefore must be both honorable and good. And so I am come to assure your Excellency of a poor servant's faith and loyalty and love, which is all the gift I have to offer you."

He leaned forward, presently, and, taking me by the shoulders, kissed me on both cheeks, which amazing honor astounded me.

"So you heard all," said he. "I had forgotten you. And did you listen, also, to what this fellow said concerning you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it true that you are a girl and no boy, Freckles?"

"Yes, sir."

After a silence: "Can your Excellency attempt nothing against this known pirate?" I asked.

But he gave me the heartbroken look of a damned man, and I knew he must be, somehow, entangled and in that monster's power.

Now I understood something of that worldly hell called Fear, of which this wretched man had lately spoken. But such a passion of love and pity for him overwhelmed me that I began to weep, and caress his hands.

"Let me help," I sobbed. "I can, perhaps, entrap this common enemy of mankind at Topsail Inlet, and set a signal for the station-ships to take him——"

"Child," said he, "would you chance the horror with which you heard him threaten you?"

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"As for that, sir," I replied, "I can fend for myself, who have learned cunning sufficient to survive every violence and starvation——"

"No, no!" said he. Then he rose and began to pace the floor.

"It has come to a pass," said he, "where I cannot go on. Whatever betide I cannot go on in this fashion——"

He turned on me: "Once," said he, "when ruin threatened and I needed money, I was tempted. And trafficked with pirates—with Edward Teach; and with Tom Cocklyn . . . And these have blackmailed me ever since . . . No, I cannot go on in this manner . . . Already there is suspicion of me in Carolina that I do nothing to stop Edward Teach in his impudence and plundering, yet hang others who are caught sailing On The Account . . . If I only knew how to come at this monster and not perish with him in his ruin——"

"Sir," I cried, "will you call on the Governor of Virginia?"

"I dare not send any man out of Carolina on such a mission, which must utterly condemn me in my own colony if it become known."

HE began to pace the room again like a hunted creature.

"Sir, may I go?" I cried.

At that he turned on his heel and came toward me, taking both my hands. A pale hope flared in his faded eyes.

"What would you say to Governor Spottswood?" he demanded.

"I would say that Carolina cannot cope with this monster unaided."

I felt his hands tighten over mine, cling to them.

"How would you go to him?" he whispered.

"Give me a horse."

"The Tuscarora Indians would murder you."

"Then give me a sloop!"

"You must go alone."

"A pinnace, then, with lateen! A canoe—anything;—for I am bred to the sea, sir, and never have feared it in all my life!"

"I cannot ask it——"

"You need not, sir, for I offer first, and beg it, now, as a favor."

At that his wasted features quivered and he sat down on his chair and took his head between his hands.

I ran to my room, dressed me in the wool clothes given me by Mr. Ross, laid away my finery in the Chinese box, and came again to his Excellency.

"Sir," said I, "have a care for my beautiful garments which I have laid away again in the lacquered box. And give me a little minted money, if you please, so that I lose no instant, but run to the water stairs and hire me a canoe, and provision it, and so get me into Virginia as soon as may be."

He seemed dazed. But he took a heavy purse of gold from his pocket and gave it.

"When I come again," said I, "I hope to come aboard Mr. Ross in the Moth, tender. And if I miss him, then I shall come aboard any craft Virginia may send us to take this great villain, Black-Beard, in all his wickedness."

He sprang up, took me in his arms and kissed me. Then he sat down with his face in both hands, and I saw the great tears falling between his fingers.

Well, I left him and ran to the water-stairs, and there, for six pieces of eight, I hired me a canoe of a Minorean waterman, which craft had also a lateen to hoist when needed.

Then to the Eden Arms, where I borrowed a chart and a compass; and purchased and stowed away in my canoe a sack of hard bread and a great cheese, a candle, a hatchet, a hank of spare cord, six fathoms of rope, flints, tinder, a brass pistol, a horn o' powder, bullets in a bag and a little can of priming powder. This, with sweet water in a little cask, I stowed aboard.

There was a fine, bright wind on the river. I hoisted sail and sped away like a very swallow across the sound, Kitty Hawk bearing dead ahead. All night long I sailed; and so into Currituck, and next day, out the inlet around False Cape. The third day, by the Virginia Capes I sped to the great reaches of the James, near dying of weariness, having slept only at the tiller with one eye on the sheet.

And, here on the lower river, I raised a sail which presently I made out to be a sloop. Then, oh, heavenly angels, a wild surmise excited me, and I made all sail to overhaul this vessel, and loaded and fired my pistol till it became too hot to handle.

For now I knew it was the Moth I chased, and was swiftly intercepting.

When I came near, the masthead hailed me, and I sobbed out Mr. Ross' name. So near insensible was I that when they lifted me on deck I could scarce see or speak, only seemed to know when his arms cradled me and carried me below.

"Nancy," he whispered, "Nancy Topsfield."

I roused me with a last effort.

"Before I sleep," said I, "this is the best news I have out of Carolina; that Edward Teach has sailed to take all flags! And stands for Charles-Town. And Governor Eden calls Virginia to Carolina's aid!"

"You poor and gallant child," says he in infinite pity. "Carolina fearing her own Governor, hath already sent petitions to Alexander Spottswood. And Virginia takes the sea."

"Oh, Heavens," I whimpered, "then our Governor is undone and his heart and honor break!"

My brain swam: I laid my head against Mr. Ross' breast to steady me.

"Help him," I whispered.

"If he be guilty——"

"He is. But Heaven forgives him. And so shall you . . . Sir, will you stand for Charles-Town?"

"Yes," he whispered, "or for anywhere on earth you wish—Nancy Topsfield."

I smiled and my lips parted to speak words I never uttered, as every sense within me succumbed, deep drowned in sleep.

WHEN the Moth, sloop-tender to his Majesty's station-ship Sea-Hawk, Captain Sir George Sayles, came to an anchor in Topsail Inlet, I had but just finished dressing me in my boy's wool clothing where I had slept in the flag-locker.

I had no baggage. I was quite ready to go ashore as soon as I could find the master.

Mr. Ross I waited upon very gaily in his cabin, who was master of the Moth.

"Well, Nancy," he began, but I bade him sharply to have a care how he spoke to me lest his crew learn that I was no boy, but a girl in boy's clothing. Which might undo me if known at Topsail Inlet, and if Tom Cocklyn heard of it.

"Nobody is listening," said he, "except a mouse or two."

"I would not have a ship's mouse know the truth," said I. However, I smiled upon him; but his smile died; and the more a 'erly he gazed upon me the gayer my smile.

"Freckles," says he in a sorrowful tone, "do you leave me then so gaily?"

At that I laughed; and, setting the toe of one foot flat upon the cabin floor, spun my body around. For my spirits were become as light as my heels, though he never guessed why.

And it was all because my girl's heart was telling me that, in this young man's bosom, a kind of tenderness for me was taking root more deeply every day. And light it made my heart and heels to discover it.

"Freckles," says he, "you are a heartless baggage."

"Be pleased," said I, "to stow that same baggage in the pinnace and set it ashore."

"You vex me," said he, giving me a glum look. O Lord, how light it made my heels to see him troubled at my going.

So that I fairly danced on deck and hastened to tumble into the pinnace. Mr. Ross, remarking that he had business at The Lost Ship Tavern, got in with dignity and took the tiller.

"Give way," he growled; and off we went.

HOWEVER, when we came to where Tom Cocklyn's boats lay, and the men ceased rowing, Mr. Ross walked only to the shore end of the rotting wharf with me.

"Freckles," says he very solemnly, "when, by virtue of his commission, Governor Eden calls a Court of Vice-Admiralty to judge the prize taken by the sloop-tender Moth, I ought to share in a very pretty fortune. Did you guess that much?"

"You well deserve it, my lord," said I with a smile that was nearly a grin. For it annoyed him when I called him a lord, who was only youngest son to one and had no more title than fortune.

Holy angels, I know not why I was so cruelly possessed to plague this young man; but, within me, a little devil seemed to sing and caper, urging me to mischief.

"Freckles," says he, "when I am rich I shall purchase your articles of indenture from Tom Cocklyn."

"Thank you, my lord."

"And," says he, angrily, "I shall then take measure to adopt you under the law. It is high time, too!"

"Why, my lord?"

"Because you are saucy and should be properly schooled . . . And otherwise controlled and instructed——"

"Oh, la, sir," said I, "would you set up a school for wayward girls aboard the Moth?"

"Darnation," says he, "will you not be serious? And—a little kinder, Nancy——"

"Sir," said I, "when will his lordship again bestow his noble presence and his handsome sloop upon this humble puddle called Topsail Inlet?"

He shot at me an exasperated glance: "Never, perhaps," he muttered, "if Mr. Teach has his way with me."

That sobered me instantly, and I gazed fearfully upon him.

"I thought," said I, "that the Governor of Virginia had sent out warships to take the pirate, Teach."

"He has sent Lieutenant Maynard and two sloops. Yes. But Black-Beard has three ships and a tender. He calls himself Commodore; and his ships all fly the death's head . . . I think Sir George and Mr. Rhett and I are needed to lay the sea-wolf pack aboard."

I was so frightened that I came to him and would have taken hold of his hands, only that he took tight hold of mine.

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"Nancy," says he, "under the law you belong to Tom Cocklyn," says he, "and are servant to him until redeemed," says he, "and are tap-boy in his accursed tavern yonder.

"But," says he, "you shall see happier days; and I swear it; for you are sweet and kind and good," says he, "and are valiant although a child——"

"Eighteen in November, my lord!"

"Gird at me as you please," said he; "nevertheless, I love you dearly, Nancy Topsfield."

"And I you, sir . . . And, if redeemed, and by you adopted, would willing be to you a loving daughter."

He gave me a strange, quick look of consternation, then went very red.

"You know," I said, smiling, "that I could not truly be a son to you, my lord."

He muttered something. I think it was damnation." Which somehow made my heart turn tender. Then fear returned again; and I pressed his hand very fervently and begged him to have a care for himself at sea and never to conduct rashly; and to come again to Topsail Inlet as soon as might be.

So we parted. And I did not wish him to go, for a thousand terrors were beginning to take shape within my mind. But we parted—inarticulate at the end—and I bewildered and too close to tears to trust my voice.

As far as I could see his topsail and top-gallant—for his sloop carried these—I watched. When the pale sloop glimmered once or twice and melted into nothing 'twixt sky and sea, and when what I stared at proved to be a gull, I turned away toward The Lost Ship Tavern.

As I trudged over the dunes along the sandy path fringed by bayberry and coarse grasses I thought the weatherbeaten old tavern seemed strangely lifeless.

Except for the kitchen, shutters were closed and barred over all windows on the ground floor.

I had expected to see Tom Cocklyn, with pipe and spyglass, squatting like a great crab on the settle under the taproom window. The green settle was empty.

However, I saw a thread of smoke above the kitchen chimney, and noticed chickens pensively wandering in the garden. So I went to the side porch and, finding the door open entered.

Molly Fair sat in the chimney corner eating ashcake and bacon, and had a great pewter of Bath beer beside her. Her hair was in a braid and her stockings off, like the pretty slattern she was; and when I came in she stared at me, her mouth full of bacon.

I asked her how she did, and she swallowed her mouthful and answered that she did well enough.

"Where is Tom Cocklyn?" I asked, seating myself.

"He's gone mad," she said.

"Gone mad! Where is he, then?"

She said she thought he was at Hangman's Point.

"Very likely," said I, "because if he were here you would not sit there with a quart of buttery beer."

She took a satisfied pull at her pewter, wiped her red mouth with her apron.

"Why do you think Tom Cocklyn has lost his senses?" I demanded.

"Well, listen," says she. "There came three ships and a tender to anchor off of Topsaid Inlet while you were away at Edenton, and these were pirates and showed black colors and bloody flags and death jacks as impudently as Sir George Sayles shows the Cross of St. George.

"I sat here where I sit now, and black Herith was a-roasting of a capon for Tom Cocklyn's dinner and I a-dressing of it, and a slice o' bread to catch the drippings which I love to eat—" Here she swallowed a slice o' bacon and took a pull at beer.

"So," says she, "I heard Tom Cocklyn a'cursing and a-damning on the settle under the taproom window, and I went out and there saw the three ships heading in all showing black colors.

"'Lawks,' says I in a fright, 'here is a fleet of pirates a-sailing up our inlet,' says I.

"'The great ship,' says he, 'is the Man-o'-War, Captain Teach, who is called Black-Beard. And the topsail sloop,' says he, 'is The Revenge, and Richards is her master. And t'oter sloop is The Adventure, and her master Israel Hands. As for the tender, I know not,' says he.

"And with that he fell to ragging and cursing and crying out that if all the world were turning pirate he'd be cursed if he also did not go back to his old trade and hoist the bones and sail to take all nations.

"Get on with your story," I said in a panic. "Did these sea rogues come to an anchor and make a landing here?"

"They sailed on," said she, "but off the Dead Horse the great ship lay to and sent a boat ashore. Up they came in their shirts and red and yellow jackets, and their wide pants and legs in fancy boots, and bristled thick with pistols and the like.

"And there was Black-Beard, a great hairy man with his beard tied in pig tails and ribbons and his wild little eyes of a lunatic.

"Up he strides and takes Tom Cocklyn by the hand and, with a rotten mouth full o' curses and oaths, he tells Tom Cocklyn how he loves him like a brother because he is a true man.

"'You lie,' says Tom Cocklyn, 'for I'm neither a true man nor a merry one! You are a great villain, Ned Teach,' says he, 'but I mean to be a greater villain than you, for I'm sick of honesty and poverty and feeding folk in my tavern, and I mean to go to sea and teach you how it's really done!'

"At that Black-Beard let out a roar o' laughter and clapped Tom Cocklyn on the back; and all went into the taproom and fell to drinking flip.

"'Where,' says Black-Beard, 'is your tap-boy, Tom?'

"'Curse him,' says Tom Cocklyn, 'I sent him to Charlie Eden to fetch away my prize money in The Queen Anne's Revenge and the French sloop which was English. And the young rat tarries, and I think hath stolen the bag o' gold and run away into Virginia.'

"'By Heavens,' says Black-Beard, 'I came here to catch him, and am sorry if he has run away.'

"'What,' says Tom Cocklyn, 'has he done you, too, an ill turn with our Governor?'

"'No,' says Teach, 'but Francis Farrington Sprigg does not love him; so I came to reckon with him on Captain Sprigg's account.'

"Well," said Molly Fair, "with that he pulls out a pair of pistols and shoots at the taproom windows and shatters the glass. That's why the shutters are closed and barred. And when Tom Cocklyn cries out on him and curses him, Black-Beard and his sea-rogues fall upon Tom Cocklyn and beat him and thrust him into the pantry. Then they take every bottle and, when they have robbed the till, off they go a-roaring with mirth and very merry to have done Tom Cocklyn so stiff a turn which they considered a huge joke.

"And—going off, when they passed near the pantry where Tom Cocklyn was bolted in, Black-Beard shouts: 'There is only one greater ass in all the world than Stede Bonnet, and this is yourself, Tom Cocklyn!'

"And Israel Hands gives a kick upon the pantry door; and, says he, 'You take pay from rogue and pious hypocrite alike, and that will be your undoing if ever I discover you at sea, Tom Cocklyn!'

"Then Ike Ferritt, master of the fleet tender, opens the pantry door and spits upon Tom Cocklyn and tells him he has no liver in him, nor any lights nor heart, being a coward.

"So," said Molly, wetting her red lips with pewter, "off they go and hoist anchor and make sail southward. And I, more dead than alive, came from the kitchen and let out Tom Cocklyn."

"And then?" I demanded, aghast at such a story.

"Why, then," said she, "Tom Cocklyn went stark, raving mad; and is still a crazed man at this hour. For, at first, all he did was to stamp and scream and yell that he must have the lights and liver out of Ike Ferritt.

"But the next day he took a dory and went into Old Clarendon, where strange folk have come since the Tuscarora war is ended in these parts.

"There he purchased a boat, and ships a crew in a day, and he christens that boat The Crazy Jade; and means to put to sea and hoist the death's head to take all nations——"

"Tom Cocklyn," I cried, "gone pirate again?"

"Yes; and has taken black Herith, who was his old cockswain."

"Where lies this boat?" I demanded.

"The Crazy Jade? Off of Hangman's Point."

"Good Lord," said I, "what is to become of the Lost Ship Tavern then?"

MOLLY FAIR shrugged her shoulders in answer to my excited exclamation about Tom Cocklyn.

"He bade me stay here and feed the horses, hogs and hens until he came again with Ike Ferritt's head tied to his bowsprit."

"Certainly," said I, "Tom Cocklyn is gone mad and has no longer any understanding."

"Nevertheless," said I, "though he turn pirate and lunatic a hundredfold, he shall not say of me that I stole his money and ran away. No; for I have fetched his money from Edenton and"—I drew the bag from my shirt—"here it is. And I mean to go instantly to Hangman's Point and reckon with this wild rogue who calls me thief and runaway—though he so slanders me to the greatest wretch unhung, who is Edward Teach, called Black-Beard!"

Molly stared at me: "Get you a piece in the pantry and a jack of new ale," said she, "and let Tom Cocklyn rave as he will——"

"No; I go to Hangman's Point," said I angrily; and I went forth and slammed the door after me, which scattered the chickens a-squawking.

Swinging my little sack of gold, I walked very fast across the dunes, and by the pine woods; then out across bayberry and sparkleberry scrub until I came to the dune where a horse's skull was nailed to a dead cedar tree.

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ROGUE'S MOON

From there, sure enough, I saw a dirty old boat hove to; and a pinnace on the beach below, where men were stepping a brand new mast which had been newly cut in the woods behind me.

They were a strange and dingy company for the most, with here and yon a gaudy sash or cap; but the sun glittered on their pistols and hangers and on the gold hoops in their swarthy ears.

The dirty vessel, hove to, I could not doubt was the boat. The Crazy Jade; and it was plain enough that she never had been cleaned since her last cargo.

I descended the dune and went toward the shallop where the men were a-stepping of the new mast; and presently recognised Tom Cocklyn, who was marching up and down the water's edge with his arms folded and his beaver uncocked and pulled over his yellow eye.

With the green one, which was his good eye, he presently noticed me:

"Lamb's-blood and codfish!" he yelled at me, "have you not run away, then?"

I was enraged, but I held my tongue until I came close to him.

"No," said I, "I am neither a runaway, to cheat you of my obligations, nor a thief who has stolen what belongs to you." And I pulled the little bag of gold from my shirt and threw it at him so that it struck a pistol in his red sash, which made him grunt.

When he picked it up and counted the minted pieces, he stuffed the bag into the bosom of his own shirt.

"Come, Freckles," said he, "I see I've wronged you, and I'll say this much, that you're an honest lad and have always so conducted. And I mean to reward you," says he, taking me by the arm with his left hand, which pinched like a crab's claw, having only the thumb and forefinger on it.

"So," said he, "you shall go aboard of me and sail along o' me in The Crazy Jade to take all nations; and you shall sign my articles and——"

"Turn pirate?" said I, frightened. "No, sir; that I never will do——

"What's this?" he demanded savagely; "you won't sign my articles?"

"I never will——"

"YES, you shall!" he yelled in a fit of fury. "Are you not my servant and indebted to me for redemption?"

"Let go my arm!" I panted, struggling to free myself, but he jerked me off my feet, dragged me, kicking and striking at him, across the beach and flung me into the pinnace.

"Why, you filthy little beast," he shouted, "you're going aboard The Crazy Jade to take all nations, so help me! And if you budge out o' that pinnace I'll blow your freckled face through the back o' your skull—I will!"

As I picked myself up from the bottom of the pinnace he pulled a horse-pistol from his sash and cocked it. I thought he was going to shoot me: and some of his men came up to see him do it. But he only cursed me and, folding his arms, kept his pistol trained on me, and bade his men have done with the mast and row him back to The Crazy Jade.

Rage and terror combined to keep me dumb. I dared not stir a finger lest flame spurt from that black muzzle aimed straight between my eyes.

So they shipped their mast and sail, shoved off, and manned the sweeps; and Tom Cocklyn floundered aboard, and away they pulled.

So frightened was I because of this horror which so suddenly had overtaken me that all my strength and courage collapsed. I was so weak that I could scarce clamber aboard The Crazy Jade when we came alongside her.

On deck, Tom Cocklyn gave me a kick which sent me spinning forward towards the forecastle, where somebody kicked me aft again, so that I stumbled against a gun and held to it.

But nobody offered me any further incivilities, for they were hoisting in the pinnace and getting the boat under way.

My body hurt where I had been kicked, and I stood rubbing the bruises and staring about me at this horrible boat upon which I was a prisoner and was like to perish before done with it.

Like most pirate vessels, she had been cut away and cleared fore and aft; and there was now no quarter-deck but only a poop and a forecastle; and the waist all cleared for a gun-deck.

Yet, besides the pinnace, she carried a cock-boat and a skiff; and when the crew mustered forward I saw that black Heritt was cockswain, one Crawlin, skiffswain, and a certain hairy old man, Jake Wolfort, boatswain. The mate was named Dane, and seemed stupid but not brutal.

The boat was brig-rigged, but all her rigging, hamper, spars, sails, stays, shrouds, bitts, and planking looked rotten. Her guns, too, were battered and rusted; and carried no tomkins, only a truss o' straw to plug 'em, and a ragged tarpaulin or two for jackets. They were carronades and thirty-two pounders.

She steered by whip-staff; I noticed that when she was under way and wallowing out through Dead Horse Inlet.

When, finally, something of calm and self-control returned to me, I limped over to the quartermaster, Mr. Shere, and asked him where I was to mess and bunk, and to which watch assigned.

But Tom Cocklyn, on the poop, bawled at me to go to his cabin and await his pleasure. Which I did; and sat down there by the captain's table in such fear and misery as I had never known since the loss of my father's ship.

I set my elbows on the table and took my face between my hands. Then I noticed that there was spread upon the table, under my very nose, a black flag with the death's-head on it; and, at the mere sight, I trembled violently and hot tears ran over my quivering face.

At that instant Tom Cocklyn came in; and when I saw him I wept aloud.

"What are you about," I sobbed, "who have accepted of the King's pardon and every benefit of his proclamation? What has possessed you suddenly to fly the death's-head and sail in this vile hag-boat to take all nations?"

He seemed somewhat taken aback by my grief and what I said to him. Then he gave me a wild look, and, says he:

"You are right, for I shall take all flags, even a black or a bloody one; and if I lay Ike Ferritt aboard who hath spat upon me, then he shall hang from my mizzen."

"You are mad," said I through my gulps and tears; "go back to your till and taproom, and to your hens and your hogs! For if Sir George Sayles sight you he will blow you out of the water! And if Mr. Ross notice you, he will surely overhaul you and you shall hang and sun-dry on Eden sands!"

"You snivelling coward," says he scornfully, "you have no heart to seek your fortune."

"None to seek it under the black flag, and my very bones turn to water at the thought——"

The loud racket of a drum beaten on deck drowned my voice. Tom Cocklyn ran to the door, and I followed him on deck, where we saw our drummer beating the alarm and marching up and down, while the mate's hoarse voice called to quarters and the dirty deck swarmed with men.

Again our masthead hailed as Tom Cocklyn reached the poop. There was a stiff north-east wind blowing, and we carried a vast mass of dirty sail; but Cocklyn shouted to Mr. Dane to clap on every stitch, and ran to the binnacle, where were two compasses and a light between them, also a sand-glass.

MR. SHERE, our quartermaster, had the helm.

Now, through the rolling of the drum I heard the gunner shouting to the gun crews; but there was no order or discipline aboard and only the old men-o'-war's men, or former pirates, knew what to do.

We were running before the wind, south-south-west, and a heavy cross-sea bumped us till I could almost feel the rotten hulk shaking loose from every timber.

All the while the wind-blown voice from aloft was setting Tom Cocklyn frantic, and he screamed and yelled his orders till I thought his voice must disappear.

Suddenly I saw our chase—first her topsail, over the seaward dunes in the sound; then, very soon, hull, spar, and sail as she headed out the inlet where we were racing to bottle her and take her. She was a sloop and carried a vast cloud of canvas white as snow.

Tom Cocklyn ran screeching about the poop, and I never shall know what he yelled so thick flew his curses; but I saw our black flag hoisted and streaming wildly, showing the bones and death's-head to the stranger. Instantly our foreport thirty-two exploded, banking our bows in smoke.

Now, straining my eyes to see what our chase might do, what was my amazement to discover that another sloop was chasing her, and was coming out of the inlet and showing a black ensign like our own.

At the sight of another sea rogue, Tom Cocklyn went stark mad, cursing, bellowing, and shouting that it was Ike Ferritt in his sloop-tender a-chasing of our proper quarry.

If Ferritt guessed who we were I know not; but, when Tom Cocklyn seized the helm and bore down on him, Ike Ferritt tacked, sheering off to avoid us, but so close to the bar was he that he could not escape us; and grounded the next moment.

As we ran by him we gave him our starboard broadside, then our after guns; then, tacking, came alongside with only the inlet width between us, and gave him our larboard battery so that his deck went up in splinters.

Down crashed his mast, carrying with it everything aloft. We hove-to and lay abeam, cannonading him where he heeled helplessly to leeward, starboard guns under, and our shot tearing him to the keel.

Now came to us the piteous howling of Ferritt's sea-rogues and I saw Ike Ferritt mount his taffrail and bawl to us that he had struck and asked only for good quarters.

Then Tom Cocklyn took a musket and nailed Ferritt from the poop.

"You spat your spittle upon me," he shouted, "but I spit lead; and how do you like it, Ike?"

Then he fired upon Ferritt, who let go the rail and rolled down the inclining deck; and there he lay in the scuppers, striving to get up.

Then Tom Cocklyn, roaring with laughter vowed he'd have sport with him; and ran to a carronade and laid it himself.

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"Ike!" he cried, "turn your head and look upon me to see what I am a-doing of!"

I saw the dying pirate turn his head and look into the black muzzle of the carronade. As he shrieked, Tom Cocklyn fired.

Now Ferritt's sloop was all afire, and nobody alive aboard save only here and there a poor, wounded wretch calling pitifully to us for quarters. Very soon we were in full chase of the other sloop, crowding her ever landward and hedging, and bearing down on her, so that at last she bore away on a starboard tack. We thought she meant to drive ashore; and we fired our bow-gun at her and then our starboard battery.

But no; there was a creek hidden by high dunes and into this she flew and was gone from view in a trice, while we fired upon her with our stern chaser.

After her tumbled The Crazy Jade, our blood-maddened crew howling and cheering and Tom Cocklyn gone to mast-head to spy out what he might view.

He discovered a-plenty inside the sound; and nearly fell to the deck with fright and astonishment. For before he could give an order I saw a topsail and St. George's cross a-whipping in the wind above the dunes; and out upon us like a falcon rushed a station-ship of the Royal Navy—a topsail schooner—which swooped upon us with her bow-guns roaring and every swivel and musket aboard sweeping The Crazy Jade, bow, stern, waist, from forecastle to poop.

I heard Mr. Dane call out that a shot had smashed our sternpost and he could not steer.

Tom Cocklyn rushed aft and began to shove and jerk the whipstaff, but to no purpose; and he seemed in a panic of sudden fright.

Now the king's ship gave us her larboard guns all together, and our rotten timbers and standing rigging collapsed. Down crashed fore and mizzen top masts, carrying away yards and stays and a frightful confusion of wreckage. Another blast, and our starboard battery was smashed, dismounted scattered; our mizzen mast, cut through, fell upon the poop and crushed it and the round house whither I was attempting to creep away to hide me in the cabin.

Then Tom Cocklyn turned sheer coward. I saw him dragging his drummer lad to the poop to beat a parley and crying out all the while that he had struck and for Mr. Shere to strike his colors.

A MUSKET ball hit the drummer, and he and his drum fell from the poop and went a-rolling through an open gun port into the sea a-splash!

Mr. Dane snatched a cutlass and severed the halyards so that the death's head fell just as a broadside from the king's ship enveloped us with flame and smoke and shook our hull into a floating ruin.

Through the stifling obscurity I saw the schooner lay us aboard; and her men come leaping over our rail where our dead and wounded sprawled, and where our scared rogues stood trembling and empty handed, and all a-roaring lustily for good quarters.

We had made a shameful night of it, and I think the station-ship held us in deep contempt, for her people did us no violence, but took our weapons and drove us below with kicks and jeers.

And thus it was that I was taken in piracy aboard a known pirate, and under black colors, and by a King's ship. And, for all I knew, must hang with the others who could hope for no other fate. For there was no escaping the gallows save only a death-release by their own hand; and all knew it. But not one laid hands upon himself to escape the death of shame reserved.

It was horrible below hatches.

From the deck we could hear a great trampling; noises of axe and hammer where they were clearing away wreckage and patching up so that we should not sink where we lay rudderless.

For, despite her battering, The Crazy Jade still swam like a doused witch, and it seemed a miracle that plank and timber held.

Nobody came near us. We had no food, no water. In darkness the hours dragged on. Finally I slept. But what time passed I could not know or guess when I awoke; and only knew that I was perishing of thirst and that The Crazy Jade was in motion—no doubt in tow of her conqueror, or, perhaps, with jury mast and trysail, floundering towards port with a prize crew on deck.

On the second day they opened the hatches and lowered water to us and a sack of hard bread.

On the third day we came to an anchor.

When the hatches were removed they summoned us; and we shambled forth, filthy, starving, blinking like foul night-birds surprised by daylight.

As I climbed wearily to the deck and set foot upon it, somebody took hold of my arm and pulled me aside. I peered at him out of sun-blinded eyes, but could not see clearly, or know him until I heard his voice:

"Are you not my young friend Freckles of Edenton?"

"Oh, heavenly angels," I whimpered, "is it Colonel Rhett who speaks to me?"

And now, clearing my eyes with trembling hands, I saw that he was Colonel Rhett who gazed at me very strangely, still holding to my arm. But suddenly I forgot I was in danger of hanging, but remembered only what a filthy and squalid figure I cut under the eyes of this elegant young man. And, less from fear and grief than from sheer vexation, woman-like I hid my face in my dirty hands and began to cry.

"Rhett!" came a gay voice that startled me.

I dropped my hands and gazed up at the poop deck, out of streaming eyes, upon a face and form I never forgot awake, or in my dreams.

"Mr. Ross!" I sobbed.

He started as though shot at, caught my eye, sprang down the stairs, and took hold of both my hands.

"Tom Cocklyn pressed me for The Crazy Jade," I wailed, "and we were in battle with Ike Ferritt, who had spat upon Tom Cocklyn, and we sank him, and chased a sloop; and so were taken by a King's ship—and—ooh-h!" I sobbed, "I am like to hang for it on Eden Sands——"

Mr. Ross gathered me into his arms and gave Mr. Rhett a strange, yet hardy, look.

Then, holding me, he kissed my soiled face and cast another look at Mr. Rhett, who seemed astonished.

I peered fearfully from one to the other. Suddenly Mr. Ross blushed.

"Is that the case?" said Mr. Rhett. He gave me an amazed glance, then he also reddened. "I might have guessed," said he.

Then he came close to me, smiling that charming smile I knew.

"You are too pretty for a boy," said he; "I might have known that day in Edenton when we rode the same horse together——"

He looked impudently at Mr. Ross: "And I wish I had known," said he. Then, laughing at me: "Prisoner," says he, "fall out for special punishment . . . Mr. Ross, take your prisoner . . . And Heaven have mercy on you both!"

ALTHOUGH both Mr. Ross and Col. Rhett knew I was a girl and no boy, and that I was not a pirate, but had been pressed, I now found myself in a sorry pickle.

For I had been taken in piracy aboard that filthy snow-rigged brig and hag-boat, The Crazy Jade, and Tom Cocklyn, her master, was known as an old pirate.

And it was Col. Rhett who laid us aboard in his sloop Sea Nymph, Capt. Farier-Hall, carrying eight guns and seventy men, and being then together with her consort, in search of the pirate Stede Bonnet—that great fool who knew not the stem from the stern of a cockleshell.

Oh, heaven, what a dish of fish. And so innocent was I that I did not even know we had been made prisoners near the mouth of the Cape Fear River; for I had been driven with the others, at the point of Rhett's pistols, below deck; and thus towed to Charles-Town under hatches and there delivered aboard the Moth, sloop-tender to the station ship, Lieut. Ross commanding.

Had it not been for Col. Rhett's knowledge of me in Edenton, and that Mr. Ross was my firm friend, I must have suffered on the gallows like any other sea rogue. Both of these gentlemen were tender and kind to me; both waited upon Governor Johnson on my behalf.

Nevertheless, law is law in South Carolina, if not in North Carolina; Black Beard with three ships flying the black flag, had grossly insulted Charles-Town and laid it under tribute; and Vane and his company of sea devils had behaved as impudently.

So I was obliged to face a court of justice with Tom Cocklyn and his officers and crew of the Crazy Jade. Because only a jury could find me innocent for the law to free me. Also the King's Majesty was like to use me as an evidence, and I must plead.

There being no public prison in Charles Town, Tom Cocklyn and his rogues were committed into custody of the Provose Marshal and his men at the watch house; but I was delivered into the marshall's custody at his own residence and wore no irons, but was used with civility.

On the 28th of October, Robert Johnson, Esq., Governor of South Carolina, called a court of vice-admiralty in Charles-Town.

That day came to see me the captains of His Majesty's stationships, Pearl and Lime and Scarborough, to do me a service, if possible, by testimony concerning Governor Eden's knowledge of me.

But Mr. Ross feared that such testimony might injure me because of suspicions regarding the Honorable Mr. Eden and his suspected commerce with certain pirates to his own and shameful profit.

However, Mr Robert Maynard, first lieutenant of the Pearl, was my evidence that I made a very desperate voyage by canoe to carry an alarm into Virginia regarding the pirate Black-Beard.

He was a fine gentleman, and came in a sloop-tender, and smiled very often upon me during the trial. Also, afterward, came to take my hand and call me a gallant lad.

But my quill outstrips my story; so now to the trial.

now. But she would have

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The Honorable Nicholas Trott, judge of the vice-admiralty and chief judge of Carolina, and several assistant judges presided.

First, the King's commission was read, and a grand jury sworn, which found the bills.

The petit jury was then sworn and the master and crew of The Crazy Jade were arraigned; being:

Myself

Tom Cocklyn, master

David Dane, mate

Peter Shere, quartermaster

Also the cockswain, who was that poor fool, black Herith; and nine foremast men—all who were left alive out of the officers and crew of that dirty boat, The Crazy Jade.

Every rogue pleaded not guilty. So did I, who, being the first questioned among the accused, called upon Tom Cocklyn, black Herith, and Mr. Shere to be my evidences.

These, very sullen, surly, and unwilling nevertheless admitted that I had been pressed at Hangman's Point; had signed no articles; had shared no plunder, or had taken no arms into my hands; and had done nothing to help them against Ferritt or Mr. Rhett. Tom Cocklyn added that I was a white-livered lickspit, and ought to be hanged.

I then asked for Col. Rhett and Mr. Ross to testify concerning my character; and these two gentlemen made it very plain to the jury that I was to be relied upon.

While they were testifying, Judge Trott, perched aloft like a huge bird o' prey, fell to scratching his beak and a-ruffling of his vermilion and black plumage; and presently, fixing his large spectacles upon me:

"Topsfield," says he, "I think you are that same saucy tap-boy at The Lost Ship, whom once I had occasion to question."

"Yes, your honor."

"Ah!" He turned and looked at one of his assistant judges, who grinned. "I think," said Judge Trott, in a hollow voice, "you once predicted that this boy would make a very competent witness in a court of law. Your—ah—judgment is vindicated."

The others gave me friendly looks; but Judge Trott's owlish visage remained very gloomy, which frightened me.

However, they had now done with me and I took my seat again; and a mournful silence fell upon the court.

Presently, Tom Cocklyn being called and questioned, the trial proceeded very swiftly.

His plea—like that of all his sea-rogues—was that they were very honest men who had set out to take pirates, though with no warrant or commission from anybody, that they had attacked and destroyed The Ferritt, and had mistaken Colonel Rhett for a rover. For which, they said, they were very sorry.

Being asked whether sea-rovers ever showed St. George's Cross at the fore, they all answered that a pirate might show any colors. Which is true.

Asked concerning the death's-head which they themselves flew, they made answer that it was hoisted to frighten Ferritt, but instantly struck to Rhett when they knew him for a king's ship.

"Yes," said Judge Trott, "after he laid you aboard. Then you struck your death's-head."

To which they made no answer.

When Black Herith was questioned he seemed so stupid and bewildered that I was moved to become his evidence and to say a word for him, that I thought he did not know what he was about when he sailed aboard the boat.

But in vain; for all were found guilty excepting only myself. And yet I told them that black Herith was a very good cook.

After which Judge Trott, explaining to them in a solemn and melancholy voice the wickedness of their crimes, pronounced sentence of death upon them in a kind of hollow groan.

"And now," said he in croaking tones that made me shudder, "having discharged my duty as a Christian, to set forth to you the horrid enormity of your sins and to urge you to repent, I must accomplish my office as a judge, which is to say to you as followeth; namely, and to wit:

"That you, Thomas Cocklyn, and you, David Dane, and you, Peter Shere, and you, black Herith, late officers and petty officers of The Crazy Jade, pirate; together with certain mariners of your company; to wit: Will Grey, George Aldred, Sam Slavin, Timothy McDermott, Arthur Wild, Henry Cary, John Wake, James O'Rourke, and Daniel Foy, shall go from hence, to the place from whence you came, and from thence to the Place of Execution, where each and all of you shall be hanged by the neck until you are dead!"

We all were standing; and the Provost and constables instantly closed around us. So we marched off with a tinkle and clank of manacles, Tom Cocklyn cursing the judge and jury.

At the courthouse door stood the sheriff of Berkley, who told me that a boat from the Moth awaited me; but first took me to his office, where I set my signature to several papers, but of what nature I know not.

From thence to the wharf, very sad because of black Herith, poor fool; and sad, even, for Tom Cocklyn who must suffer on the morrow—though he never was kind to me but always brutal and sometimes cruel.

A canoe lay by the stairs, which carried me to the Moth, where Mr. Ross received me in his cabin, very tenderly.

Heaven knows what was in this young man's mind, or in my own; for I was weeping from joy and excitement of my acquittal; and he meant to kiss me on the mouth, I think. But he turned awkward, and went red, and seemed to alter his intention, though I would have suffered his kiss with much pleasure.

So, with our hands intertwined, we sat upon the cushioned settle in his cabin; and there he told me that he was under instant orders to sail in company of Colonel Rhett in search of Stede Bonnet, the foolish pirate. Also, he said, he hoped to discover John Rackham, called Calico Jack; and perhaps even Ned Drummond, alias Edward Thatch, alias Teach, and known terribly throughout Carolina as Black-Beard the pirate—the wickedest man in the world excepting only Ned Low and Francis Farrington Sprigg.

"Freckles," said he, "this coast swarms with pirates despite our station-ships; and there are fifteen hundred of them cruising along the coasts to-day between Nova Scotia and Florida. So I shall stand for the Virginia Capes and there take further orders from his Majesty's station-ships Lime and Pearl. Therefore, I cannot tell you where you and I are like to see each other again."

After a silence I asked him what I was to do.

"For one matter," said he, "I am firmly decided that you shall not sail aboard me where you are in constant danger of being killed."

He pressed my hand and I pressed his, saying that I asked nothing better than to share his dangers, who was my dear and only friend in all the world.

THEREUPON Mr. Ross put one arm around me, and I know not what he meant to do had not Mr. Rhett come aboard and down into our cabin; and Mr. Ross instantly got to his feet and made pretence of pacing the floor and whistling.

"Freckles," says Col. Rhett, "Tom Cocklyn is to be turned off betwixt high tide and low; and he asks of you a last word; and His Excellency grants it."

So Mr. Ross, Mr. Rhett and I got into our cockleshell, and so ashore, and to the watch-house where, by himself, Tom Cocklyn sat in chains, eating of a pigeon pie; and had a quart of beer for to wash it down.

When they left me alone with him: "Freckles," says he, "if I must hang, why then I am very like to hang; and there's an end to that."

I began to cry, but he swore at me and bade me hold my tongue and listen.

"Freckles," says he, eating all the while, "when I am dead to-morrow the government of North Carolina is free to seize upon my only property which is The Lost Ship Tavern at Topsail Inlet, where, lately, you were my indentured servant and tap-boy—"

He took a long pull at his beer.

"As for your articles of indenture," says he, "I know not, but think that government takes them over, and you become indented to the proprietary. Let that go.

"BUT"—and he left off eating, and his visage became darkly ferocious—"Charles Eden, who is governor of North Carolina, is a great villain, and hath compounded with pirates to his own profit; and he has cheated me!"

He seized the wrack of a pigeon and tore it with his dirty, crooked fingers and devoured it, talking all the while:

"Darnation," he said, with his mouth full, "I shall writhe in my chains where I hang a-sun drying on Gallows Point if this same Charles Eden shall profit by my death!"

He flung the pigeon bones on the floor, wiped his loose, greasy mouth:

"Freckles," says he, "when Israel Hornygold took the Fancy Nancy, Captain Topsfield, there was Arabia gold aboard her to the amount of £100,000! And this treasure was taken by Captain Topsfield out of a Barbary ship which hoisted black colors and attacked him; but he carried eighteen guns and he laid her aboard. And the gold was his. Then Hornygold took the Fancy Nancy; and Captain Topsfield's booty became ours."

"His and yours!"

"It was a partnership."

Said he, fixing his pale greenish eye on me, the other being yellow and nearly blind: "In this hour of death I cannot endure that Carolina, which hangs me, shall profit a penny by my turning off.

"Therefore," says he, "get you to Topsail Inlet before government seizes my Lost Ship Tavern; and this is how you shall discover the Arab gold which Captain Topsfield took out of the Barbary ship and you shall take it for your own so that government and Charles Eden and his villain secretary, Knight, shall not share it."

He began to laugh horribly, at thought of doing these a disservice; and could scarce contrive for the horrid mirth which possessed him:

"A half-starved tap-boy!" he roared. "A thin, knock-kneed lick split who becomes rich over night while government licks its empty fingers!"

He got up in his chains from the straw where he had been sitting.

"Hornygold and I hid it," said he, "but never dared move it while Charles Eden remained Governor."

He thrust his bald, dreadful head close to mine:

"The map," he whispered, "is scratched and writ upon a great sea-shell; and the

shell is sunk in a cask of rum in my cellar at The Lost Ship. Count five casks from the east cellar wall, westward. The sea-shell is in the fifth cask."

There came a rattle of the door behind me; it opened, and the Provost Marshal came in with Mr. Ross.

"There is a clergyman come to pray with you," said the marshal; but Tom Cocklyn turned his back on him with a growl and sat down on his straw, saying that he'd find his own way to Heaven or miss it.

For a moment I looked upon this doomed wretch who I never dreamed had been leagued with Israel Hornygold, the murderer of my father and mother.

Then, in silence, I went away with Mr. Ross, out into the sunshine, my small head awhirl with amazement and with tragic memories.

"Well, Nancy," he whispered in my ear, "I have arranged your affair for you."

I looked at him absently: "How so, sir?"

"His Excellency, Governor Johnson, very kindly consents to take you into his family until I return to make for you a proper provision. Are you content?"

"Yes, sir; only first I have to go to the Lost Ship at Topsail Inlet."

"If you have left certain personal effects there, yonder sloop, which is about to sail to Cape Fear, can fetch them on her return——"

"No, sir; I must go."

He looked curiously at me. "What had Tom Cocklyn to say to you, Freckles?"

"When you return," said I, "you shall hear."

"You seem very secret," said he, smiling, and taking my hands in his.

"I only seem so," said I, "but in my heart desire, always, to reveal to you my inmost thoughts."

At that his wind-tanned cheeks flushed and he pressed my hands, and I ventured to press his a little. But we said nothing; only looked down at the waterstairs' foot where his shallop waited.

"Have you money?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Shall I find you at Topsail Inlet when I return? Or here?"

"Here, I hope."

At that he turned and hailed the sloop bound for Cape Fear, which lay very near the stairs, and asked them to take me to Topsail.

She was the Wind-Flower. Giles Vyning her master, who called across the water to us bidding me hasten, for he meant to make sail at once.

So I looked at Mr. Ross, and he at me; and Heaven knows how I found courage but I put up my face to his and he kissed my lips; and I his. Then we went down to his shallop and he set me aboard the Wind-Flower.

We made sail immediately; and I stood by the taffrail and watched the Moth as far as I could see her until she became a glimmer in the haze and went out like a spark.

Mr. Vyning, master of the Wind-Flower, made me useful aboard his sloop and was a kind, mild man who traded fairly and had friends on all the plantations and carried cotton, rice and indigo.

So I was well found and well fed, and when I arrived back at Topsail Inlet, happy in my thoughts of Mr. Ross, whom I had come to love very dearly and innocently—not then knowing anything of that deeper feeling which turns tenderness to passion and heats mind and body with divine fire.

Moreover, my mind was still astonished by the revelations made to me by that wicked villain, Tom Cocklyn, whom they must have hanged by now.

How monstrous the destiny which had been mine, to sell myself as servant to this wretch who had been leagued with the murderers of my father and mother!

Well, it was afternoon of a fair day when the Wind-Flower hove to off Topsail Inlet and I bade Mr. Vyning farewell and went ashore.

Nothing seemed changed as I approached The Lost Ship Tavern by the kitchen door, and saw Molly Fair, our lazy wench, sitting on the sill, a-shelling corn for the hens.

When Molly noticed me she jumped up and ran and kissed me, and seemed very glad to see me, saying that she feared I never was coming back and that she had not laid eyes on Tom Cocklyn either.

"No, nor are like to," said I, "unless his ghost comes here."

"What! Is he dead?" says she, taking hold of my arm in a fright.

"On Gallows Point 'twixt ebb and flood."

"Hanged?"

"In chains, for sun-drying."

She wept: "What is to become of us, Freckles?"

"I know not, Molly. The tavern now belongs to government."

"Then we have no longer either roof or bed or bread," she snivelled. "Oh, Freckles, why don't you marry me and let us go seek service in Virginia?"

I looked at the pretty slattern and was inclined to laugh, but in her tear-stained face there was real woe.

"You little fat-skinned fool," said I, "if ever I marry a wife it shall be you, and that's all I promise. Have done a-mauling me—I shall not abandon you—so cease your sniffling and care for the hens."

So to the taproom, where I took a bung starter and thence descended to the cellar, which was lighted well enough from the low, iron-barred windows.

Counting the rum casks I fixed upon the fifth one, which was on skids. Under this I set a five-gallon jug, then drove the bung so that instantly the cask began to disgorge Windward rum.

When the tub was full I corked it and set another there; and, when this was full, I set others to fill until the cask ran empty.

NOW, with mallet and hatchet, I drove in the head of the cask and turned it upside down. A great flat sea shell fell out. I picked it up and carried it to the light; and there upon the nacre were graven writings where all the tiny letters had been stained red and some Arabic numerals tinted blue.

The shell was nearly a foot across, smooth as a pearl, and with rainbow hues. I managed to open my shirt and hide it against my body; then went to the kitchen, where Molly squatted on the hearth a-baking of ash-cakes.

Looking up, "Kiss me," says she, "for I always have loved you. Freckles——"

"Go to the devil," said I, "but I forgive your kicks and slaps and pinches!"

"Love pinches," says she so sweetly that I let the lie pass and sat down upon the table top.

"Who has baited here?" I inquired.

"Few guests; and would not linger beside I had only hoe-cake and bacon, and sometimes an egg to offer. And nobody to care for their horses or for them. So I drew what malt and strong drink they commanded and they reckoned with me in a very vile humor and hastened on to Bath-Town."

"None stayed the night?"

"Nobody. I had no clean bed linen."

"You lazy slattern!——"

"What with the horses, hogs, and fowl and fending for myself, I had a-plenty," says she, "without washing bed linen, too. Here," she says, "is a buttered ash cake and a slice o' bacon. What proves that I love you, Freckles!"

I took the food and ate it, swinging my legs where I sat upon the pine table. She drew two quarts of malt brew for us, and, seated upon a stool by the fireplace, became busy with her ash cake and bacon.

"Such is life," she sighed, her mouth full, "here to-day and heaven knows where to-morrow. . . . I forgot to tell you that a fleet o' pirates hove to off Topsail Bar while you have been away."

"Who?"

"One Thatch, with a monstrous frightful beard, which was tied up with ribbons in a score of pigtails——"

"What! That monster here!"

"Monster?" says she with a simper. "He did me no harm more than to swear to marry me when he had time."

"Oh," said I, "did he also toy and trifle with the money in the till?"

"No," says she, "he said that Tom Cocklyn was his friend and as good a pirate as the next; and he'd be hanged, said he, if ever he robbed any honest fellow who gained an honest living by robbing others.

"All he desired, said he, was to discover a certain tap-boy, servant to Tom Cocklyn. But I told him you had shipped aboard the Crazy Jade to take all nations; and at that he roared with laughter and swore he'd find Tom Cocklyn and also have a word or two with you, Freckles."

I sat motionless while the chill of horror and of fear possessed and sickened me. These passed in the growing heat of anger which purged me of any weakness.

Molly Fair, a-savoring of her bacon licked her plump fingers with reminiscent gaze.

"What a company!" said she; "three ships and a tender to careen and clean—or so said Captain Richards, who was one o' them, and Captain Hands.

"So they left and went aboard their ships; and Captain Thatch, in his great ship called the Man-'o-War, made sail to come into Topsail Inlet, and instantly ran aground!"

"Ran aground!" I repeated, astounded.

"Hard aground on the bar, Freckles. I heard the gun he fired to leeward and ran out to the dunes and saw the great ship aground and signalling with flags.

"Then Captain Hands' sloop, the Adventure, stood in to help Mr. Thatch, but ran aground herself, and there lay heeled over and a-pounding in the boiling surf." She fell to mixing another ashcake for herself, talking all the while:

"Then," says she, "I think they quarrelled among those four ships, for I heard shots and screaming, and through Tom Cocklyn's spare glass, from my garret window, I watched them—every day while they stayed there off Hangman's Point I watched them—"

She set her cake to bake and fell to slicing bacon:

"Two dead men were washed ashore. A boat came and buried them. For three days they stripped the grounded ships. Then on the fourth day, I saw Mr. Thatch's black ensign hoisted aboard the sloop-tender; and he sailed, leaving the two wrecked ships to pound to fragments in the surf.

"When he sailed, Mr. Richards, in the Revenge, made after him; and the last I saw of them they were firing upon each other far out to sea and standing to the northward under every sail."

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She offered me more food, but I was no glutton; and I got off the table and ran out to see what I might spy beyond the pine woods. When, at length, I came to the seaward dunes near Hangman's Point, there, on the bar, I discovered the wrecks of two ships buried in foam, and the surges a-lashing them and surf breaking and spouting high above them where gulls whirled and clamored.

Now, all alone 'twixt sky and sea and sand, I sat me down and drew the sea shell from my blouse, and there read the graven words stained with red and blue. These were the words I read:—

"Follow the shadows. The November sun is the key. Reckon by that during other months.

"At 3 o'clock afternoon follow the shadow of the dead pine from which a green lantern sometimes hangs. Where the tree's shadow ends, set a peg.

"At 4 o'clock follow the shadow cast by the peg forty paces; and set another peg.

"At sunset, measure ten paces along the direction of the shadow cast by the last peg; and set here a common or grave-digger's spade, to the depth of the blade.

"The next day, at sunrise, follow the shadow cast by the spade, and continue 106 paces and there set a peg."

That was all, excepting a small map traced in blue, which seemed to show Topsail Inlet and the sound as far as Hangman's Point.

As soon as I had read what was written on the shell I looked up at the sun, which seemed to me to indicate that it was not far from 3 o'clock.

Springing to my feet I ran across the bayberry and sea-grape scrub till I came to the dead pine where Tom Cocklyn's green lantern sometimes was set to signal our station ship at sea.

The tree's shadow lay dark across the sand. Where it ended I set a stick, which I broke from a fallen branch.

Now, seated by this stick, I waited until I concluded that it was close to four o'clock; then followed the direction of the peg's shadow and set another peg at forty paces.

HERE again I waited; and, at sunset, took the direction of the peg's shadow and set another peg at ten paces.

Now there being nothing more to do until tomorrow's sunrise, I hastened back to The Lost Ship.

By candle-light I ate supper with Molly; but I was too weary to gossip and she too full fed to remain awake. So, barred the door, and each to her trundle in the attic.

Now, when I set my mind to waking, I can awaken at any hour I choose. It was not yet sunrise when I was in the pantry for a draft of milk and some ashcake and cheese.

Then I took a spade from the stable and ran across the dunes until I came to the last peg. Here I drove the spade to the blade's depth and left it upright.

Very soon over the ocean's inky rim the sun glimmered, gleamed and shot a white blaze across the world.

From the end of the shadow cast by the spade I measured one hundred and six paces, which led me to a most horrid spot in the woods, where was slime and some of those grey, bloated snakes which smell and deal death without a sound.

While I pushed a peg into the soft slime one of these rose up, towering high out of his coil, and began to sway and display the white lining inside his gaping jaws.

So I ran back for the spade, and, returning, fetched him a clip that sent him squirming.

Having severed his venomous head I made a flame with flint and tinder, set fire to a pine twig, and, with this burned a circle in the underbrush, out of which a dozen snakes writhed, fleeing the fire.

Now I fell to digging; and at the depth of three feet in the soft, black slime, came to a sunken cask. With my spade I stove in the head of this cask, threw out the fragments and drew from it, with both hands, using all my strength, six bags woven out of fibre and lashed with rope.

HEAVEN knows why I was not greatly excited, but I think that desire for money is not with me a passion, for I seldom seem to consider it at all, and am careless of it and, I fear, somewhat thriftless, being content with next to nothing when otherwise happy.

So my heart scarcely quickened, and that mostly with curiosity—to which feminine failing I humbly own—I managed to open these fibre sacks, one after another.

All were full of Arab gold, in bars, in grains, like coarse dust, and in shapeless lumps. There was nothing else, no gems, no jewellery, nothing but this dead weight of soft, yellow gold.

And now, as I was a-kneeling there a-thinking what to do, I noticed upon the ground in front of me a shadow which seemed strangely shaped like a man. To look up carelessly over my shoulder to see what cast such a shadow was an involuntary and unalarmed movement.

Then—oh, heavens—the unuttered scream died in my throat and I was near swooning, for Mr. Teach stood there on the soft sand behind me, with his small wild eyes blazing at me out of the mass of dreadful black hair covering his face.

"Well, curse my lights and liver," says he, "if here is not Tom Cocklyn's tap-boy and Tom Cocklyn's treasure! A bride and her dowry——"

He began to roar and bellow with laughter as he caught my arm and jerked me to my feet.

I had in my hand a bar of gold, and I turned like a wildcat in his grasp and struck him with it on the jaw so that two teeth broke off and blood gushed, wetting his beard.

Instantly he fetched me a buffet which dashed the senses clean out of me; and that was the last I knew for a long, long while.

When I came again to consciousness I lay on a ship's deck, sore, bruised, and feeling very weak.

Memory awakened a terror that sickened me, and I lay there in such a fright that I thought I must die of it.

Men were moving about the deck on bare feet; spray came aboard and sails flapped and filled with a soft, thunderous sound; and all around me rose the clashing, slapping, foaming noises of watery waves, and the wind in stay and shroud whistled and whined aloft.

So terrified was I that I dared not move, but opened one eye a little. I was looking aft and there saw a man steering. He was dressed in scarlet cap and coat, and in white, flapping pants of flowered Chinese silk. The wind blew his long hair about his face, which was burned nearly black. Two great jewels flashed in his ears.

All about me padded the sea wolves, more strangely and gaudily clothed than ever I had seen, and many wore jewels and fathoms of gold chains from which crosses and lockets swung.

Presently a man passed whose eye caught mine as he stepped over me. He came around to the starboard side and squatted down beside me.

"Well, my lass," says he, "you are mending. Three days since you vomited blood and I thought you were going."

At that I opened both eyes and stared at him.

"The captain gave you a beating fit only for a grown man," he growled. "I'm Jack Husk, ship's doctor, and I swear I thought you dead when they fetched you aboard The Golden Moon!"

"How long have I been here?" I managed to ask.

"It's ten days since you came. It's good for you that your ribs bend and don't break. What a beating! Can you stand? Move your legs and arms."

I was sore, but I knew well enough I could stand; but did not dare.

I looked at Jack Husk. He was not an ill-looking young man, only his features seemed sottish as though reddened and swelled by drink. He had a kind voice and a swine's eyes—brown with white eyelashes.

"What is this ship?" I whispered.

"The Golden Moon, sloop-tender. We are off Ocracoke and standing for the inlet to lie up and careen."

"What will Mr. Teach do to me?" My lips scarcely formed the words.

The ship's doctor scowled. "You lie snug, you poor little devil," said he, "and I'll tell him you've three ribs broken. Darnation," said he, "I'm no child-killer, if I do live a free and hardy life. I'll do my best for you." He got up, stepped over me, and walked aft.

Later he fetched me bread and broth and a cup of water flavored with gin.

All day I lay there on deck, my head on a coil of rope, a ragged sail to cover me from the shrewd November wind; and ever I was fighting down fear and striving to consider how I might get free of these frightful men.

When we passed in Ocracoke I saw the dunes and the dark, mournful pines beyond, and a blood-red sunset behind them flooding sea and land.

When we hove-to and anchored close inshore, Jack Husk came and took me in his arms to the forecastle, which, he said, was a device of Mr. Teach, with two swivels pointing aft in case of mutiny.

He told me that, except for the watch, all had gone ashore to camp there and carouse before giving The Golden Moon her boot-tops. Already I heard pistol-shots very near.

Also, Jack Husk told me that Mr. Teach was in his cabin, very drunk, and a-firing of pistols out of the cabin ports; and so not likely to annoy me.

As I was alone in the forecastle I tested my strength by standing up and walking, and found that I could move about, though weak and sore. For which I was grateful, because I meant to go overboard and swim for it and die in the swamps sooner than face the frightful fate that Black-Beard was reserving for me.

Now, being very weak, I went to sleep, my bed a spare sail, and so slept and knew nothing more until an explosion and a shock awoke me, and I heard Mr. Teach bellowing and cursing and many voices yelling on deck.

I got to my feet and peered out fearfully from the forecastle gun ports, and saw the pirates running hither and thither to make sail and to train the few guns that the Golden Moon carried.

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Then, seeing Captain Black-Beard coming forward, I shrank into a corner and cowered there when he came a-bawling and storming in:

"Curse my eyes if I don't marry you though all your ribs be cracked in half," says he. "Get up, you yellow-haired wench," says he, "and give me a kiss," says he, "or I'll tie your body into a hangman's knot and hoist you aloft for a jack o' bones," says he.

But before he could take hold of me, Mr. Morton, his gunner, and Garrat Gibbens, his boatswain, ran in and took hold of him, crying out that the sloops he saw bearing down on us were two King's war sloops, and meant to lay us aboard.

At that, Mr. Teach fell into a rage so violent that he could not speak, but only howled and stamped, and took from the bandouliere two pistols, which he cocked, howling all the while. And so rushed aft. And I, on my feet instantly, ran out on the gun-deck to see. At that instant The Golden Moon ran aground and listed broadside to the shore, her sails and her black flag flapping drearily.

AND now, close astern, I saw a sloop flying the King's colors, bearing down on us through the intricate channel, making her way under sail and oar.

Now I saw Black-Beard get up upon our taffrail to hail the King's sloop; and, to his fury, discovered another sloop coming up behind her.

"Curse you!" he yelled, "who are you?"

Then I saw an officer on the King's sloop, and knew him to be Lieutenant Robert Maynard, of the Pearl, station ship.

He laughed, and called out to Mr. Teach: "You should know the King's colors, I think!"

"Send your boat aboard me!" bawled Teach, "or I blow you out of the water!"

"I'll come aboard you in my sloop," replied Mr. Maynard as his vessel drew nearer.

"Darnation seize my soul if I give you any quarter, or take any!" yelled Teach.

"I want none," replied Mr. Maynard coolly, coming to an anchor, doubtless because of shallow water.

At that The Golden Moon let go all her guns at the King's sloop; and when the smoke cleared, not a soul was seen on her deck excepting Mr. Maynard, who had the helm.

Another broadside from The Golden Moon crippled the second King's sloop which was The Ranger, and drove her ashore.

Mr. Teach's quartermaster, Tom Miller, and Owen Roberts, his carpenter, came a-running with glass bottles full of powder to serve as bombs. Into these were stuck matches.

"Blow 'em to bits!" roared Black-Beard, hurling a bottle aboard Maynard, which burst with a loud report. Then bottles flew thick and fast amid a roar and fury of flame and smoke as the two vessels drifted together.

"Lay 'em aboard!" shouted Black-Beard; "they're all knocked in the head!"

I saw him jump down on Mr. Maynard's deck, followed by a dozen or fourteen of his ruffians.

Suddenly, as the smoke of the bombs cleared away, Mr. Maynard's men sprang upon his deck and fired a volley at the pirates.

Then, beneath me where I clung to the larboard rail, I witnessed the most frantic scene my eyes ever had beheld. Everywhere men were at throat grip all over the deck.

I saw Mr. Maynard shoot Black-Beard through the body. I saw Black-Beard shot by Mr. Maynard's men five times with as many pistols, and still he stood and only yelped as each bullet hit him; and swung his heavy sword with the strength and ferocity of a devil.

Mr. Maynard gave him a cut with his hanger that made a horrible wound between neck and shoulder; and Black-Beard howled at him and gnashed his teeth and slashed out to kill him.

But now the sword-cuts rained on Black-Beard so that he bled; yet his great body endured like an oak, though mangled by five bullets and more than a score of sword-cuts.

He had six pistols hanging to his bandouliere. He unhooked the last one to fire upon Mr. Maynard.

Then, as he cocked it, he let out a bull's bellow and fell down dead.

Then Mr. Maynard looked up at The Golden Moon, and saw me, wide-eyed, regarding him.

"In Heaven's name," said he, "are you gone a-pirating again, Master Topsfield?"

He came aboard as he spoke, and some of his men followed, and struck the black ensign and fired a shot or two down the hatch where cowered those sea-rogues who had remained aboard The Golden Moon.

I stood leaning wearily against the mast when Mr. Maynard noticed me again. Something about me—my attitude, my figure, perhaps, for I was less thin and boyish now—engaged his attention.

He came to me, took my shoulders and made me face him. I looked into his astonished eyes and knew he knew I was a girl. And, at that, reddened to the roots of my yellow hair.

Said he: "Perhaps you and Mr. Ross can explain this business."

"Yes, sir, we can," said I, "only for pity's sake, get me to him, for I never wish to leave him again as long as I shall live upon this earth!"

THAT I was born to be the plaything of Chance and the sorry jest of Fate had now become quite clear to me. It seemed strange, because always I had conducted so honestly toward all.

But here, at Ocracoke, I found myself a-wriggling again in the law's clutches, having been discovered aboard the Golden Moon, sloop—as I have related—which same sloop had been taken by Lieut. Maynard's tender after a most bloody battle in the channel.

Now I had no mind to face a court of admiralty again when Mr Maynard should carry his prize into port. And what price admiralty, I knew not, but it might cost me my life.

Another matter also troubled me: The Golden Moon was a pirate and lawful prize to Mr Maynard. But, stowed aboard her, was my 100,000 pounds in bar gold, and in grains, flakes, lumps, and dust, tied up in sacks woven out of reeds which I had lug out of a marl-pit at Hangman's Point.

Of this, Edward Teach, called Black Beard, had robbed me in the very instant of discovery. But this gold had been my father's lawful booty taken fairly at sea out of a Barbary ship; and although Israel Hornygold and Tom Cocklyn had murdered my father and robbed him of it, nevertheless this treasure still belonged to me. And I had no mind to have my own rightful property adjudged King's booty by a court of admiralty, and shared between the stationships, Lime and Pearl, together with other plunder taken by Mr. Maynard aboard the pirate, the Golden Moon.

Now, one might suppose that Capt. Black-Beard had stored away and hidden these sacks somewhere amid his other plunder in the hold.

But mark this crafty devil's cunning, who entertained in his secret mind no notion of sharing my gold with his rascal officers and foremost rogues. For he had given out that there was marl in the sacks, designed to barricade the binnacle against gun fire; and there lay these same sacks, all smeared thick with marl, and stacked up on the low quarter-deck to protect the binnacle from bullets! I saw them there and knew them instantly. And resolved that not even the King's Majesty should rob me of my heritage again.

Now, while I was pondering these matters, and seated aft upon a cable, to rest my bruised and weary body against the taffrail, I saw the beautiful Mr. Maynard come out upon the deck and gaze about him with a pleased and satisfied air. With his fine eyes and rosy cheeks I thought him too handsome for a man, and, plainly, vain of his graceful person, though as brave an officer as ever sailed.

When he saw me he came aft, carrying a paper in one hand.

"Nancy," said he complacently, "I find that I have taken near 2000 pounds' worth aboard the Golden Moon, and this is her inventory: Eleven tierces and forty-five bags of cocoa, and twenty-five hogsheads of sugar which, at vendue, and counting the sale of the sloop, should fetch us near 3000 pounds. And what do you think o' that, my lass?"

I said it was a snug treasure.

"More than that," said he, "I have Capt. Black-Beard's papers, and letters to him from Governor Eden and Mr. Knight, which show them to be very guilty of trafficking with pirates."

I was horrified. Instantly I determined to go to Mr. Eden with this dreadful news, so that he might save himself alive if possible.

I asked Mr. Maynard, very calmly, what he meant to do with me.

"Oh," says he with a killing smile, "your pretty face and figure are sufficient evidences before any court to bewitch a jury."

"My heavens, sir," said I, "are you minded to send me before another court of admiralty! If you do, Judge Trott will surely hang me this time!"

"Were you Charles Eden, governor of North Carolina, you might have reason for worry," said he, "for he is a rogue and you are not."

"I have reason, too, sir; and I ask you again what is your purpose with me?"

"Why," says he, "I believe you to be innocent, and will stand your evidence——"

"Oh, Lord," said I, "who will believe that Capt. Black-Beard gave me such a beating that I lay scarcely conscious for a week and more aboard the Golden Moon?"

"I BELIEVE it," says he with a handsome smirk, "though if you were not so pretty, Nancy, I might entertain a few doubts——"

"Hang it!" said I, both blushing and vexed, and dreadfully concerned regarding Mr. Eden, "what is a comely face and shape to a stuffed owl in spectacles!"

"Do you mean Judge Trott?" said he, horrified.

"Yes, I do! And his associate judges, too. A pretty row of birds to plead before! The grand jury is certain to find a bill. As for the petit jury, they are solemn gentlemen who have long since sickened of Carolina

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pirates; and now mean to protect their wives and children by hanging everybody. Oh, Mr. Maynard, I beg you will not send me before a court—you who know so perfectly that I am innocent of any piracy! You are a gallant man and just; but you are not so cruel as to do that!"

"What the devil would you have me do, Nancy?" says he, a-fiddling with his curled love-locks, in doubt and embarrassment.

"Let me ashore——"

"No, I can't do it."

"Well, then, turn your back while I manage. And Mr. Ross will reward you!" I then shed a tear; which was feminine but dishonest. Instantly I noticed that he melted.

"How shall you manage?" says he, wavering. "And, for heaven's sake, don't weep——"

"Set me to cleaning up this dirty deck o' the battle litter. I'll heave over these marl-muddied sacks stacked against the binnacle; I'll clear away splinters; I'll swab decks and scuppers. And when you go ashore, sir, to read the burial services over your dead, then I'll go, too—by way of your stern cable, like a ship's rat."

His face became grave at that; he looked at his watch, at his sloop, then at me.

"Yes," says he, "I have twenty-nine dead and wounded in my two sloops—nine aboard The Ranger. . . . Very well," says he, "I shall not look you below hatches with Black-Beard's rogues. . . . Well, then, heave over all this wrack. . . . And fetch a mop. . . . And, hereafter, steer wider of all sea-mischief, Nancy Topafield."

He smiled, then smirked and patted my cheek; and, with his own handkerchief, wiped away my tears; and I know not what else he might have done; but I said:

"Have a care, sir! Would you wish your crew to see you a-kissing of a cabin-boy?"

At which he seemed startled and took himself off; and so over the side into his own sloop.

Now, it being flood tide, the stern of The Golden Moon, warped closely inshore among the mangroves, overhung a bushy shore.

So, one by one, I seized the marl-smeared sacks of gold and dropped them over the taffrail. Some crashed into the sweet-bay and sparkle-berry bushes; others splashed in the mud amidst the mangroves and reeds.

This business finished, I ran, limping, to the forecastle, and there found a mop and pail; and fell to sluiting and swabbing.

All debris I flung overboard; the man-o'-war sentry, squatted on the hatch, smoking his pipe and watching me, and yawning now and then.

"Work," says he, "is a good thing, but a dry one. It's medicine for boys, but plain for such as me. . . . What I need," says he, "is a tot o' Santa Cruz; I do. It ain't much to ask for a honest foremast man what's fit and bled and died for his King."

Now, I had noticed a jug in the binnacle. I ran to pull the tarry stoppér and sniff it. It was pineapple rum, out of Barbados, and very mellow.

First, I took a good look across the rail at Mr. Maynard's sloop where the drummer was now come off deck and was a-beating of his drum while the ship's bell was a-striking slowly for the funeral.

Over the gangway laid to the shore the crew were carrying their dead to bury them among the dark pines beyond the landing. And now I heard The Ranger's bell, also, tolling for her own dead.

Nobody noticed The Golden Moon, where I stood by the binnacle, and the sentry sprawled on the fore hatch. So I carried the jug of rum to the sentry, who clacked his lips and tongue in astonishment and delight; and, laying aside his musket, took the jug between both hands.

He sat facing forward, and never noticed that I took his gun and sped aft, where I knocked out the flint and hid it in the binnacle.

Then over the stern I went, and slid down the cable which had been made fast to a pine tree.

Among the pines was a hospital tent to which wounded had been carried from aboard The Ranger, and Mr. Maynard, though now they were again aboard both sloops. In this tent I discovered a sack of hard bread, a cheese, a bag of prunes, a clean new blanket, flint, tinder, and a knife; all of which I took; and did not regard it as stealing to obtain these means for sustaining life.

And then I committed a real theft—Heaven pardon me—but was resolved that Mr. Eden should have a chance for his life. For Law is cruel.

So, seeing The Ranger's canoe afloat inshore below where her skiff-swain had landed her dead, I ran to it and found oars, mast, sail, and a cask of water stowed aboard.

Now I hastened into the candleberry bushes; and, one by one, carried the marl-smeared, reeded sacks of gold aboard the canoe, fishing out of the mud and mangroves the last few sacks and missing none at all.

There was no time to linger. I cast off, pushed free with an oar, made sail as quietly as I could, and stood for the open sea.

For more than a mile the dunes and dark forests hid my little sail from Mr. Maynard's mast-head; and I was far on my way and bowling along just inside the sparkling Inlet before I heard a distant gun; and so knew that my flight in the canoe was now discovered.

But, except in small boats, they could not give chase. It would require hours for the two sloops and The Golden Moon prize, to weigh and make sail, or row out through the tortuous channel, although it was flood tide, too.

So on I sped under lateen sail; and ever a-bedging seaward out from a lee shore until I, tacking, stood away fair, before a fair wind, to the southward, a-making for Currituck Inlet with all my might and main.

Two sails I saw at sea, but they did not discover me, or at least took no notice.

THE wind held fresh and fair out of a northwest November sky as mild and blue as June; and only for the vast rafts of wild duck and snow geese did it seem like early winter in Virginia and Carolina.

Now, had it not been for Mr. Eden's peril, I would have stood for Cape Fear to find the Sea-Hawk station-ship; and carried my treasure aboard Sir George Sayles so that this most upright man should counsel me and be my confident and judge.

But what was my gold to a human life? All my heart went out to this unhappy gentleman who had been tempted and who yielded. But I knew him to be good and kind and truly repentant; and that he had lived in cruellest fear, threatened and mocked and bullied and blackmailed by the ruffian Teach and by Tom Cocklyn.

Now that these rogues were dead it seemed hard that Mr. Eden's guilt should be discovered among Black-Beard's papers. And I meant that he should know of this before surprised and arrested, so that he might have time to take such measures for safety as he thought proper.

All that day I sailed; and part of the night, under the high silver lamp of the Rogue's Moon, which made a magic of sea and land so wonderful that Heaven alone could have wrought it.

I slept ashore under an island set with vast, black pines. Dawn found me gnawing a crust and a bit of cheese; and, chewing a prune, I set my sail and bore away to the southward, almost deafened by the rushing roar of millions of wings overhead where the wild duck, geese, and swans were sweeping seaward on their morning flight.

All day long the wind held steady out of an azure sky; the great blue sound was all frosted with wave crests, where white-crested pirate-eagles soared and flapped and robbed the fish-hawks of their finny prey.

THE sun went down in a lake of palest gilt; the Rogue's Moon rode red, then roxy, then turned to a disc of burnished silver ere I put in to a cove where were pines to shelter me.

Here I shipped mast, furled sail, made all fast, and went ashore, meaning to build me a fire to toast cheese and stew a few prunes to stay me.

To my surprise, I discovered a road running through the woods, and, following it inland a little way, noticed some lights very near.

As I did not know just where I was, and desiring to inquire, I walked toward the nearest light; and presently saw that I had come to a little settlement where candles burned in the windows of a dozen or more log houses.

Of these, one was a tavern where a lighted lantern swung below a painted sign. It was called The Sea Horse, and there was a horse painted with a fish's tail in place of two hind legs, and fins on his forefeet; and upon his back rode a young lady wearing no garments of any description—not even a decent shift.

I knocked at the door. Nobody came; so I opened it and walked in.

As there was a chill in the air and a white fog rising, I was glad to find a fire blazing upon the hearth.

At a rough table two men were throwing dice. They had rings in their ears and wore gaudy scarfs of silk around their loose, long hair.

On a settle by the fire sat a very young girl with one leg cocked up over the side, and swinging her small foot, upon which a shoe of scarlet morocco hung upon the toe. She was smoking a long clay pipe and had a jack of ale at her elbow.

The two dice throwers looked up at me; the girl looked around at me over her shoulder. Instantly I concluded to ask no question that might reveal me as a traveller astray and lost to reckoning, but to carry all as though familiar with my whereabouts.

A large, soft, silent man in lamb's wool slippers, waistcoat and apron, came in carrying a smoking dish of fish.

I asked him if he were the landlord, and he said he was. Then I bade good evening to the company and sat me down by the fire upon the settle, opposite to where the young girl lounged with pipe and jack.

"Do you bait here?" inquired the landlord, considering me out of sly eyes so pale that they seemed almost white.

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"No," said I, "but I could do with a dish o' fish and a pint of beer before I pass on my way home."

"Young sir," said he, "will you be good enough to name yourself?"

"Topsfield's my name," said I, carelessly, "and have taken over Tom Cocklyn's tavern, The Lost Ship, at Topsail Inlet."

Whereupon all four looked intently at me. Then the young girl, who was very pretty, smiled.

"So that's your trade, Mr. Topsfield," says she, "and you keep an ordinary."

"That's my trade; and the ordinary keeps me."

"Do you come now from Topsail?"

"From Virgina, homeward, and much fatigued."

"On what business?" she asked.

"My own, my lass; and am sorry it does not concern so pretty a girl as you."

SHE laughed. "Fie, Mr. Topsfield; you seem very young and innocent who keep so notorious an inn as The Lost Ship!"

"Is it notorious?"

Whereat all three grinned; the two rough fellows returned to their dice; the girl took a pull at her jack, another at her pipe, threw back her head and blew ring after ring of smoke toward the blackened ceiling.

The landlord, who seemed to have no servants, fetched me my beer, a dish of fish, and a bench for a table. Then, raking an ashcake from the hearth, he set it before me and went to the till, where I could see his round, soft face and pallid eyes watching me through the wooden lattice.

When I had satisfied my hunger and was lifting my jack to take a pull, my eyes encountered the pretty girl's, which were a bright and brilliant blue and full of merry guile.

She wore her brown hair as they wear it in Holland, that is, trimmed to her sunburned neck. She wore a loose, full-sleeved white shirt, open at the throat, revealed more of her than seemed modest. Over her shirt she was clothed in a kind of sleeveless Barbary vest of scarlet stuff, stiff with silver; a scarlet sash of extraordinary width constrained her slim body, and in it was a Barbary dagger and the longest and most elegant silver pistol I ever beheld.

As for her skirts, they were like those worn by Scotchmen, but made out of white cloth full of pleats, and were so shamefully short that her sunburned legs were bare from the knees to the tops of her small boots, which were soft, scarlet morocco.

Now, from the instant I had noticed the red handkerchief binding her temples, and the great hoops of green jade in her ears, and the hardy manner with which she drank and smoked and sprawled at her ease to confront the world.

When I chanced to encounter her eyes, she smiled upon me and, from her lips, blew at me delicate, wavering rings of smoke.

Through the grille the landlord asked me what was the best news out of Williamsburg.

"Hard times," said I, "but the Tuscaroras are gone north to join the Iroquois and live among them."

"How's Spotty?" inquired the girl in her gay and impudent way.

She meant Governor Spottswood.

"Dangerous," said I, "for he hath commissioned two sloops to take that worthy mariner, Mr. Teach, and he has been taken, and his head hangs at the bows of a king's ship."

"Is that sure?" demanded the landlord.

"It is common gossip in Virginia, I believe."

One of the dice throwers began to curse very horridly, saying that the times were unfortunate for men of heart and courage; that Stede Bonnet was gone and now Teach; and not only had Tom Cocklyn been taken and hanged, but Jack Rackham, also, now dangled a-sun-drying at Port Royal or thereabouts.

The girl said coolly: "No; Jack was hanged at Gallows Point, but he sun-cures at Plumb Point; and George Featherston at Bush Key, and poor Dick Corner shrivels up in his chains upon Gun Key, where the blue crabs strive all day and all night to climb the gallows to get at him."

Said I: "You seem to know a great deal about Calico Jack and his fate."

"I ought to," said she; I'm Anne Bonny."

"Yes," said one of the dicers, turning savagely, "and that's what a man gets—not a tear in his memory when he hangs!"

The girl, who was not more than 17, at most, shrugged her shoulders:

"When my man turns coward," said she, "he no longer concerns me, and there is no tenderness in my heart for him. When I love a man I love mostly his courage."

"You lie, you little Jezebel," growled the other, "you love his money best of all—"

Anne Bonny whipped her clay pipe from her lips and hurled it at him; and it hit the table and scattered burning tobacco over both men.

Both got up with savage oaths, but Anne laughed and pulled her pistol and cocked it.

"Landlord," says she, in a voice which was like a giggle, "fetch me a fresh pipe and tobacco and a coal to light it."

GROWLING, shuffling, cursing, the dicers resumed their seats after Anne Bonny's flare-up.

"Ho-ha!" said Anne to me, "yonder sit two of Jack Rackham's company. Do you wonder that Captain Barnet took us with scarce a shot? No, curse them—down falls our black ensign and all scuttle like rats under hatches; so that I could not shame these poltroons to keep the deck and fight Barnet."

She began to laugh again, and told me she had been so angry that she fired her pistol down the hatchway where Calico Jack and his crew cowered in panic.

"Curse them all for rats," said she, "who would not defend their lives, which even a rat will do. Heaven knows why the court acquitted Pedro Nunez yonder and Noah Sprot."

This shameless hussy, for all her youth and good looks, began to sicken me; and her bold manner and heartless ways hardened and chilled me; for she now got up and came over to my settle and sat too near me, and with bold design, a-toying with my hand.

"Come," says she, "you have sailed in the Red Sea Trade, have you not?"

"I have seen some few disputes on high seas," said I.

"Ha! I knew you had sailed On the Account! . . . Do you know that I find you a pretty fellow?"

"As for that," said I, "I have no inclination——"

"Why? We both are young. You are a man of heart, I hope——"

"None at all."

But she only giggled and caught me by the neck and kissed my mouth so that I was near strangled and sickened, and gave her a hearty push.

"Give over, I tell you; and keep your hardy hands and lips for the man who wants 'em!"

The girl flushed and there was a swift blaze in her eyes.

"Damnation," said she.

But I paid her no attention and got up and, going to the till, reckoned with the landlord, pulling out the purse of gold which I had, alas, of poor Mr. Eden.

Then I said good-night to him and to the company, very civilly; but Anne Bonny stopped me at the door; and when she would throw her arms about my neck I continued on, dragging her through the door with me, where I tore her loose of me in silence.

"I tell you," she cried, stamping her foot, "that I have conceived a friendship for you! Why do you treat me with contempt? Are you squeamish, Mr. Topsfield? If I am a rogue, you have been one yourself. And keep a rogue's tavern in this hour!"

I hastened on, making no answer; and the girl walked by my side.

We had come to where I had moored my canoe. The moonlight silvered land and water all around us. When she saw my canoe she caught me by the arm and begged me to take her with me.

She was not as tall as I—a small, dainty, prettily shaped girl who looked like a child and was scarcely stronger. But when I disengaged her clasp and threw her easily aside, she uttered a cry of fury, and pulled her pistol half-out from the sash.

I still had hold of her; and now I struck up the silver pistol, wrenched it out of her hand, and flung it splashing into the moonlit water.

There followed a breathless and terrible silence. Then, suddenly, I boxed her ears.

That turned her into a demon, and she fell on me like a young panther, and pulled free her knife to do me harm. But I twisted that out of her grasp, also, and sent it far out across the water to follow the pistol. And boxed her ears with all my might.

Now I had to do with a wildcat gone mad, who seized on me, tooth and claw; and there we were locked together, swaying, struggling, panting, staggering now on the shore, now in the water, now upon the sands, again among the pines.

At the instant, suddenly she made the discovery unavoidable in our desperate embrace; and she screamed out in rage and astonishment:

"You devil! You devil! You are no man at all, but a woman! By Heavens, you shall pay me for this mockery—"

But I took her instantly by her swelling throat, and the cry died on her writhing lips.

In my blind anger I knew no longer what I was about, and meant to kill her; but Heaven was merciful and stained me not with such a death. For the tall heels on her morocco boots tripped her on a tree root; we both fell, and her head hit the tree, dashing every sense out of her.

When I discovered she was only senseless and not dead, I ran to my canoe, stepped mast, hoisted sail, and stood for the inlet.

There was little wind inshore, but enough outside, and flood-tide upon the bar.

So, all night long we sailed southward before the same steady wind, which had not yet failed me. And, as I sailed, still raw and bleeding from my battle, torn, bitten, scratched, and all a-tremble still, I thought of this strange youngster—so

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violent, so depraved, so youthful in years and so ancient in wickedness—Anne Bonny! The Bonnie Anne of ballad and broadside. The most notorious female pirate upon this earth!

The sun of noon flooded the river as I carried my canoe in and hove-to by the water-stairs at Edenton, where, between the tavern and the docks, were a great crowd of people standing; and I saw militia in line, leaning upon their muskets, and a troop of horse riding slowly along the street. And heard an iron bell tolling.

Then, of a sudden, looking up at the wharf where I still was seated in my small craft, I saw Mr. Rhett in his uniform and wearing his sword.

He was looking very oddly at me; and now he came down to the wharf and descended the waterstairs to step aboard and seat himself before me.

"Nancy," says he very gravely, "what are you doing here in Edenton?"

"Sir," said I, awed by his solemn speech and features, "I am come from Virginia with a message for Governor Eden. . . . Why do you regard me so strangely, Mr. Rhett?"

He took my hand, held it, stroked it.

"Yours is a kind heart," said he, "both gentle and valiant. I know why you have come to Edenton; and how you came. . . . But two messengers have outstripped you, my child."

"Two——"

"Two messengers seeing Charles Eden. One was Mr. Maynard, who outsailed you——"

"Oh, Lord," I whispered.

"The other was a messenger more dreadful yet. . . . And that messenger was—Death."

I stared.

"Nancy, Charles Eden was discovered dead in his garden this morning where he sat with a book upon his knees. . . . The doctors say he died of fright."

Tears rushed to my eyes, blinding me.

"Yes," said Mr. Rhett, "the papers discovered in Black-Beard's cabin were fetched here by Lieut. Maynard last night, who instantly waited upon Governor Eden and laid them before him for explanation.

"The Governor smiled and said that he could solve that mystery very easily, and would do so in the morning after he had seen his secretary, Mr. Knight.

"But this morning Mr. Knight took poison in his own home, and lies there dead of it at this hour.

"And fear slew Charles Eden, it is said, for he sits there under the trees in his pretty garden, dead in his great chair.

"And all Carolina will be in a panic when the news is known, because all loved him and he was the best and kindest Governor that Carolina ever has had. . . . Will you come with me to the Governor's mansion to take a last farewell of one who liked you, Nancy, and had been kind to you?"

So we rose, and I took hold of Mr. Rhett's hand, who walked very swiftly along the sunny street, so that I had to run a little beside him and clasp his hand tightly, so dazed and blind was I with grief and tears.

CHARLES EDEN, Governor of North Carolina, sat dead in his easy-chair under the magnolias in his garden, a book open upon his lifeless knees.

A capable, kind, and gentle man. The best Governor that North Carolina yet had had.

Dead of fright!

And now I found myself in a dismal perplexity concerning my own affairs. Because there was no longer a Governor in North Carolina, I took it that there was no Government; and resolved not to trust my money there, but to carry it instantly into Charlestown, where there was Government both capable and severe.

Nor would I tell anybody that I possessed near £100,000 in Arab gold tied up into little bags woven out of reeds.

For I feared all Law, particularly Admiralty Law in South Carolina; and could not guess how it might use an indentured servant. All I knew was that this Arab gold had been my father's lawful spoil. That it had been foully taken from him at the cost of his life by the known pirates, Israel Hornygold and Tom Cocklyn; and concealed near Topsail Inlet; that I had discovered it; that it belonged to me, doubly now, and rightfully, and not to Mr. Maynard's crew, nor to his Majesty's stationships in the James River.

There it lay snug in small, marl-smeared sacks aboard my canoe moored at the water-stairs. I had saved it from Mr. Teach and from Lieutenant Maynard, and now I had no intention of taking anybody whomsoever into my confidence lest some unjust law I never heard of should give my Arab gold to the King of England and his mariners.

I walked with my friend, Lieutenant Rhett, to the Eden Arms Tavern, and there he bespoke a private room, and there made me eat, and drink a glass of Madeira which heartened me; for my heart was very heavy of the tragedy of Mr. Eden.

"Nancy Topsfield," says he, "why do you still wear your boy's clothes who have no need to any longer?"

"Because," said I, "a lonely boy has more security in this world than a girl. It is true that I am given a few kicks, but none suspects my sex, and I do very well."

"Yes," said he, "but Lieutenant Ross means to adopt you when he returns from the sea."

"I am not sure," said I, blushing, "that it would suit me to be adopted by anybody."

"Do you know," said he, "that a Court of Vice-Admiralty has made Mr. Ross a wealthy man?"

I told him I was at ease to hear it; but said never a word about my own newly found fortune. My business was my own, and not Mr. Rhett's.

"I should suppose," said he, that you had had enough of vagabonding and would be glad of a surcease from all roving."

I had had more than enough of it, but did not choose to tell him so, and only replied that, so far, I had kept body and soul united, and preferred freedom to shift for myself rather than be adopted and beholden to anybody.

The wine mellowed him, I think, and loosened his tongue somewhat; for presently he told me that I made a pretty boy and was like to make a prettier girl when properly dressed as one, and that no doubt, Mr. Ross thought so, too, for he seemed very fond of me.

"Yes," said he, soberly, "and if you possessed a fortune you might marry even a gentleman.

"Sir," said I, changing the conversation, "do you mean to take the sea shortly?"

"To-morrow. Why," says he with a bitter laugh, "there are to-day two thousand pirates ashore at New Providence pretending to await the King's pardon, but all ready to fly the bones at first opportunity.

"There are twenty-seven ships with three thousand pirates afloat off our coasts, twixt Cape Canaveral and Cape Cod!

"I do not know why his Majesty's West Indian station ships are not more active. But all that our ships in the James can do is to send out sloops when these sea-rogues harry the Carolinas."

"Whom do you sail to take this time?" I ventured to ask.

"Why," said he, "that great fool, Stede Bonnet. I caught him a week since inside Cape Fear, and he struck his black flag to me, and I carried him and his rogues into Charles-Town for Nicholas Trott, Esquire, to hang them.

"Now comes to me a messenger saying Stede Bonnet has escaped; and I am sent to catch him again and fetch him back to be comfortably hanged."

I said nothing. I was considering how I was to get my little bags of Arab gold into Charles-Town and yet say nothing about them lest an unjust law take them from me. Yet, how was I to accomplish this with all the coasts and inlets and sounds so swarming with sea-rogues?

"You know," said Mr. Rhett, "this Stede Bonnet is a strange fellow. I think he is mad."

"Mad," said I, absently.

"Why, yes. Otherwise, how could he turn pirate who had no need to?"

"Was he not poor?"

"POOR? No; he had a fortune. He was born a gentleman. He is a man of fine education; has been a major in the King's Life Guards. He has a rich plantation in the West Indies, where he was respected and thought much of. He possesses wife and children, wealth and friends.

"Suddenly a whim seizes him to turn pirate. He knows naught of the sea, cannot sail his own ship. But he buys a schooner, hoists what Francis Farrington Spriggs calls the Jolly Roger—which is a black flag bearing a death—and stands for the Spanish main to take all nations! Therefore, I say he must be mad."

"Good heavens," said I, "is this the escaped madman you sail to recover?"

He nodded: "Stede Bonnet and no other. . . . Well, Nancy, now that Mr. Eden is dead, where do you mean to go until Mr. Ross returns from the sea? Why do you not await him here at the Eden Arms?"

But I said I had a canoe and must be making sail for Charles-Town; and I would not listen to any advice from him, being, in my secret mind, determined to carry my bags of Arab gold into South Carolina, where was security and government, and there await the return of Mr. Ross.

So I had from the tavern a bag of hard bread, a cheese, some parched corn and sugar, a ham, and cask of sweetened water, all of which a servant carried to the water-stairs and stowed aboard the canoe.

Mr. Rhett, standing above and looking down, and a little tipsy, asked me why I had stowed aboard me all those little muddy sacks in a row.

"Ballast," said I, rudely.

"What kind?" asks he, laughing.

"Oh," said I, "the bags are full of hen's eggs and oysters. Or whatever your curiosity prefers," said I, with all the impudence in the world; "but the truth is," said I, "that they're full of Arab gold in bars, grains, and dust, and lumps, worth £100,000. Will you marry such an heiress, Mr. Rhett?"

Which he seemed to think a great joke, for he laughed very heartily, balancing there on heel and toe, and a-blowing kisses at me.

So I hoisted my lateen and cast off the painter, and, blowing him a cat's kiss, stood for the inlet, scowling.

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"If you're lonely," called he, "send express for me, my dear!"

Which vexed me, for my mind and heart were too full of Mr. Ross to jest lightly with other men. So I made him no answer.

Over the bar I saw Mr. Rhett's sloop beating up toward Edenton; and knew it had come to take him in pursuit of the escaped madman, Stede Bonnet.

I had a fair wind and sailed smartly before it southward; but, what between sad reflections concerning the desolate death of poor Mr. Eden, and my concern regarding Mr. Ross, who now had been some time at sea in chase of pirates, I was not in a very happy mood.

All afternoon I sailed; and, when it became dark, I landed, and ate a piece, and then slept in the canoe moored close inshore.

Morning broke fair and very warm, and I heard many landbirds sing on the dunes, although it was November.

All day long I sped southward before a light but constant wind, and that night I put into a creek where great trees overhung a beach of whitest sand and everywhere, in the early moonlight, mullet were jumping to catch stars.

NOW, where I came ashore was an island. Others had been there before me, for I saw a broken cask and the ruins of a hut and a place where a fire had been made; but weeds grew among the ashes.

I was too tired to make a fire and cook, so I ate a bit of hard bread and some cheese, seated among trees a little way from the beach. It was deathly still in that place. A thin shroud of fog dimmed land and sea; and there was a gibbous moon, around which the mist spun a kind of ghostly glory.

Tall and spectral, the trees rose against sea and sky, and no wind stirred them; and I heard no nightbird cry in the far silence, nor any sound, only the making of the tide near to its flood.

Then, of a sudden, I was aware of a man moving between me and the sea.

He was pacing the strand in the foggy moonlight—a tall man in a full-bottomed wig, long laced coat, and boots; and his laced and feathered hat he carried in his hand.

When he came opposite to where I sat under the tree, he paused and looked toward me, and I could not doubt that he saw me.

But presently he moved on, tall, erect, and paced the sand as far as where the broken keg lay. Here he paused, and passed one hand over his shadowy face and brow, and pressed his fingers hard against his eyes, as though in perplexity.

Then back he strides along the seething edges of the tide, and stops again to look at me, and then, with bent head, on for a dozen paces. Now, again, he turns and back he comes; but this time bends his steps toward me, and I felt a slight chill of fear roughen my body and stir my hair.

When he came to where I sat I could see moonlight touching the pistols in his belt and shimmering along the gold lace and buttons of his sleeves; but his long face lay within the shadow of his wig, and the moon behind him made of his tall body a silhouette.

"Boy," said he in pleasant but hollow tones, "life is a sad and strange affair. In the end all find it so. It is because the brain grows old that the world ages and saddens."

I knew not what to say. He stood and passed a long, uncertain hand over his eyes, and over and over again, as though to clear his thought and vision.

Then he reached up and took off his long, heavily curled wig; and was a tall old bald man, or his head had been shaven for all that false brown hair.

"The human skull," says he, in his hollow, cultivated voice, "should have a lid, so it could be lifted to cool the brain. . . . Boy, have you ever felt that your brain needed fresh, cool moonlight?"

"N-no, sir."

"Silvery, chilly moonlight? To cool and soothe the burning brain?"

"No, sir," I whispered.

He shook his head. "Life is a strange and dreary dream," said he. "Because the brain grows old.

"Do you know the poets?"

"No, sir."

"I am one of them."

There was a silence, then he seated himself near me with a strange, stiff dignity of his mighty body.

"The world grows strange when the brain ages. . . . How old are you, my lad?"

"Seventeen, sir."

"Well, then, love of woman is still a pretty word to you. Nor is love of gold yet a passion. No, not yet, my lad. . . . The world and the brain are born upon the same day. And are young together. And, together, grow old—old. . . . There is another love: the love of glory. But it is as vain as are all other loves and passions."

He took a long horse-pistol from his sash and examined it.

"A medicine for aged brains," said he. "I wonder? . . . Good medicine, perhaps, for fools. But that I am not—though some say I am a fool. And Black-Beard made me play the fool. So I sailed to pay him, but could not find him. And now he's dead."

Chill after chill crawled over my body and through my hair as I looked at this tall, old, bald man in the foggy moonlight, a-playing with his pistol.

"Sir," said I in a small and fearful voice, "I do not follow all that you are pleased to say to me, but you seem to be unhappy."

"I have been that so long," said he, "that I would not know happiness if I met her. Happiness is a nymph who plays sweetheart to you now and then. It has been a long time since she has quit me—this lovely light-o'-love."

He cocked his pistol and the sharp noise of the lock startled me. But he uncocked it, absently, and shoved it into his body sash.

"Boy," said he, "is that your canoe, yonder?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," said he, "I have a pinnace in a cove not far away, and if I am not a fool I should go aboard and make sail. For," says he, "man's enemy—that hag whom we call Death—hath already offered me a bony and froward hand, which I refused. And, lest she follow me here to make more free with me, I ought to hoist sail and stand for distant latitudes."

He rose with powerful grace and dignity and called out: "Harriott! I say Harriott! Have you filled the water-butt?"

The roar of a heavy musket answered him, and I saw the red flash of it among the trees.

I was on my feet instantly, and hid behind a tree; but he seemed dazed, and stood there in the foggy moonlight, passing his long fingers over his brow, gazing into darkness.

Out of it ran toward him a dozen men, the sparkle of moonlight on their weapons and closed all around him, hedging in on him with naked swords.

Then came Mr. Rhett's voice: "I give you good quarters, Maj. Bonnet; but if you touch your pistols you are a dead man!"

Stede Bonnet stood rubbing his brow and his delicate, high-arched nose, and his large, prim mouth.

Then he took off his hat to Mr. Rhett and made him a leisurely and courtly bow.

So the man-o'-war's men came to him and took the pistols from his sash and the sword out of its sheath, and then tied his wrists in front of him with his own body scarf.

"Any more of your company except Harriott here?" inquired Mr. Rhett.

"No, sir. Did your shot kill poor Harriott?"

"He ran. We shot him," said Mr. Rhett coolly.

"Dead?"

"Quite."

"Well," said Maj. Bonnet with pleasant composure, "it's a strange world, Mr. Rhett, and has grown very old since I was a lad in England . . . Have they tried any of my company in Charles-Town since my escape from prison?"

"All have had fair trial."

"The verdict?"

"All condemned save four."

"Which were they who have been found not guilty?" asked Bonnet gravely.

"Nicholas, Rowland Sharp of Bath-Town, Clark of Charles-Town, and Tom Gerrard of Antegoa."

"And Bob Tucker?"

"Hanged."

"Neddy? Timberhead? Jim Rattle?"

"All hanged."

"On what charge?"

"Piracy. The Francis and the Fortune affairs."

"Is that the charge against me?" asked Bonnet pleasantly.

"It is."

"Very well, sir; let us go to meet it, then," said Major Bonnet calmly.

I saw them move away along the beach, Stede Bonnet's tall figure towering among them—dread and ghostly silhouettes against a gibbous moon which hung like a humpback spider in a vast web of mist.

Then, at the water's edge, where a shallop was riding, I saw one of the man-o'-war's men pick up an oar; and he carried it before Mr. Bonnet. And—the moon silvered it, and it seemed to be the Silver Oar which is carried in the death-march to the gallows before all men condemned for piracy. And I knew that this man was doomed to die.

For there is Government in South Carolina—just, they say—and both capable and severe.

And it is a strange world at best; but a young world, still, to me—like my heart which is very young, and was the world's twin when both were born.

IF there was no law in North Carolina there was plenty in South Carolina—what with Nicholas Trott in gown and wig, and Governor Johnson, and Col. Rhett; and what with their Vice-Admiralty and their hanging and condemning and acquitting.

No! That was no place for me who had been taken twice in piracy—no place for me with my little bags of Arab gold where, by some process and color of laws I never heard of, my fortune—which had been my father's

now. But she would have

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lawful booty—would be taken from me and given to his majesty and to his station-ships in the James.

And that I did not mean to suffer if I could help it; so, in the foggy light of a hateful and deformed moon, I hoisted my lateen and beat up toward the only haven I knew, which was Topsail Inlet.

All night long I sailed, half asleep and dreaming of drowned men; half awake, and thinking of hanged men. And all the while, asleep or awake, I was near to weeping, and vaguely conscious that I was in love and wanted my lover.

Oh, Lord, what a world I had been born into, where roguery had honesty by the throat.

So, with tender or with bitter thoughts, and with restless dreams of death and gallows, I sailed on, beating to the north-westward like a wind-baffled bird till the red dawn surprised me.

Out of half-awakened spray-drenched eyes I saw a reddened ocean and redder sky, and two ships at sea—a schooner and a sloop—and the sloop chased the schooner.

Within a mile of her she hoisted a black pennant, and the schooner instantly returned the compliment with an English ensign at mast-head and a gun to confirm it, making the best of her way and crowding all the sail she could.

THE sloop, doing the like, hoisted a black flag with a death on it, and fired her bow-chaser, the schooner replying with her stern-chaser out of her cabin windows.

I could see shot strike the sloop's gunnel and rigging and tear through her sails; and one cut her foreshroud on the starboard side and another her mast where it had been fished and was weak.

I was horribly afraid. I passed so near of the sloop's guns and crash of splinters aboard her made my ears ache and the round-shot flew through the wave-crests all around me, sending up jets like spouting fountains.

But the sloop was done for as far as any further chasing was concerned: for another shot hit the weakened mast and down it came carrying everything aloft and lay overboard; and the pirate sloop careened to larboard so that I thought she would roll over and capsize.

Now came yells and curses and bawling and calling aboard her, and a loud racket of axes to clear away the wreckage.

Beating up past her I heard the sea-rogues damning and swearing; but some laughed at their own misfortune; and a great, half-naked fellow hailed me derisively from her wrecked foreport:

"Canoe ahoy! We've struck to you, my boy, so give us good quarters!"

They took me for a poor fisherman with not a penny worth' plunder aboard me. And I had £100,000 in Arab gold.

I was horribly afraid. I passed so near that I could see them salvaging what sail they dared and rigging a spar for a jury-mast—all amid a most horrid uproar of cursing and laughter and vile language.

Then, as I bore to starboard to cross her bows on a north-east tack, one of the rogues fired his pistol at me and roared with laughter to see me duck my head.

Such wanton wickedness enraged me and I stood up in the stern of my cockleshell and swore at the wretch.

Then I saw a lank, dandified officer come mincing across the high poop which was the sloop's quarterdeck, and look at me through a spyglass. I knew him instantly, and my hair rose with fright, for he was Francis Farrington Sprigg.

"That's Tom Cocklyn's brat of a girl who plays the tap-boy at Topsail Inlet!" he said in his shrill, penetrating voice. "Clear the foreport larboard gun!"

I gave myself up. It seemed a year before the loud crack of the gun followed and I felt the wind of the rushing round-shot whistling overhead. Far away a jet of foam burst upward out of the sea.

They fired two or three shots from muskets at me; to no purpose. No more shots came, as I tacked to leeward and to windward with all the desperation of a chased rabbit; and I think they had enough to do aboard them without contriving further mischief for a frightened girl in a cockleshell.

But it was like the cruelty of Francis Farrington Sprigg to so use the helpless, for his wickedness and heartless abuse of those who fell into his clutches was well known and common talk in taverns. Besides, Francis Farrington Sprigg had been quartermaster to Ned Low, the cruellest sea-rogue who ever flew the bones; and when Low had taught him all the wickedness he knew, he stole a ship from him to sail elsewhere and learn more of Captain Death.

Well, I made for the land which now began to be familiar to me; and there was an inlet very near which my canoe could enter even at low tide, and which led into endless links of creek and bay and lagoon and sound, and by devious and shallow reaches to the sea; and so into Topsail Inlet.

When I entered this creek I could make out the rover sloop now beating up under jury rig, but I knew she could never follow where I was sailing.

Sometimes I poled; sometimes rowed; then hoisted sail again and stood away across some windy bay or inland stretch of shallow water.

Now, for a long while, the seaward dunes had hid ocean from view. It was afternoon by the sun, and near 2 o'clock. So I beached my cockleshell and ate and drank and lay flat on my aching back to recover strength to go on.

But before I set sail I ran to the seaward dunes and took a good look around.

The sloop, still under jury rig, sailed slowly northward. The schooner was not to be seen.

So, well content, I ran to my canoe and made sail once more, and, because the wind had shifted to the south-west, made good progress.

Again and again in the open sounds I fell asleep at the helm, but always seemed to know when to awake.

The last time I awoke I was at sea, and flying before a brisk little wind with Topsail off my larboard quarter and the sunset kindling behind the pines.

How content was I to be there as my canoe went dashing through the inlet to Tom Cocklyn's landing.

Against the crimson west the old Lost Ship Tavern stood stark and drear; and if anybody were within I could not tell, because there was no light in any window.

I moored my canoe, shipped mast, furled sail, and, making all fast, ran across the dunes to the kitchen door.

When I came to it I saw it was open, and smelled bacon a-boiling. Oh, how sweet a smell! Yet was I cautious and peeped into the kitchen and there saw Molly Fair a-squatted on the hearth and baking ash-cakes while bacon broiled and a kettle sang upon the hob.

I do not violently love that wench, but I spoke her name with a loud sob; and when she got to her feet with a cry of "Lawds!" and a staring eye, why, I embraced and kissed the pretty lass.

"Freckles," says she, "you are a heartless lad to leave me here alone so long with naught to do save to eat and sleep, and not a soul has come near this accursed place save only that old hoot-owl, Mr. Justice Nicholas Trott, Esq., and may the devil sit on his chest to warm his heart if it can be warmed at all—for the old scratch-wig regarded me sourly and reproached me because I ate and drank what belonged to government, and I merely caretaker to impounded and sequestered property under the laws of Carolina.

What does that old buzzard live on himself. I'd like to ask him? And what does he think a young and healthy woman is nourished on to keep life in her tolling body——"

I took hold of her and shook her:

"Be quiet!" I cried, stamping my foot, "for I'm near dead o' my voyage and have more to do yet ere I make friends with a bed."

"I'll brew you a noggin," says she.

"No," said I, "I want a spade and a lantern; and when I return I'll eat a piece if I'm not too dead to open my mouth."

So she went out to the garden and fetched me a spade and a lantern; and lit the candle for me with splinter-wood.

With these I ran back to the dunes and fell to digging a pit ten paces due east of a pine—just a little shallow pit where I might hide my sacks of gold until I had slept and rested and refreshed myself sufficiently to dig a deeper and more secret pit in some safely concealed place, on the morrow.

Very soon I had made a hole quite deep enough. Now I hastened to unload my canoe; and was like to drop in my tracks of weariness before I had fetched every sack and covered all with sand.

When again I came to the kitchen I was too much fatigued to eat, so crept up to my attic bed and there fell upon it and slept, all dressed and wet with spray as I was.

ALL that night I slept and all the next day; and when I awoke it was already another sunset which flamed like a forest of pitch pine afire, reddening sea and land.

I stripped off my clothes and went to the attic window and looked out upon a scene of fiery solitude; nothing stirred on land or sea, not even a gull.

I stepped into my shoes—for the puncheon floor was rough—and, flinging a ragged blanket around my body, descended to the kitchen.

Molly Fair lay asleep in the chimney corner, a fragment of ash-cake in her greasy fingers.

Fire smouldered on the hearth; the kitchen was very hot and smelled of burned fat. The outer air, too, seemed warm as mid-summer. I went out very silently and took the spade from the pigyard, and, thence, made my way through the still, ruddy afterglow, to that same dune where I had hid my Arab gold the night before.

Measuring ten paces from the solitary pine, I drove in my spade, left it upright, and ran down to the shore where a heavy tide was already making.

Here I stepped from my shoes, dropped the blanket, and hastened into the water to cleanse me of the dirt of many days.

Like a waterfowl I doused my yellow head; dipped and soused and scrubbed it with both hands; and used the fine, white velvet sand on my body. Shoulder deep

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I waded here and there or swam about, with ever a wild bird's eye on guard when came to the surface.

All color had gone from sea and sky; the Rogue's Moon had rode the fleece like tipsy Bacchus; and the black pinetops stirred with the warm landwinds rising to welcome their sister breezes from the sea.

On my blanket I dried myself, slipped my feet into the shoes, and ran up to the landward dune where my spade stuck.

Angels divine! it was heavy work to dig out my little sacks of gold and then descend into the shallow pit and throw out damp sand.

Perspiration bathed me and I cast off the blanket and worked only in my loosened shoon.

Down, down I dug, until the excavation was shoulder deep. Then I climbed out, and cast in my bags of gold, counting them one by one.

For a while I stood breathing in the fresh sea-wind to cool me, then I bent my back to shovelling in all the sand that I had heaved out.

WHEN at last I had accomplished this and had smoothed it all as best I could, I found a fallen pine bough and dragged this to and fro over the spot.

And now I covered me with my blanket once more and carried the spade to the hog-yard.

Molly still snored in the kitchen, her pretty, over-flushed face cradled in her loosened hair; and a quart measure beside her, empty—which was why her face glowed like a cabbage-rose, I think.

When, in the attic, I had dressed me in the boy's clothes given me by Mr. Ross, I came again to the kitchen to get me a sup of buttery beer and a bit of cheese.

Molly opened one eye and looked at me.

"You've slept the clock around," she murmured; and went to sleep again.

Now I had scarce finished a few crumbs and tipped the tankard skyward when I heard a man in the yard and saw a light; and, thinking instantly I had been spied upon while a-burying my gold, I ran into the taproom and, from over the fire-place, unhooked a pair of Tom Cocklyn's brass horse-pistols which I knew he had left primed and loaded.

Now, hearing somebody at the front door, I did not go there but slipped around by the kitchen, and out, and came up behind a man who carried a lighted lantern and who was a-knocking upon the tavern door.

"What do you want?" said I, which gave him a start.

But when he turned to face me I saw he was a man-o'-war's man, and his cutlass hung at his side and his pistol stuck snug in his belt.

"Well," says he, "whose regiment of artillery are you, with six yards of horse-pistols in both fists?"

I was ashamed, and muttered that these were unsteady times in a lonely tavern.

"Where's Freckles, the tap-boy?" says he.

"Who asks for him?" said I, frightened.

"Mr. Ross, if you must know."

"Oh," said I, in heavenly relief, "I am the tap-boy. Where is Mr. Ross?"

He pointed to the inlet. "We carry no riding lights, being in chase," says he. "Mr. Ross desires a word with you aboard the Moth."

So I ran back to lay aside my horse-pistols, and came to him again. And so to the beach, where was a cockle and three mariners to row us to the Moth.

The sloop-tender lay not far out, the bar being deep in flood and the tide still making.

Up and over I climbed, my heart a wild tumult and my eyes aching to see this man who, Mr. Rhett said, was one of those gentlemen that did not marry beneath them.

The officer of the watch on deck sent me below. The cabin door stood open and there I saw Mr. Ross in the lantern light—Dear Heaven, he was a bonnie sight to see!

"Freckles!" he exclaims, jumping up and coming to me with arms extended.

I walked into them with no other thought than that I desired to; and held up my face for the kiss upon my mouth which he never yet had offered, though I think designed to bestow upon me on several occasions.

Now, would you believe me that this great fool kissed only my two cheeks like a doddering granddad? I was so vexed that tears started, and I knew not whether to kiss him by main force or kick and slap him. I did neither, but sat down beside him on his table's edge upon the papers he had been a-conning; and instantly my mouth overflowed with words, and continued to pour them out until I had told him everything. Excepting only that I had discovered my father's fortune of £100,000.

"Nancy," said he, "I have thought about you every hour since I last saw you and always, when ashore, have sought news of you and how it went with Topsail, and if the sequestered property had been sold by the courts."

"No," said I; "Judge Trott came once to scold Molly for eating too freely of government stores."

We both laughed.

"Why are you here?" I asked, taking a firmer hold of his hand which held mine more firmly still.

"Why," said he, "I'm in chase of Francis Farrington Sprigg, who hath left a very bloody wake northward from Canaveral. Eighteen sail, Freckles! And everywhere most wanton murder."

Wickedness so terrible bewildered me, and I trembled to remember my encounter with this human devil the day before.

MR. ROSS, still speaking of Francis Farrington Sprigg, of whom he was in chase, remarked:

"No doubt he sails without lights; but if he still carried jury rigging I ought to come to him very soon.

"I thought he might be hanging around Lost Ship Tavern. There's been some rumors of buried treasure since they hanged Tom Cocklyn. But," he added, "there always is such gossip when any sea-rogue dies air-dancing."

"What rumors, sir?"

"Why, it's said that Tom Cocklyn was quartermaster aboard some pirate who took near £100,000 in Arab gold out of a tall ship, merchant; and that the two of them buried it near Topsail; and that Francis Farrington Sprigg had this for certain from a man in Charles-Town who knew Jack Ketch; and that Jack Ketch had it from Tom Cocklyn in exchange for enough rum to make him drunk at the gallows."

"Do you believe it?"

"No. I think old Tom lied at the tree. Nevertheless, if Francis Farrington Sprigg believes it, he may come here and start a-digging."

"Mr. Ross," said I, "if a poor girl be humbly born, yet hath in her own right a fortune, would a gentleman think to marry her?"

"That's an odd question, Nancy," said he, smiling.

"Is it odd, sir?"

"Well, no. I'll answer it by saying that gentlemen have married beneath their quality for such a reason. And, now and then, for love alone, also."

"But that, seldom?"

"Seldom."

The quartermaster's startled voice at the door: "Sir, a great ship in the dark on our weather bow, and murder being done aboard her!"

Mr. Ross sprang from the table and I ran after him on deck. As he mounted the poop, I at his heels, from the deck of an unseen ship a cable's length away rose a sheet of fire from a flare, lighting the most horrible scene that ever I have witnessed.

For there, close to us, in the lurid glare, lay a great ship, drifted so close that we could almost have lashed and laid her board.

Already the great ship was all afire forward, which made all as red and clear as a violent sunset; and I saw Francis Farrington Sprigg turn from the torture and look over his shoulder at us so suddenly revealed riding almost aboard him without lights.

At that instant our hull rubbed against the ship and the spars grated and scraped our rigging till the taut shrouds sounded like ringing bow-strings.

"LASH her!" shouted Mr. Ross. "Cheerily, my bullies! Carry her by the board! Out pike and cutlass! Now, lads, for old England!"

As I scrambled over the rail amid a swarm of sailors, I caught a glimpse of the spreading redness around me, of Sprigg's sloop warped in close to the great ship, and her jury rigging alone to carry her.

I had no weapon, but took a belaying pin on my way, and instantly was in a crowd of our man-o'-war's men carrying all before them with pike and cutlass.

Over into their own sloop tumbled the pirates; nor could our own men endure the flames which now raged forward and burst from the great ship's waist; and the thick smoke and stench of tar and turpentine warned us of her cargo and to quit her while we could.

I heard Mr. Ross warning our men aboard us, and the crew of the merchant, too, lest the lashings be cut before they could make us.

Seeing me with my belaying pin: "Get you aboard, you little fool!" he cried in a rage. "Great heavens, must I turn nurse to you that you break not that yellow noodle!"

So I climbed aboard the Moth among a swarm of our men and all others of the merchant's crew who were left alive upon the great ship's deck; and when all were aboard, and the lashings cut, we made out to fall clear of the doomed ship, dropping astern of her. And there, in the lurid glare, I read her name—the Evening Star, of Leith.

Now, as we dropped astern of the Evening Star, which was all afire, the sea-rogues' sloop was unmasked under her miserable jury rigging.

Never have I looked upon such an evil thing as seemed this wicked, crippled sloop to me. And I saw Francis Farrington Sprigg upon her poop a-mincing about in the light of the great ship's flames like a dandy dawdling through hell.

Mr. Ross hailed him.

"Oh, go to the devil," said he; and I heard him ordering the sloop's after guns to swing and bear on us.

"Will you take good quarters?" shouted Mr. Ross.

"Will you mind your own business?" replied Francis Farrington Sprigg.

"Sink him," said Ross.

now. But she would have

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ROGUE'S MOON

A clap of thunder from our broadside and a vast bank of crowding vapors, behind which our guns were run in, sponged, loaded, primed, and the portfires dashed to the breeches all at the gunner's signal.

Then, beyond the sheet of fire lashing out into the cannon mist, and our ship trembling with the broadside's shock to her very keel, I saw the pirate disgorge a vast fountain of fire, and a stunning concussion staggered me.

All over us rained brands and burning flakes. A huge pall of smoke mounted to hide the Rogue's Moon.

When my sense of hearing returned to me I heard Mr. Ross saying that the pirate's magazine had blown up, and that there was an end to Francis Farrington Sprigg.

In the raging red light of the great ship afire, Mr. Ross came from the binnacle to where I stood.

"Freckles," said he, "are you surt?"

"No, sir. Are you?"

Then he took me by the shoulders, and so, into his arms. I held down my head, but he lifted it and kissed my mouth.

And I suffered it as a blessed soul suffers the first bliss of Paradise.

ALL night long the great ship burned off Topsail Inlet. I did not see it, for I lay asleep on my trundle in the attic. Complete exhaustion of mind and body made my sleep so deep and dreamless that the eastern sun spread the window's pattern over my bed when I unclosed my dazzled eyes.

It was not the sun that awoke me, but Molly Fair's voice at my door:

"Freckles!" she bawls, and: "Freckles, would you sleep till resurrection!"

I saw her at the garret door gazing at me, and her large doe-eyes of a heavy feeder a little wild.

"Freckles," says she; "there is a sea-chest sent ashore for you in the taproom, and Mr. Ross sends word he will come ashore to wait upon you at noon. Oh, Freckles, are you a girl?"

I sat up in my ragged cotton shift.

"Lawks!" she screams. She began to cry and I to laugh; and, "Oh Freckles!" she sobs, "when I have waited only for you to notice me!—and showed you tenderness—and you've made a fool of me."

"Will you stop your blubbering?" said I, still laughing. "What the devil are you bawling for who have fetched me many a kick and slap and pinch—"

"Because I loved you—boo-hoo—" says she; whereat I fell back upon my bed a-squirm with laughter.

But presently remembering the message from Mr. Ross, and the sea-chest, I hopped out o' bed, and, putting on my shoes, ran down to the tap-room.

Molly came shuffling after me, sniffling, digging at her tear-wet eyes with her mottled knuckles.

"Here," says she, "is a letter from Mr. Ross for you—you false minx! And here is the key he sent—"

I snatched the letter and bade Molly open the chest whilst I was a-reading:

"Freckles:

"I send you a sea-chest full of female apparel taken from the pirate Sam Kreech off Cape Fear, where we destroyed him. As Kreech had plied the Red Sea Trade, we discovered only Barbary finery aboard him; so this is the best I am able to do for you until I can carry you to Charles-Town, where women's apparel may be purchased suitable for your youthful years and civilised condition.

"I shall come ashore to wait upon you at noon.

"JOHN ROSS."

I turned and looked into the chest which Molly had unlocked and opened, and from which she was wildly pulling silks and embroideries.

"Gentle angels!" said I, "does he wish me to dress like a bashaw's daughter that he sends me a chest of garments such as these?"

But at the sight of so much finery the pretty slattern had gone quite mad, for she seized one garment after another to drape them against her person with delighted squeals, and strutted to and fro with silks and satins a-fluttering about her like a popinjay at a country frolic.

There was a little jacket like a vest, with designs of an Arab nature in gold upon a ground of turquoise-blue silk. This and a full white shift of ivory-tinted silk I seized and the short white skirt to match it.

Shoes, too, with upturned toes from which dangled tiny gold tassels, I discovered, but no stockings; so concluded that the bashaw's daughters wore none.

When I had dressed in these, Molly fetched me a sash striped with turquoise, pale orange and green, and I girded my body with this under the little jacket.

There had been a mirror in the tavern, but Edward Teach's men had broken it with pistol shots the day they robbed the till. However, I had a fragment of it, and Molly held it before me, raising and lowering it so I could view myself.

"Lawks," says she, "you are a pretty thing in heathen garments, though in English apparel you are like to seem somewhat plain—what with your clipped yellow hair of a boy and several freckles——"

"Why shall I take thought for my face," said I, "if it does well enough to suit the man to whom it matters?"

"Oh, la," says she a-simpering, "do you mean Mr. Ross?"

"Him or another or the next who bids me good morning," said I gaily. "For I'll tell you this, Molly: the world is very full of handsome young men who seem willing to prove kinder than a young girl finds necessary. If I should tell you how many I saw in Charlestown and Edenton, and not counting those aboard ships—why, you would find it very difficult to believe me."

"I would," she pouted, "that I might have of these silken garments enough to dress me like a daughter of the Grand Mogul."

"Choose," said I, happily, "and play the Sheba Queen with me."

She chose a scarlet vest and a green and gold shift, and trousers of green which seemed very beautiful but barbarous. She gave me a crimson handkerchief with which to bind my head, which I did; and she knotted a yellow and red one around her own unkempt locks, which made us both look like sea rogues in the Red Sea Trade.

Well, we cooked a breakfast for us, careful to spatter nothing upon our rich clothing; but it seemed strange to sit in the chimney and eat ashen cakes and bacon from a beechen dish and pull at our pewters instead of quaffing Canary out of golden goblets.

"Devil take me," said she, "——to think I am only a kitchen queen at best. If I had ten pounds I know a man-o'-war's apprentice aboard Sir George Sayles who would marry me."

"What would he do if you had five hundred pounds, Molly?" I asked, seriously.

"Rather say, what would I do!"

"Well, what?"

"Marry the man I love."

"Who is that?"

"Dick Langley, boatswain aboard Sir George."

"Would he ring and church you for five hundred pounds?"

"And for twenty-five pounds. He hath said it. But lawks-a-lassie, Freckles, where shall he find twenty-five pounds who can not save a stiver of his pay? And where am I to find it who have not a groat to drop into my stocking—and no stocking tither!—no, not these twelve-month, for Tom Cocklyn took mine that I had knitted me and gave me a box on the ear to pay me."

And so we sat in the kitchen a-gossiping and eating and drinking buttery beer.

Out o' the open door where the hens wandered and peeped in at us and made a great feathered rush when we flung 'em a crust, I could see Mr. Ross's ship, the Moth, sloop-tender to Sir George Sayles' station-ship, Sea Hawk, lying snugly at her anchor; and men aloft to mend spars and rigging, and men on deck a-sewing up rents in sails where some sea-rogues' fire had done damage.

Half a mile astern of her lay the great ship—burned to the water's edge and lodged upon the bar. Only her charred ribs showed and the stump of her mizzen, with a great mass of blackened wreckage on her larboard quarter, and thousands of gulls flying about her.

As for the rover-vessel of Francis Farrington Sprigg, not a shred or splinter remained of captain, crew, or ship, who had sailed nearer to God, upon that blast from her magazine, than ever they were likely to attain again.

Thus, as I say, we conversed, until the sun seemed very close to noon; and, in a little while, I perceived the ship's long-boat making for the inlet.

The happy tumult in my breast became almost unendurable with confusion and the apprehension born of self-distrust. I ran to look at myself in the fragment of the taproom mirror; I washed my face and hands in a bucket of soft water. Oh heaven, what freckles I had who never before had considered them—two pale ones on my nose, and several upon my cheeks.

AS for my hair, combing did not help that curly tangle, so I let it go; and ran out and down across the dunes where John Ross was just stepping ashore.

When he saw me in my Barbary silks he laughed and took off his laced and feathered hat, and, coming to where I stood, kissed my hand with charming malice yet tenderest respect. Had I not been in love with him I had instantly loved him then.

Now he gave me his hand and carried me across the dunes by the wharf path to the tavern, conversing with every ceremony and politeness; saying that my clothing made me charming, and that a bit of Barbary did me no wrong.

"For," says he, mischievously, "there is some little of barbarity in you, anyway, Nancy Topafield, and I think Herodiade might have resembled you.

Said I: "Have I ever demanded your head, St. John?"

"Ah," says he, "St. John is better than Sir John or 'my lord.'"

"How would Saint Jack do, sir?"

We laughed together under the high blue sky as we slowly crossed the dunes and came to the Lost Ship Tavern.

"Will you be pleased to enter, sir?" said I.

"Let us sit together here upon this green settle in the sun."

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So we seated ourselves upon Tom Cocklyn's old green settle, under the taproom window, where that sea-rogue used to sit with his spy-glass sweeping the ocean for sails.

"Nancy," said Mr. Ross, "the Court of Vice-Admiralty hath judged my prize. Have you heard so?"

"Yes, sir."

"You mean, 'Yes, John'?"

"Yes—John."

"Have you heard, also, that all is in order, and the seizure justified?"

"Yes."

"Yes—what?"

"Yes—Jack."

"Darling!" he said under his breath; and so heavenly a shaft pierced my breast that I lost breath and came suddenly near to tears.

MR. ROSS took hold of my hand, and I held to his as tightly, and for a little while we remained silent there in the November sunshine, looking blindly out to sea.

"Well," said he, "I am a wealthy man—or shall be—when I have my prize money."

After a silence: "What is a poor girl to think of you now—my lord?"

"You little devil," said he between his teeth.

"I am no devil. But—I am Nancy Topsfield."

"I know that, too."

"Daughter of Capt. Topsfield—my lord——"

"If you say it but once again I kiss your mouth—here, in full view of every spyglass aboard the Moth!"

I said nothing.

"Nancy; are you contented to see me a wealthy man?"

"Oh," said I, "as far as churching is concerned, I had married you though you had no more than the clothes to your back. . . . If that is what you mean. Do you?"

He looked at me soberly and said in a low voice:

"Did you think I did not mean to marry you, Nancy Topsfield?"

I turned hot and confused at that:

"M-Mr. Rhett s-said——"I stammered, "that gentlemen seldom married beneath their q-q-quality."

"Did he say that to you?"

"Yes——"

"In argument, I suppose," he added dryly, "to pave a way to further persuasion."

"No; he was kind, but a trifle kindled with the wine we drank——"

"You and Rhett?"

I gave him a swift look, and could have laughed and cried aloud my pleasure in the scowl he wore.

"You are a devil," said he, "but I believe an honest one."

"You may believe it—my lord——"

At that I was in his arms before I could resist, and he kissed my mouth, and held me, and kissed me again and again. And under many spyglasses from that ship across the dunes!

Well, I was paid for my impudence.

"My darling," said he, "who doubted that I truly was in love with her who gave me my life and honor and made me a man who had been a fool, a gambler, and a sot, and ready to turn rogue——"

At that I gave him a very tender look and told him I had liked him even when I thought him a rogue.

"But," said I, "how could the daughter of Captain Topsfield do other than she did that dreadful night?"

"Not otherwise. No. And—do you remember that I made my manners to you as though you had been the equal of any?"

"Yes. And I loved you for it upon that instant."

"You say it to please me—"

"No, I fell in love at that instant. I did not so regard it, then. Later I knew."

"Well," said he, "it is God's mercy on me that I came to The Lost Ship to meet Captain Death. Else, in this hour, I had hung a-sun-drying on Execution Dock or my fragments had spattered the sea along with the dismembered carcase of Francis Parrington Sprigg."

After a pause: "Sir—" I began—from habit—and partly from reverence and love; but he made an end to it for good and all; so:

"Jack, dearest," said I, blushing brightly at the heavenly liberty, "I wonder what I am to bring you who do me this happy honor to ask of me my hand, having my heart already in your power."

"Sweetheart," says he, "have I not told you that the vice-admiralty court makes me rich?"

"Whither do you sail when you weigh from here?" I asked.

"To Charles-Town with you. To marry you," said he with calm deliberation more stirring than a storm of passion.

"John Ross," said I, "would it please your pride and soothe it to marry one who also might bring to you a fortune?"

He smiled at that: "Not a whit," said he. "My pride is nowise bruised whose very source hath sprung anew from you."

"Sir, you are sixth son to the Earl of Cardross."

"And if I were the king's son, and had become the rogue I meant to be, where lies the honor save in her who preserved it?"

I began to cry, still looking at him, but making no great noise, only with some gulping and sniffing and the tears following one another to course down beside my freckled nose.

Well, he kissed me several times, not considering the glass aboard the Moth, nor the man-o'-war's men on the beach below.

"JOHN," said I, "my father took from a Barbary rogue several grass-sacks of Arab gold in flakes, grains, dust, lumps and bars to the value of £100,000."

When he recovered from his astonishment he begged me gently not to think of it any more because he would have ample fortune for us both.

Then, putting my lips to his ear, I whispered to him the truth; and I could see how amazement and incredulity meddled with his belief.

"There is a spade," said I, "in the hog-yard. Call up two men and let them uncover what I have buried so that we may carry it into Charles-Town, and you have it of me in the hour we marry."

"In that hour," said he, "I shall not touch it; nor ever in any hour of any day or year. For it is yours, Nancy Topsfield—"

I fell to snivelling again. "Oh, heaven," said I, "—when my only thought was that it might be yours one day—"

He kissed me and stood up to signal to his boat's crew with his laced hat. When they came, he sent the skiff-swain for the spade, then I took his hand and led him to the solitary pine tree, and thence, measured ten paces east.

I kept tight hold of his hand, standing beside him in silence until he who was a-digging uncovered the first sack.

Then I unloosed his hand and ran to the tavern where Molly stood by the kitchen door a-watching everything in her gaudy silks of Barbary.

"Freckles," says she in flushed excitement, "does Mr. Ross mean to ring and church you?"

"Yes, and I him," said I laughing and as excited as she.

"Lawks!" says she, "then you shall be, some day, Countess Cardross."

"Never, I think," said I, "because five healthy brothers come first."

"Nevertheless," cried she, "there are wars and misfortunes and acts of God—"

I took hold of her and shook her plump shoulders till she quivered like a jelly.

"Be quiet!" said I, "and never again give shameful tongue to thoughts so base. Now, then, do you wish to care for me and be tire-maid to me, and so learn something of the arts of civilisation? Yes or no?"

She said she did, in a bewildered way.

"Will you promise to keep your person very clean with soap?"

"Yes," said she, "if it be scented soap like that which Mr. Justice Trott carries in his saddle-bags for to wash his hands at a journey's end."

"Very well," said I, "make your packet and you shall sail presently with me to Charles-Town. And I tell you this, Molly Fair: If you use me honestly, and not like a lazy slattern, in one year I endow you with 500 pounds for to marry you lawfully to Dick Langley, your boatswain aboard Sir George Sayles."

Whereupon she would have kissed my hand but I gave her a hearty slap and bade her never act the fool toward me and was near swearing at her only that I seldom swear.

"You frowsy baggage," said I, "fetch a bucket of sweet water and wash yourself for we may have to sleep in company aboard the Moth." And so left her anxiously obedient and all a-twitter over prospect of happy fortune.

Standing there by the kitchen door in the sunshine, I could see Mr. Ross's men carrying my sacks to the boat.

I looked at the hens pensively picking around me; I looked at our hog who gave me a gentle grunt. There were horses, and three cows, also; and concerning these I must take thought before I left this ancient house.

As I stood there, a-thinking, I heard a gun at sea; and, looking up, saw cannon smoke clouding the Moth, and her ensign flying to confirm her gun.

For an instant sheer terror possessed me. Then I perceived a great ship coming in grandly out of the open sea, the Cross of St. George at her main, and a broad pennant at her mizzen; and I knew her to be our station-ship, the Sea-Hawk, Sir George Sayles.

So I ran across the dune to Mr. Ross, and begged him to ask Sir George the loan of his boatswain until government could send a person from Bath-Town to care for the tavern and the dumb creatures dependent upon man.

"Surely," said he, smiling; "and Sir George shall unite Molly Fair and her boatswain, if it pleases them. . . . And if it pleases you, Nancy Topsfield."

Happiness left me dumb.

"Shall we embark?" said he.

So I laid my hand upon his, and he kissed it, and so led me slowly across the dunes to the long-boat awaiting us below.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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now. But she would have

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